

SCREENLAND



December

15¢

*Lana
Turner
Tells Her
Glamor
Secrets!*

★

*Closeup of
Tyrone Power
by Cesar Romero*

*Esther
Williams
with
Johnny Johnston*

"RUTH WARRICK, featured in Enterprise Studios' production of Erich Maria Remarque's ARCH OF TRIUMPH, starring Ingrid Bergman, Charles Boyer and Charles Laughton."

"Child's robe with matching gown by Mary Cheely. Miss Warrick's robe by Abrahams & Stephan."



FOR A MOTHER AND DAUGHTER YOU LOVE

Honeybugs^{*}

and the new

Little Miss Honeybugs^{*}

Look for these tags, only the real Honeybugs have them.



Here's a holiday gift that doubles in happiness 'cause it's for *two*.

Soft, cuddly slippers with a flurry of white bunny fur on lush plush!
And real leather soles too! In baby blue, pink, royal blue, red, white, and black.

Honeybugs, sizes 4 to 9, price: **\$2.99** • Little Miss Honeybugs, sizes 8 to 3, price: **\$2.79**

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

At your favorite store, or write to **HOLIDAY CASUALS, 601-39th ST., B'KLYN 32, N. Y.**

A weekly "must"
with women who
prize their

Lovely Hair!

Don't wait till there's a shower of unsightly flakes every time you comb your hair! Don't wait till ugly little scales begin to dim its beauty and there are great numbers of germs on your scalp. Don't wait till itching irritates and annoys. These symptoms may mean infectious dandruff! Guard against it with Listerine Antiseptic.

To help keep your hair shining and beautiful . . . your scalp healthy and clean . . . treat them to a Listerine Antiseptic "bath" with every shampoo. It's easy. Simply wet hair and scalp with full-strength Listerine Antiseptic. Now . . . massage *enthusiastically*. You'll love the way Listerine Antiseptic makes your scalp feel. Tingling! Fresh! *Extra clean!*

And you can be assured that Listerine Antiseptic is guarding your scalp and the appearance of your lovely hair against the stubborn germ that many dermatologists agree is a causative agent of the infectious type of dandruff. Yes. Listerine Antiseptic kills the ugly, stubborn, hard-to-get-rid-of germ (Pityrosporum ovale).

Get Listerine Antiseptic . . . make it a "must" for good grooming, as thousands of fastidious men and women do. Remember, Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for over 60 years in the field of oral hygiene.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Missouri



Telltale Flakes

They are often Nature's warning . . . may be the first symptoms of distressing, embarrassing, infectious dandruff! Get started at once with Listerine Antiseptic regularly . . . an easy, delightful way to help keep your scalp healthy, your hair beautiful!



The "BOTTLE BACILLUS"
(Pityrosporum ovale)

Meet the Villain!

Many dermatologists agree that the nasty little germ (P. ovale) is a causative agent of ugly infectious dandruff. This tough, stubborn "bottle bacillus" is hard to kill but . . . Listerine Antiseptic kills it and hosts of other germs!



Before Every Shampoo,

douse your hair and scalp thoroughly with Listerine Antiseptic. Massage vigorously. Listerine Antiseptic not only kills germs, but leaves your scalp refreshed, tingling clean and cool! As an added precaution against infection, wash comb and brush with Listerine Antiseptic, also.

for INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

Esther Williams' Eye-filling Curves!

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M-G-M splashes
its musical stars
across the screen
in a gay and gala
entertainment in
TECHNICOLOR!

Durante's Delicious Gags!

Cugat's Latin Rhythms!

Johnston's Ardent Kisses!

This Time For Keeps

ESTHER WILLIAMS

LAURITZ
MELCHIOR • **DURANTE** • **JOHNNIE**
XAVIER CUGAT and his orchestra

Terrific
Tune Hits!
including:

"Un Poquito de Amor"
"I Love to Dance"
"This Time for Keeps"

M-G-Mermaids
in Aqua-colossal
Water Ballets!

DAME MAY WHITTY • SHARON McMANUS • Screen Play by GLADYS LEHMAN • Story by ERWIN GELSEY AND LORRAINE FIELDING
Directed by RICHARD THORPE • Produced by JOE PASTERNAK • A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

SCREENLAND

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★★★



On Our Cover: Esther Williams and Johnny Johnston, soon to be seen in the MGM production, "This Time for Keeps."

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SCREENLAND

Gentlemen



Prefer Girls

(BLONDES • BRUNETTES • REDHEADS)



with
Color Bright
Hair



Let Nestle Colorinse give your hair sparkling, natural-looking color and highlights. Not a permanent dye or a bleach, Nestle Colorinse washes out completely with shampooing. Delicately scented, easy and absolutely safe to use.

Nestle
COLORINSE



FREE. Full size package of Colorinse. Just write color of your hair on postcard and mail it to The Nestle Co., 25 Baker Avenue, So. Meriden, Conn.

AROUND HER YOUNG
HEART SHE WORE
THE SCARLET LETTER
OF SOMEONE ELSE'S
SHAME...

...THAT HAGEN GIRL!

HAUNTED BY THE
WHISPERS OF AN
INDISCRETION SHE
WAS TOO INNOCENT
TO UNDERSTAND.

It was too late to turn back now. Tonight held the answer to Mary Hagen's future. And if going alone to meet Tom Bates let loose another floodtide of lies and rumors, she was prepared to face it. Mary didn't care anymore.

Her mind was made up. She was going to meet Tom Bates, the man who had made her unworthy of love.

THE ONE THING MARY HAGEN NEVER EXPECTED AWAITED HER THAT NIGHT...THE ONE ROLE YOU WOULD WANT SHIRLEY TEMPLE TO HAVE IS ON THE SCREEN NOW!

For if what they said was true, that her life was ruined even before she'd lived it, at least

she would know why.

She would know that terrible secret... the

story of the

scandal whose ominous shadow had darkened her days and turned nights into torment.



Why do they want to harm a girl like Mary Hagen?

Warner Bros. present
RONALD REAGAN · SHIRLEY TEMPLE
in
"THAT HAGEN GIRL"

with **RORY CALHOUN**
PENNY EDWARDS · LOIS MAXWELL · HARRY DAVENPORT
Screen Play by Charles Hoffman · From a Novel by Edith Roberts · Music by Franz Waxman
Directed by PETER GODFREY · Produced by ALEX GOTTLEIB



On the screen in Technicolor
for all America's millions
the play all America
loves best!

See that red hair
is in Technicolor now!



WARNER
BROS.

Present
Clarence Day's

LIFE WITH FATHER

starring IRENE

DUNNE WILLIAM POWELL

with
ELIZABETH TAYLOR

From the original play by
HOWARD LINDSAY & RUSSEL CROUSE

EDMUND GWENN • ZASU PITTS

Screen Play by Donald Ogden Stewart

From Oscar Serlin's Stage Production

Music by Max Steiner

Directed by

MICHAEL CURTIZ

Produced by

ROBERT BUCKNER

Welcome! The longest-run stage hit in
history (8 straight years!) is a Warner
Picture now! Heed the happy word of
all who've already seen it and head for
Warners' finest the first moment you can!





Three strand hand dipped and hand polished Imperial Simulated Pearl necklace with patented Delgar Sterling Silver safety clasp. About \$15.00

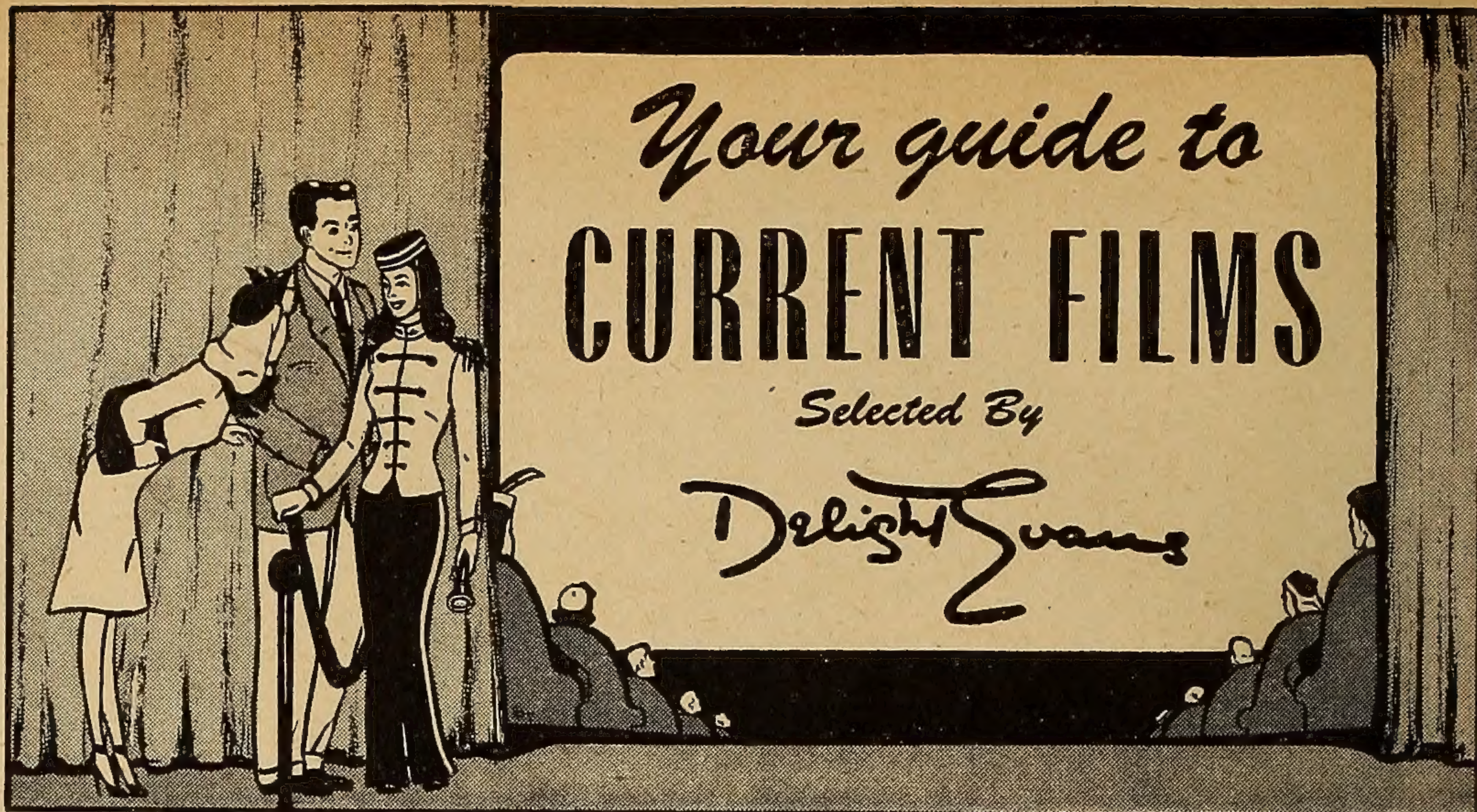
SIMULATED PEARLS

by
Imperial

A thrilling gift to give or receive for Christmas. Imperial—producers of the world's finest cultured pearls—proudly presents an equally outstanding line of Simulated Pearls priced as low as \$3.00. Backed by a generous replacement guarantee, these quality jewels are handsomely packaged in attractive gift cases. Imperial Simulated Pearls are available now at fine jewelry and department stores everywhere.

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Your guide to CURRENT FILMS

Selected By

Delight Evans

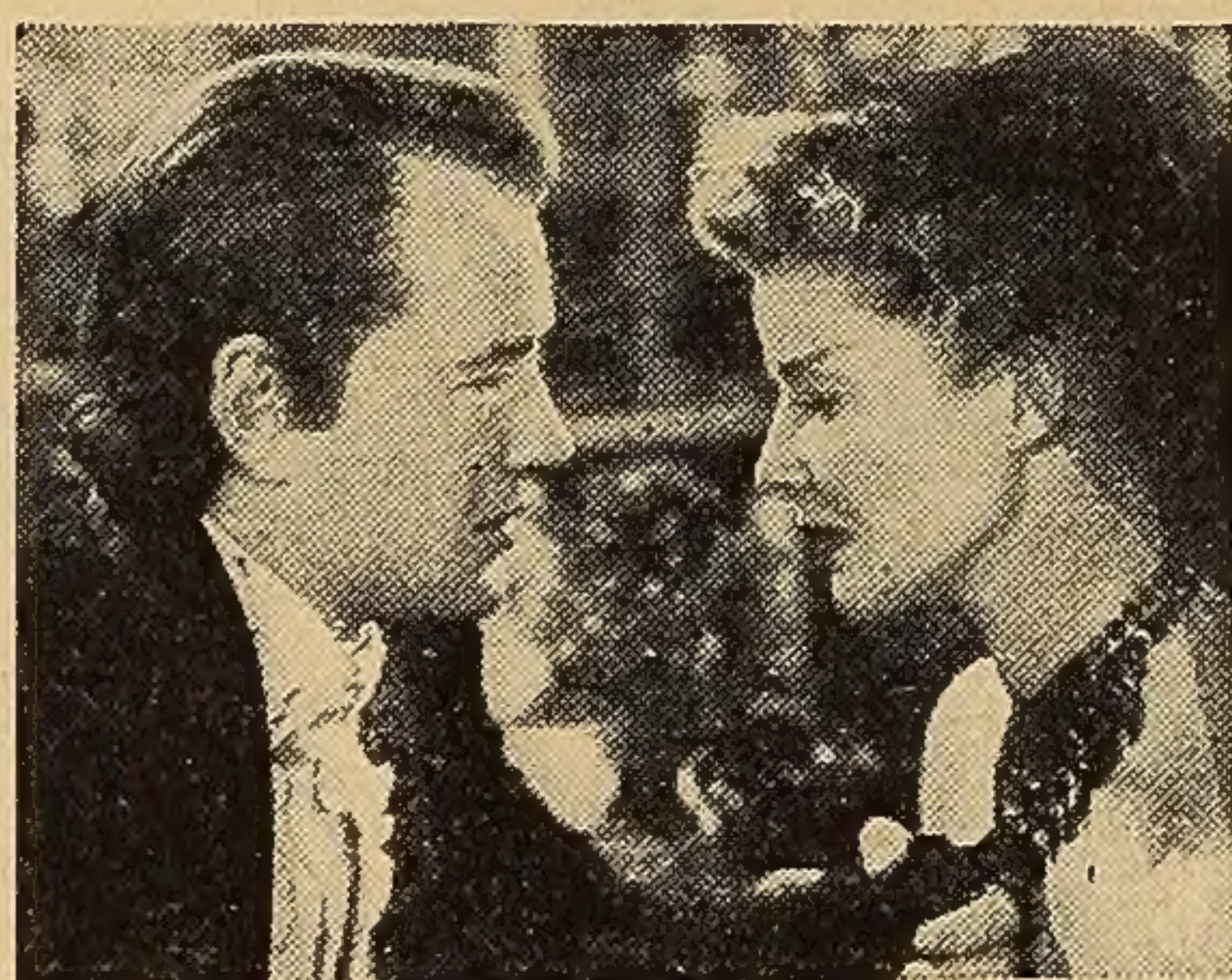
UNCONQUERED



Paramount

If it's a Cecil B. DeMille production, it's automatically a spectacle of epic proportions. This master producer-director keeps right on topping himself! From beginning to end his latest is rugged drama of America in her infancy, brilliantly colored in the most intense hues Technicolor can provide. Historically, it deals with the pre-Revolutionary era of 1763 when the British and French vied for control of the vast Alleghenies, but the dramatic portion deals specifically with the swashbuckling character which Gary Cooper plays in fine heroic style, the maid, fiery and beautiful Paulette Goddard, who is "sold in slavery" to him, and the blackguard, Howard DaSilva, who rules the Indian tribes through his wife, Katharine DeMille, daughter of an Indian Chief. Suspense, action, excitement—that's DeMille.

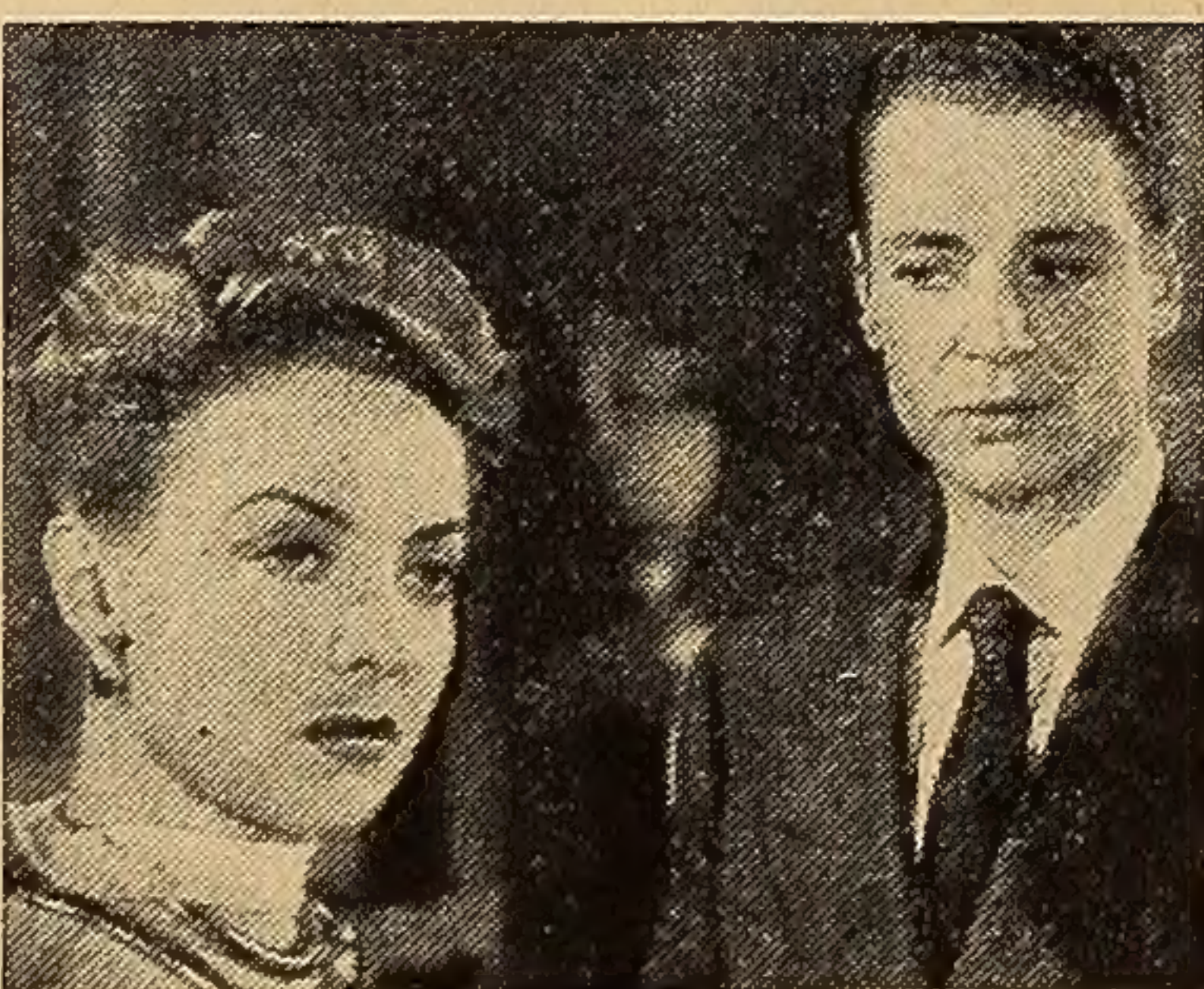
SONG OF LOVE



MGM

Undoubtedly the most impressive musical entertainment since "A Song to Remember," this biography of Clara and Robert Schumann and Johannes Brahms contains a liberal portion of their greatest music, as well as the most touchingly tender episodes in their lives. With Katharine Hepburn, Paul Henreid and Robert Walker giving warm, technically excellent performances in the starring rôles, the Clarence Brown production scores also in the dramatic department. The story opens with Clara deserting the concert stage to marry the unknown Robert Schumann, touches sensitively upon their home blessed by seven children and their struggle for recognition of his music, and branches off on a triangle with Johannes Brahms, who hides a secret love for Clara. Though slight liberties were taken in incident and chronology, it's still A-plus musical entertainment.

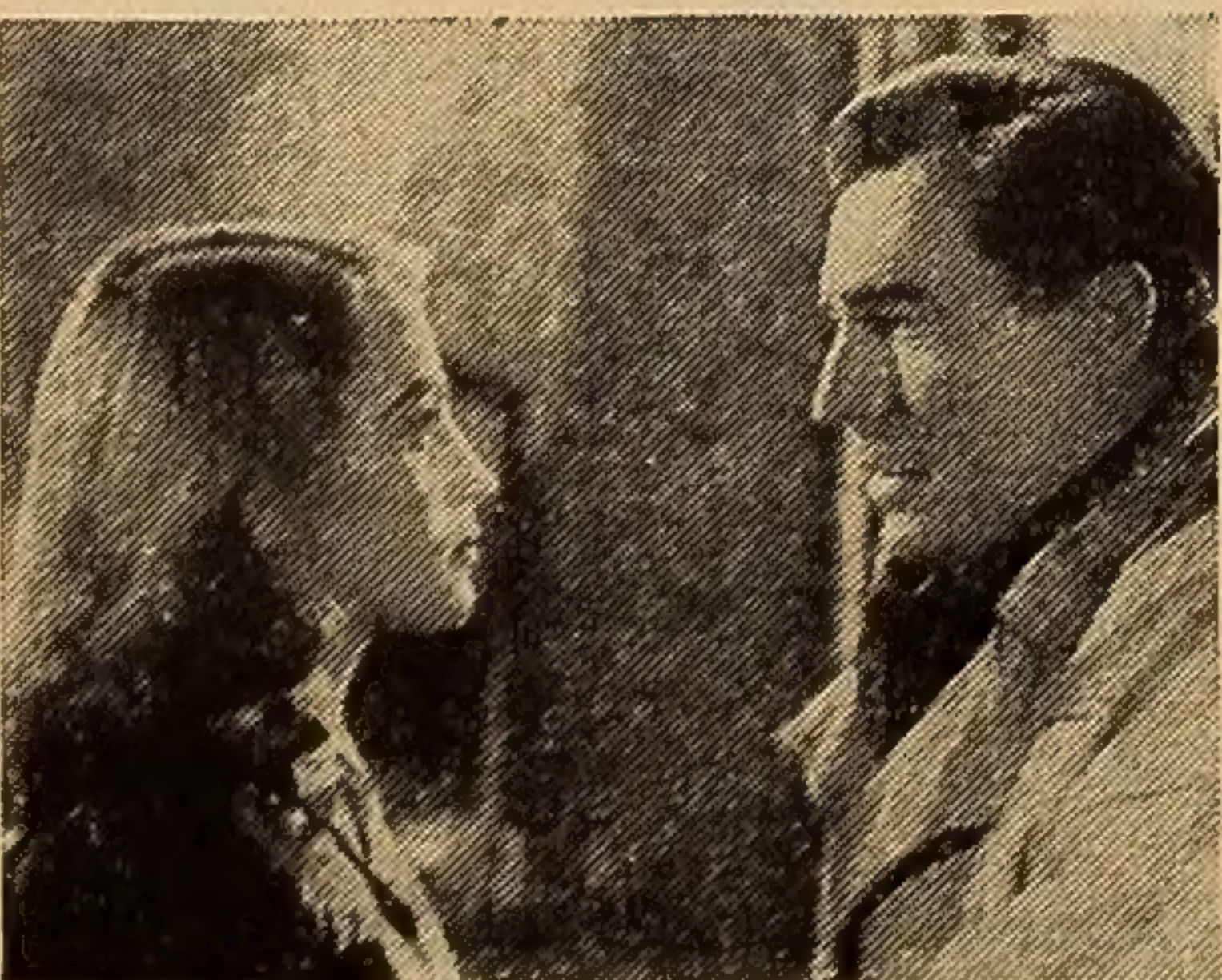
THE UNSUSPECTED



Warners

Claude Rains' acting artistry is stressed in the rôle of the urbane analyzer and dramatizer of criminal cases on his radio program. The murder mystery which touches his own household, including his ward, Joan Caulfield, an heiress whose money supports his lavish life and those of his mercenary niece, Audrey Totter, and her drunken husband, Hurd Hatfield, is too neatly contrived to be realistic, but episodes are cleverly dovetailed to hold suspense and interest. Michael North, young actor who shows great promise, fills the romantic lead opposite Joan Caulfield, posing as her husband, and using his capable gray matter to ferret out the unsuspected killer. Constance Bennett, too, is good as Rains' radio assistant, but mostly this Michael Curtiz production is a showcase for Claude Rains' talent.

FRIEDA



Rank-U.-I.

The reaction of a small English town to the German Catholic nurse who marries the British officer she helped to escape is minutely and interestingly developed in this film version of Ronald Miller's play. Mai Zetterling, a Swedish actress imported for the title rôle, is a strong personality as the more or less stoical character, as compared to the English family she "marries"—her husband, played with fine understanding by David Farrar, sincere sister-in-law, attractive Glynis Johns, political-minded aunt, splendidly portrayed by Flora Robson, and thoughtful mother-in-law, Barbara Everest. Action is confined mainly to mental attitudes until Frieda's brother, Albert Lieven, a disguised Nazi in Polish Army uniform, appears to promote "the next war." A timely question, dramatically answered.

SCREENLAND

AT THE WHISPER OF A NAME

IN CAIRO,

violence and intrigue
flare up in far corners
of the world!

A GIRL FLEES SUDDEN
DEATH IN SHANGHAI!

TERROR STALKS THE FOG
OFF SAN FRANCISCO!

SUICIDE STREAKS THE
NIGHT IN EGYPT!

MYSTERY SAILS THE HIGH
SEAS FROM HAVANA TO
NEW YORK!



Based on hitherto
secret files of the
U. S. Treasury and
its Bureaus of Nar-
cotics, Customs and
Coast Guard.

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH

starring

DICK POWELL · SIGNE HASSO

with LUDWIG DONATH · VLADIMIR SOKOLOFF · EDGAR BARRIER

and introducing the Chinese actress MAYLIA

Story and screenplay by Jay Richard Kennedy • Directed by ROBERT STEVENSON

A SIDNEY BUCHMAN Production • Associate Producer JAY RICHARD KENNEDY



COLUMBIA PICTURES GRATEFULLY ACKNOWLEDGES THE
COOPERATION OF THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT AND ITS
BUREAUS OF NARCOTICS, CUSTOMS AND COAST GUARD.

SCREENLAND

he
LIED
CHEATED
KILLED!

All
in the name of Love!

JOHN SYLVIA
HODIAK·SIDNEY
ANN
RICHARDS

there's DANGER in
**"LOVE
from a
STRANGER"**

WITH
JOHN HOWARD
ISOBEL ELSOM

Directed by RICHARD WHORF

Produced by JAMES J. GELLER • Screenplay by Philip MacDonald
From a Play by Frank Vosper • Based on a Story by Agatha Christie

AN EAGLE LION FILMS RELEASE



KISS OF DEATH—20th Century-Fox

Move over, Alan Ladd and Humphrey Bogart! If you think *you're* tough take a look at the new "killer" introduced in this picture. Name, Richard Widmark. From the Broadway stage, this boy picked by smart director Henry Hathaway is terrific in the meanest rôle of the season, the laughing gangster out to get Victor Mature as the ex-convict who turns squealer. Here's a chiller-thriller to keep you gasping for a hundred and ten tense minutes as the unusual story unfolds in the semi-documentary, factual technique which was so effective in "Boomerang." Filmed in actual New York locations, it's melodrama with menace; it's also a touching love story between the ex-con and an adoring young girl, charmingly portrayed by Coleen Gray. Mature's splendid performance permanently establishes him as an actor of importance.



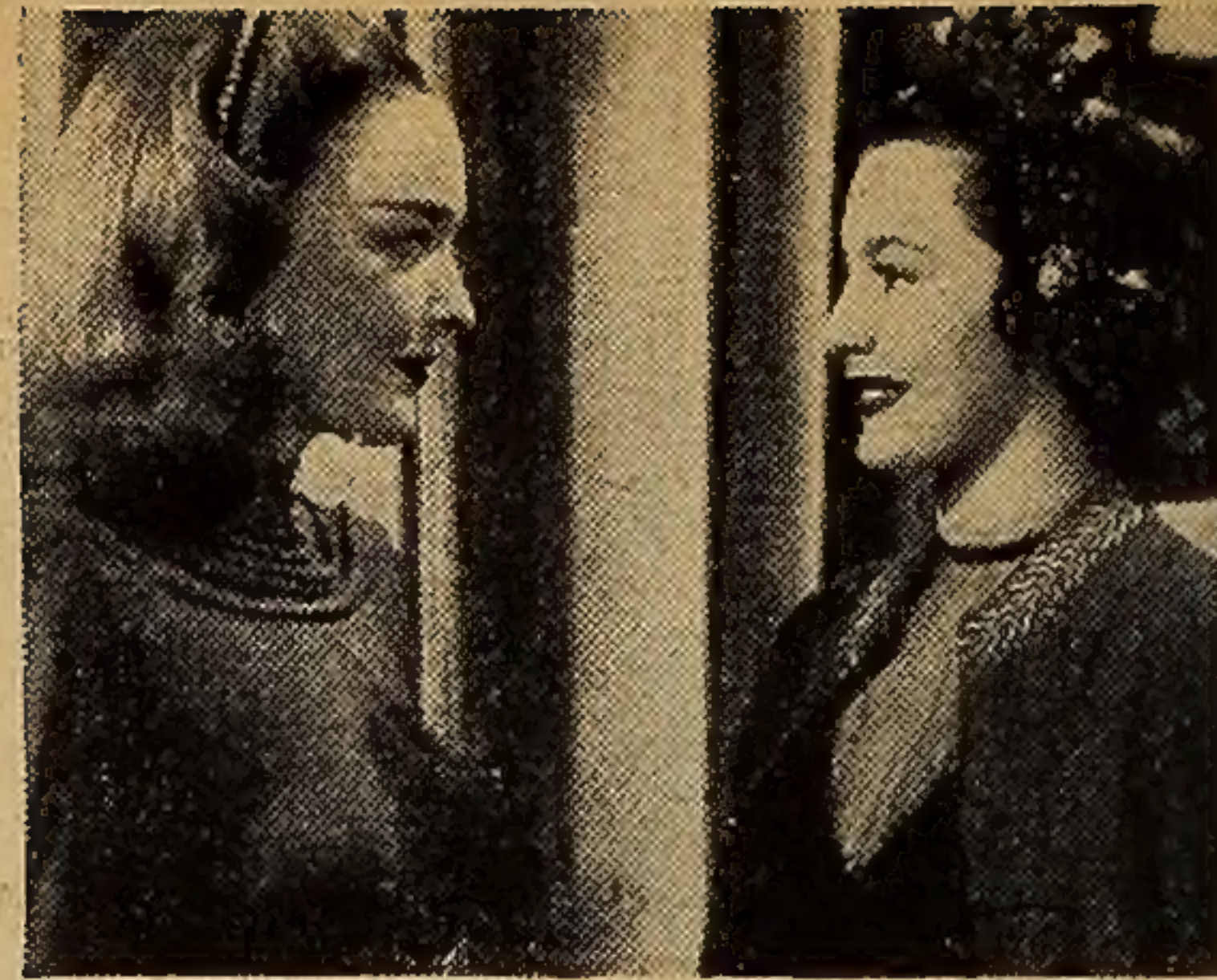
MOTHER WORE TIGHTS—20th Century-Fox

With Betty Grable as Mom and Dan Dailey as Pop, and the enchanting Mona Freeman as their darling daughter, you'll want to move right in with this nice, gay, wholesome family. Sure, Mother wore tights and Father, back in the good old days of vaudeville, was an awful ham with his false nose and corny patter; but they are always great troupers, both in and out of the theater. When Daughter turns into a little snob, ashamed of her hardworking theatrical folks, they know just how to handle her, with heart-warming results. Opposite still gorgeous Grable, dynamic Dan Dailey dances and acts his way into the big time.



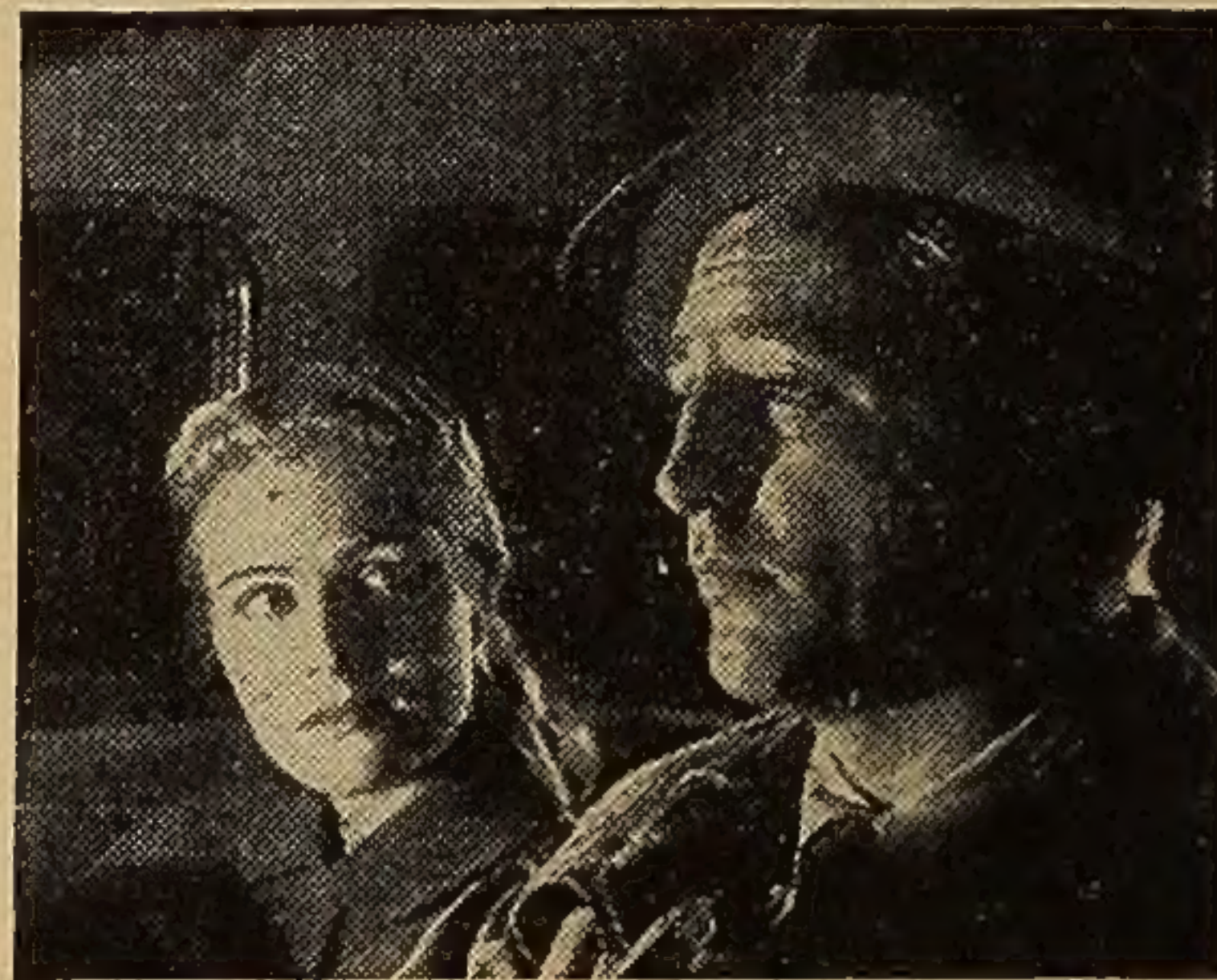
DESIRE ME—MGM

Shades of *Mrs. Miniver*! Loyal fans of that great lady, otherwise Greer Garson, are going to keep right on wondering when her patrician talents will find a worthy vehicle, for this dreary drama certainly isn't it. As a French war wife who, believing her husband dead, receives a strange soldier into her lonely home and heart, the star gives as good a performance as the limitations of her rôle allow, but the magic of her personality is seldom permitted to shine through the murky plot. Newcomer Richard Hart struggles valiantly to project a vaguely written character. Only Robert Mitchum, as the husband, scores as strongly as usual.



UNFINISHED DANCE—MGM

Here is that rare thing, a really different motion picture. Completely off the beaten track, it offers a brand new background, the world of the ballet backstage, a bright new star, Karen Booth, an appealing new character comedian, Danny Thomas, and Margaret O'Brien in her most touching rôle in a long time. As a young student of the ballet, who worships the ground ballerina Cyd Charisse dances on, marvelous Margaret plays on your heartstrings as only she can, when her dogged devotion causes a tragic accident to a rival ballerina and leaves the little star a haunted victim of her own conscience. It is then that kindly Danny comes to the rescue, in time for a happy ending. The startling blonde beauty and acting authority of Karen Booth are reminiscent of a younger, sweeter Dietrich. She's definitely star stuff. Watch for her.



OUT OF THE PAST—RKO

Robert Mitchum, as the private detective Kirk Douglas uses as the fall guy in his nefarious schemes, goes a long way to sidestep his implication in criminal plots and ends in tragic failure. Rugged Mitchum's already proven talent, however, goes a long way toward making this Geoffrey Homes' screenplay acceptable movie fare—for adults only! Jane Greer, as the gambler's moll who distorts the truth for her own selfish benefit, gives a good performance but the character, as written, is inconsistent. Exciting incidents and episodes are plentiful but a little too involved for fast-paced action. Tragic ending stresses futility of crime.



THUNDER IN THE VALLEY—20th Century-Fox

It's a known fact that dogs usually steal scenes from the stars of a picture—but not in this case. The dogs are good, but Edmund Gwenn, who won wide acclaim in "Miracle on 34th Street," tops his own colorful characterization as the drink-ridden Scotsman, *Adam McAdam*, who mistreats his motherless son. Lon McCallister and Peggy Ann Garner also come in for a fair share of memorable scenes in the filming of Alfred Ollivant's warmly tender story about two dogs—*Bob*, owned by the kindly Reginald Owen as *James Moore*, and *Red Wull*, a mongrel collie trained by Edmund Gwenn to tend sheep. Picturesque in Technicolor.

"Don't try
to get rid of me
for another woman
...it won't work!"

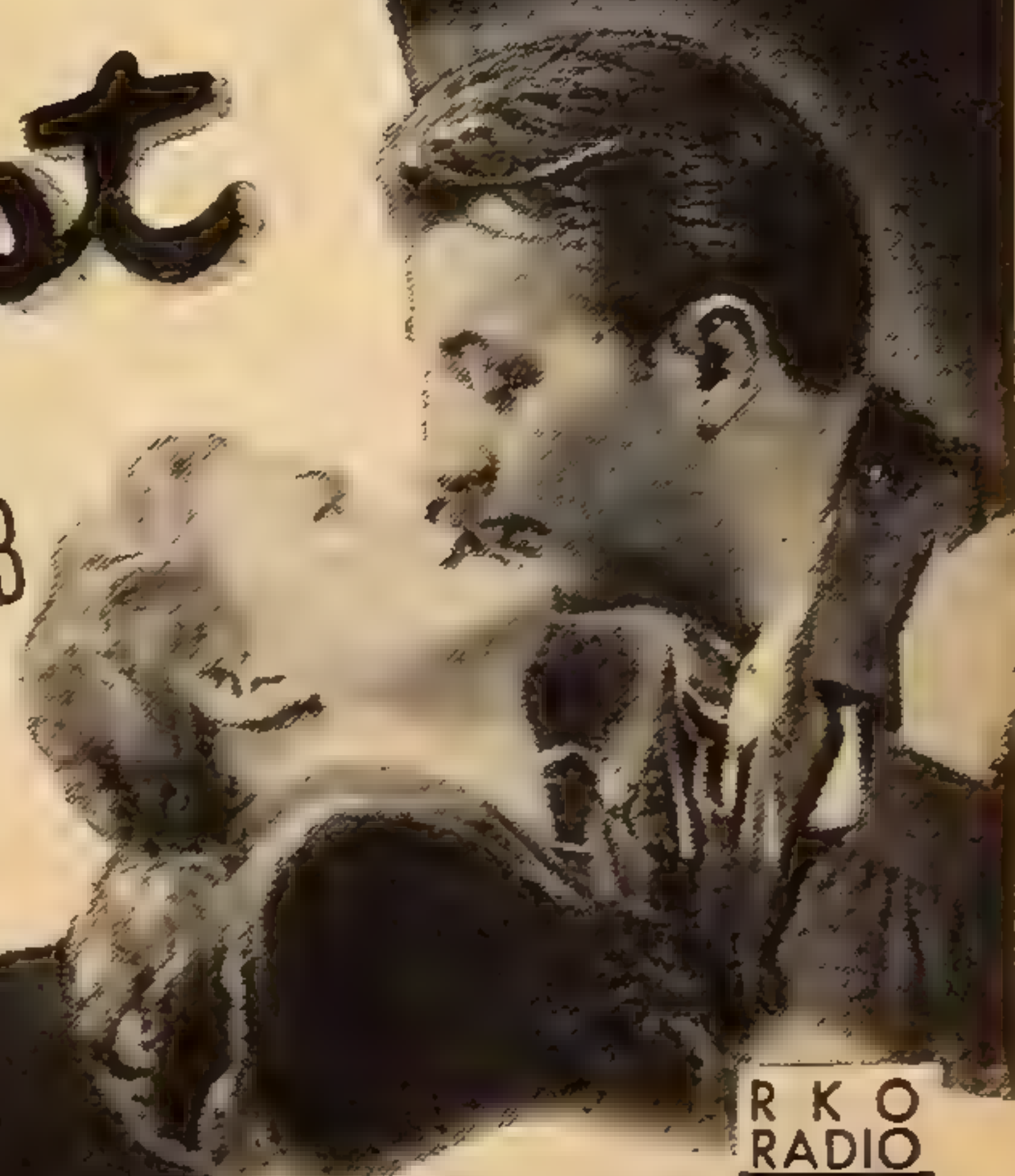
Two murders or three
... I can hang only
once. They think you're
guilty so I'm running
the show ... and I'll
never give you up!"



ROBERT MITCHUM
JANE GREER IN

Out of the Past

with
KIRK DOUGLAS • RHONDA FLEMING • RICHARD WEBB
STEVE BRODIE • VIRGINIA HUSTON
Produced by WARREN DUFF • Directed by JACQUES TOURNEUR
Screen Play by GEOFFREY HOMES



Be Fascinating as a MOVIE STAR

Learn the key to Charm-Enchantment. Be a Star in your own Circle. Develop a PERSONALITY THAT FITS AND FASCINATES.

DON'T COPY LANA TURNER

Be Yourself . . . you can be a successful Wife . . . a charming and glamorous friend. Learn to put your **BEST FACE FORWARD**. Develop your possibilities. . . Here is an authoritative book for Young girls, women and Movie and Stage and Radio aspirants.

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. . . Personality . . . Make up Hints . . .
Exercises . . . Voice . . . Beauty . . . Radio
Tips . . . Movie Advice . . . Your Career . . .
Requisites to Charm, etc.



POSTPAID

APPROVED BY A GALAXY OF STARS

Dorothy Kilgallen

SAYS: "Here is a book that every woman, young or old can use to improve herself in so many ways . . . Best Face Forward by Adrienne Ames is a 'Must'."

EXTRA: short success stories never before told about your Screen Favorites.

CORNEL WILDE

SAYS: "I found 'Best Face Forward' full of concrete and truly helpful ideas. It is a book for everyone, especially women, because self improvement is a great factor for success in every walk of life."

M. DASH
80 Clarkson Ave.,
Brooklyn 26, N. Y.

Rush me Adrienne Ames new book, "BEST FACE FORWARD", for \$1.98 postpaid.

I enclose ☐ Check ☐ M. O. ☐ Cash

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BARBARA LAWRENCE



VICTOR MATURE



JOAN CAULFIELD



ROBERT MITCHUM



ANS'



orum



LAUGH AND CRY PICTURES

First Prize Letter
\$10.00

Like all rabid movie fans I have a wide range of appreciation, and can enjoy practically any type of screen fare from \$5,000,-000 spectacles to assembly line "B's," but even so I do have my preferences. Now, I really enjoyed the musical eyeholders, "The Jolson Story," "Cover Girl," and "Night and Day"; the melodramas "Gilda" and "The Strange Love of Martha Ivers"; and the tender stories of "High Barbaree," "The Ghost and Mrs. Muir," "The Yearling" and a little "B" of about two years ago, "Three Little Sisters." But the majority of these, and 90% of the rest of Hollywood's productions, are mood pieces. They are either farces or melodramas, romances or musicals. But has anyone ever tried to classify such pictures as "You Came Along," "Incendiary Blonde," "It's a Wonderful Life," or the latest in this group, "Perils of Pauline"?

What would these pictures be called? Romances? They have warm love stories; but there were so many laughs, maybe you could call them comedies; still there were quite a few tears. I'll leave the classifying of pictures to the critics—they get paid for it. Yet this is invariably the type of picture I hope to see when I pay my money at the box office.

Who didn't laugh at Betty Hutton in "Perils of Pauline" as she went through all kinds of contortions to say her lines as the young native girl despite an oncoming sneeze? She was trying too hard, and we laughed at her. We were meant to laugh, but there was a poignant note at the same time. Maybe you remember Robert Cummings in "You Came Along." That he was to die, you knew from the beginning and yet you could laugh at him. Each laugh became a jewel because of its impermanence. There is a real warmth to laughter of this kind, because it comes from the heart and not from the top of the brain.

This laugh-when-you-want-to-cry type of picture is a wonderful thing. With other pictures it is like sitting through a short story, an incident, but in movies of this

Movie Rally

Get in the rooting section for your favorite movies and movie stars! They'll appreciate it, and at the same time you'll have the satisfaction of voicing your own personal opinions. You don't even need a soap box! Just write a letter to Fans' Forum. Monthly awards for the best letters published: \$10.00, \$5.00 and five \$1.00 prizes. Closing date is the 25th of the month.

Please address Fans' Forum, SCREENLAND Magazine, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, New York.

kind you feel as if you had just said goodbye to an old friend you wish could hang around for a little longer. You walk out of the theater still seeing the picture. Most of the time you carry the story a little further in your own imagination. Such pictures are rare. Too rare.

ALFRED HANSEN, Wilmington, Calif.

THOSE ARGUMENTATIVE "TWENTIES"

Second Prize Letter
\$5.00

While reading the September issue of SCREENLAND, I was completely dumbfounded to read the two letters in Fans' Forum, which, in addition to demanding more realistic pictures of the costumes of the 1920's in films dealing with that period, actually rooted for the revival of those "boyish bobs" and shingled hairdos.

In my opinion—and all my friends are in complete agreement with me—during the 1920's feminine fashions reached an all-time high of sheer ugliness and grotesqueness. And worst of all, even worse than the shapeless, devoid-of-waistline dresses, which gave even the most attractive women the appearance of flour sacks, were the "mannish" haircuts for which these two letter-writers are so enthusiastic. Perhaps

they don't know it, but many famous hair stylists advise against even the present-day, modified short haircuts on the grounds that such coiffures tend to make the features seem larger and magnify every little facial fault to glaring proportions. Now, I ask you, what girl wants her *faults* emphasized?

I have a twenty-year-old scrapbook of movie stars which once belonged to my aunt. Anyone who believes that she would like a return of the styles of the '20's should look at the pictures in that book. All the stars were attractive women, but it's almost impossible to discern that fact under the shapeless clothes, exaggerated makeup, and above all, the *hairdo's*! My mother, who was once a flapper herself, agrees with me.

In conclusion, speaking for my friends and for myself, I say that modern American girls and women will never stand for any attempt to force us back into the outmoded, unflattering style of the 1920's.

ANN C. JONES, Long Beach, New York

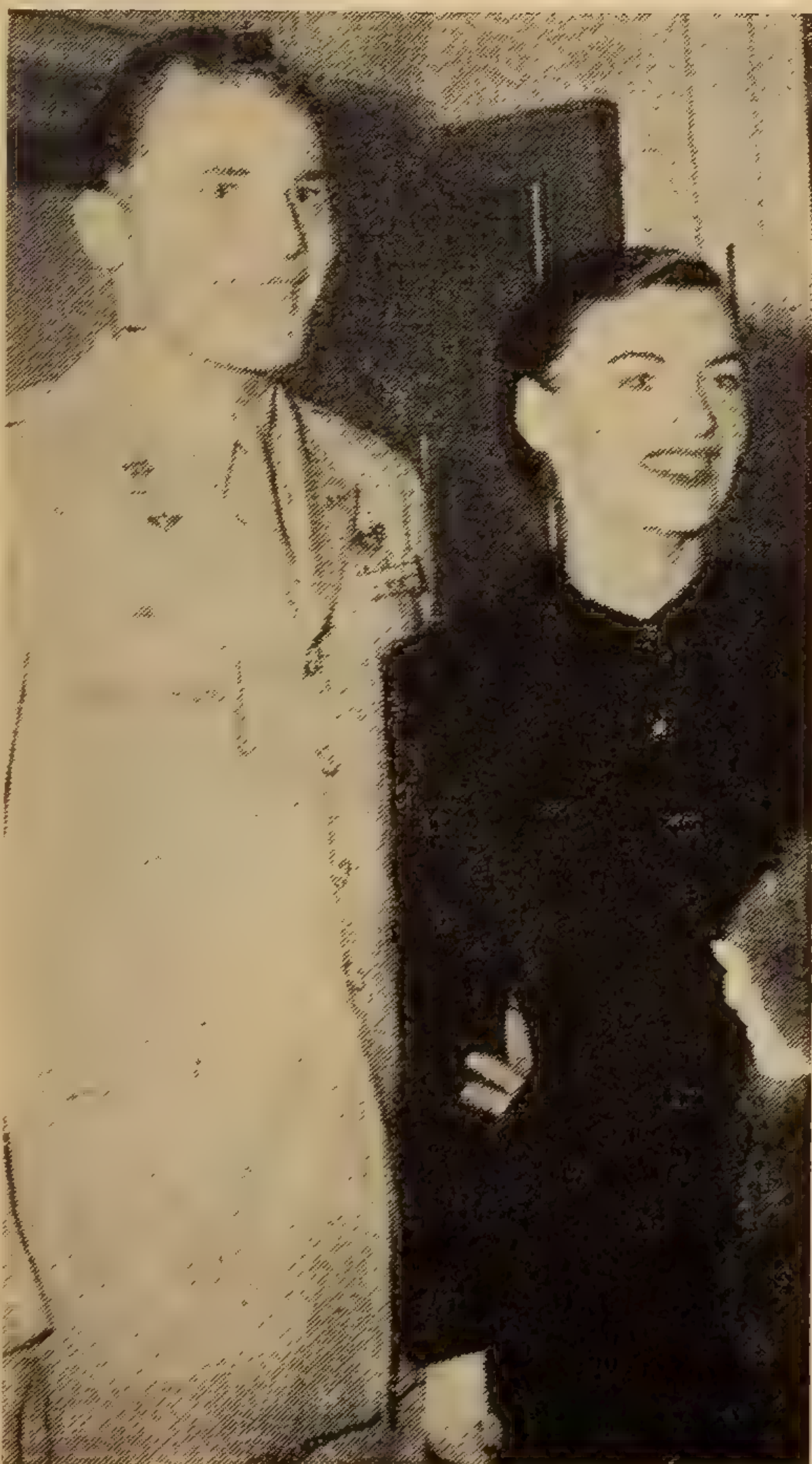
MIRROR OF INNER SELF

\$1.00

Whenever a star proves his talent, critics glibly state: "Here is another Ty Power, or Gable, or Astaire," as the case may be. This time, however, there is no "another," only one Mitchum. If you saw "Pursued," or his previous films you'll know what I mean. Robert Mitchum is actor par excellence. His rôle as *Jeb Rand* demanded skill. It could so easily have been overplayed. I think a person's face is a mirror of his inner self. Robert Mitchum's has strength of character and a sort of warmth in spite of his faraway look, tousled hair and directness of speech. Maybe it's what they call "the human touch," not the artificial kind but the very rare "real thing." You know, Will Rogers had it.

Please, Hollywood, don't try to change him.

VICKI KOSHURE, Edmonton, Alberta, Can.



Ella Raines appears in new sleek hairdo at Hollywood premiere of "Life with Father" with her husband, Major Robin Olds.

SHOCK AFTER SHOCK AFTER SHOCK!

THE INFAMOUS HISTORY OF AN INFAMOUS OUTLAW!



TOLD WITH BULLET FORCE!

His brutal loves!

His rackets!

His gang wars!



"THE GANGSTER"

Nothing like it since the thrill-blasted thirties!

A KING BROTHERS PRODUCTION

Starring BARRY

JOAN

SULLIVAN • BELITA • LORRING

with AKIM TAMIROFF HENRY MORGAN • JOHN IRELAND • ELISHA COOK, Jr.

SHELDON LEONARD Produced by MAURICE and FRANK KING • Directed by GORDON WILES

Screenplay by Daniel Fuchs from his novel "Low Country" • An Allied Artists Production

Continued from page 13

RE-ENTER: "THE SHEIK"

\$1.00

I certainly agree with Thelma Weiman in wanting to see the remake of "The Sheik." Though I have only seen the sequel of the film, "Son of the Sheik," I've read the exciting E. M. Hull novel.

The versatile and handsome Ray Milland should, by all means, play the rôle of *Sheik Ahmed Ben Hassan*! Since Mr. Milland has the ability to look like a gypsy in "Golden Earrings," he could certainly, with proper makeup, be made to look like an Arab. His English accent wouldn't be a flaw, for he can use a French accent (the *Sheik* speaks only French and Arabic dialect in the novel). Joan Caulfield would be wonderful as *Diana*, the beautiful adventuress. While Jean Pierre Aumont would be perfect as *Vicomte Raoul De Saint Hubert*. With these three top stars, it's bound to be a box office triumph.

DALE OKI, Honolulu, T. H.

MORE WASTED TALENT

\$1.00

In a recent issue of SCREENLAND, a certain fan gave her opinion on wasted Hollywood talent. Well, talking about wasted talent, she forgot to mention Barbara Lawrence. The name sounds unfamiliar to most of us, until I mention that she played in the picture, "Margie."

Although I think Jeanne Crain is pretty and did a good job in the picture, it was Barbara Lawrence who held my attention. She is very pretty, there is no doubt about it, but she also had a very natural way of acting and played the part of *Margie's* selfish girl-friend very well.

Since she did a marvelous job in her first hit, this proves she could do even better if Hollywood would only star her in a couple more good pictures. After most people saw the picture, they went away without even



Ann Blyth, in the rôle of Henry Maurier's child wife, enacts a love scene with Charles Boyer, star of Universal-International's film version of Aldous Huxley's story, "Mortal Coils."



Just before the scene at top was filmed, Ann introduced Charles Boyer to her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Patrick J. Tobin, her legal guardians, who watched the cinematic love-making.



Romantic scene with Charles Boyer follows Ann's melodramatic attempt to kill herself.

knowing Barbara's name, and many of them still do not know her name, because of the fact that Hollywood did not give her any publicity. Not only Hollywood but also many movie magazines, which also have much to do about making a star popular.

So, SCREENLAND, let's have an interview with Barbara Lawrence next month.

FRANCES VINCIGUERRA, Newburgh, N. Y.

Editor's Note: A lively interview with "That New Blonde," Barbara Lawrence, was published in the August issue of SCREENLAND.

VICTOR'S VICTORY

\$1.00

What a surprise I got upon seeing Victor Mature's newest film, "Kiss of Death." I did not expect a great deal from Mr. Mature, as the general tone of his previous pictures has presented him as a handsome hunk of man with little acting ability. However, this movie was different. Mr. Mature's portrayal of the harried ex-convict was both natural and powerful. I, for one, hope that this talent will be used again and often, so that many others will receive the same happy surprise and revision of opinion. Let's have more of the new Victor Mature!

ANN C. WILDE, New Bedford, Mass.

VOICE PERSONALITY

\$1.00

I have made a big mistake concerning Howard Duff. When I heard him as *Sam Spade* on the radio, I imagined him to be short, fat and bald. I thought that anyone with a beautiful voice like his would have to be. Boy! Was I surprised when I saw him in "Brute Force." He's got looks to match his voice. How could anyone look at Larry Parks when Howard Duff's around?

I'd like to see a picture made of the radio show, "Adventures of Sam Spade," which would co-star Howard Duff and Ella Raines. I'd also like to see a picture of him in SCREENLAND, or a story, or both! I've looked through all the magazines but I

can't find anything about him. Please be the first—as usual!

L. BARRETT, Orange, Calif.

THE NEAT "TWENTIES"

Honorable Mention

Thank you for printing the letters "Shingle, Shingle, Little Star," and "Shear Devotion." I, too, agree that the movies have kept the so-called "glamor fashions" in dress and hair styles for far too long. I would like to see stories laid in the middle twenties, which were "the most exciting years" for some half of the people now living. But *authentic* in costume and hair-dos, please! And I think it's time for a change in general feminine type, again to the free, graceful styles of that era. The present trend to long hair and phoney glamor just distorts the picture of the real woman as a *person*, and shows her instead as an artificial doll. The movies can do a public service in setting a style, and it only takes a few to do it!

Especially do I applaud the idea of a

biography of Colleen Moore, with the true costumes of the period and the famous flapper bangs and shingle. Nancy Guild might play in it, or so might Yvonne De Carlo or Martha Vickers.

Put me down as voting for both more authentic pictures laid in the middle "twenties," more simple romances, and a comeback of neat, sweet, shingle-bob hairdos.

CHARLOTTE SCHMIDT, St. Louis, Mo.

OVER-WORKED IMAGINATION

Honorable Mention

Imagination is a wonderful thing, but it is a little over-used, especially in the movies. I don't object to Hollywood's producing out-of-this-world fantasies. They are entertaining even if a bit far-fetched. However, I don't approve of those movies which end at the climax and leave you gasping and wondering what happened. Is the heroine going to "live happily ever after" or is she going to spend the remaining days of her life in an insane asylum?



Star and author, Mary Jane Ward, discuss the best-selling novel at 20th Century-Fox before filming begins. Can you believe that the Olivia in the scene at left is the same girl you see above? Don't miss the exclusive fictionization of this famous novel in a forthcoming issue.



Olivia deHavilland, without the slightest trace of glamor in this scene with Mark Stevens in "The Snake Pit," gives a performance that's scheduled to hold audiences spellbound.

If movies must be cut short, please, oh please, don't cut the endings. One movie which left everything up to the audiences' imaginations was "Possessed." What happened to *Louise's* step-daughter? Did she hate her step-mother more than ever? How did *Louise* finally forget *David*? The movie was superb—up to the ending.

A "B" movie that I thought was really well-rounded was "Love and Learn," starring Robert Hutton, Jack Carson and Martha Vickers. It didn't end with Hutton's and Vickers' marriage ceremony, but instead it terminated with a cute, tricky ending. That is the way more movies should end. I say, let Hollywood's movie-making crew use *their* imaginations. After all, that's why we pay 74c for a single feature—to see the results of another's imagination.

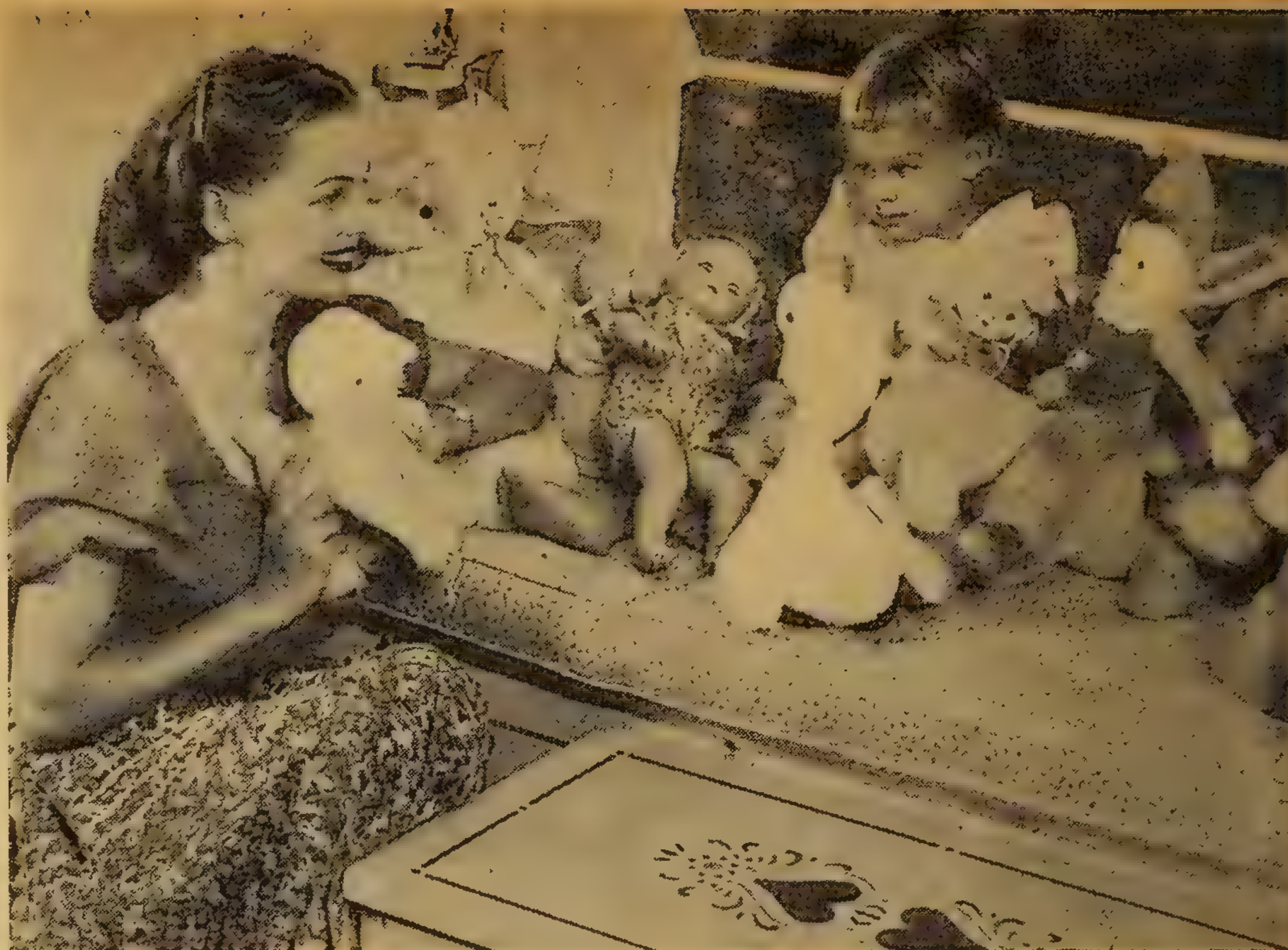
ELVIA ANDREWS, Tucson, Ariz.

WHEN you can fool your leading man, you *must* be a good actress. And Joan Fontaine, minus makeup and the usual feminine adornment, did just that. When she walked on the set as the 15-year-old in "Letters from An Unknown Woman," Louis Jourdan looked right through her. The handsome new Frenchman actually thought she was one of the *real* 15-year-old extras.

DENNIS MORGAN sang beautifully at a recent charity benefit but only Jack Carson knew his heart wasn't in it. It seems the day before the two pals went for a long horseback ride. The following morning Dennis had to eat his breakfast off the mantelpiece. Adding insult to where it hurt the most, Jack now refers to his pal as "The Saddlesore Sinatra."

JANE RUSSELL has two pictures in her dressing room on the set of "The Paleface." The first is of Bob Waterfield, her husband. The second is of Bing Crosby, sent to Jane the day she started working with Bob Hope. "My heartfelt sympathy goes out to you, Jane," is the way it was autographed!

WE DROPPED by Mark Stevens' dressing room for a chat and came away with Frankie Laine's new album. Mark's so enthusiastic over this sen-



sational new singer, he's given away dozens of his albums. The day he finished "The Snake Pit," the very popular Mark went into "Street with No Name," based on exciting FBI activities and filmed with documentary technique. Every actor in



"The Freedom Train" is coming your way with more than one hundred famous documents which tell the story of America's struggle for freedom. All your life you've heard about the existence of these wonderful documents, now here is your chance to see them! As a tribute to "The Traveling Shrine," Irving Berlin has written the song, "The Freedom Train," which Bing Crosby and the Andrews Sisters have recorded. Copyright and all royalties go to The American Heritage Foundation, sponsors of "The Freedom Train."



Playtime is enjoyed by Elyse Knox and daughter Sharon in their San Fernando home, at top of page. Above, Elyse with Joe Kirkwood, Jr., in Monogram Pictures' "Joe Palooka" series.

this one was actually "investigated" by the "real thing" before the picture started.

IN "The High Wall" Audrey Totter has to drive Bob Taylor through a crowded city street. It was a simple scene, except Audrey doesn't know how to drive! You'll see her steering away like mad. But lying on the floor at her feet there was a prop man actually driving the car by remote control. "You ought to get *him* to work for you steady!" cracked Taylor. Little Audrey is now taking lessons.

MARTHA VICKERS doesn't exactly love Hollywood, and with good reason. Time, money and great effort went into making her a star. Martha, always co-operative, made good. Then the studio loaned her out to do a small part in "Prelude to Night." And that's when she learned they were not taking up her option. Despite other offers, at this writing a disillusioned Martha is quitting Hollywood—forever.

Hot from Hollywood



Aloha and Hello! Lana Turner, above, bids Tyrone Power bon voyage just before he takes off for a ten-week, 33,000 mile air trip around Africa; below, Linda Darnell returns to the welcoming arms of her husband Pev Marley after three months in Europe.

BEFORE he took off for Africa in his converted DC-3, Tyrone Power threw a party that is still the talk of the town. Lampshades on every table in the Champagne Room (formerly the Crillon) were fashioned of baby orchids flown in from Honolulu. Strolling violinists mingled with the guests and played tender tunes. Only Lana Turner looked a bit on the sad side. Of course she'll miss Ty, but right now she's concentrating on her new rôle opposite the great Gable in "Homecoming."

DESPITE the London press blasting her appearance and dubbing her "dull copy," Rita Hayworth's back and never looked lovelier. We saw her dancing at Ciro's with Vic Mature, the boy friend she left behind when she married Orson Welles. Evidently time heals all wounds. In her divorce from Orson, Rita asked for one dollar alimony and this for a legal technicality. With Rita in his arms (dancing) and his great success in "Kiss of Death," what-a-man Mature is riding high and handsome.

RAY MILLAND is back in Hollywood after making "So Evil My Love"



with Ann Todd in England. Son Danny went along with the Millands on this trip, and Mal loves to describe Ray's sentimental trip to Neath Wales, to live once again the scenes of his youth with his own son. It was to be a grand outing, to last three whole days. The two "men" were back the next day at noon. Ray's first experience taking full-time care of Danny was too much for him.

IN "State of the Union," Claudette Colbert goes all out for those new skirt lengths. But she isn't touching a single hemline of her personal wardrobe. "I want to be sure the style is here to stay," says the frugal Frenchwoman. "In the meantime, people will just have to look at my legs and like them." That's what we've been doing for years!

WHEN she started "Christopher Blake," Alexis Smith received a green-leafed plant from her director, Peter Godfrey. Later on in the day she was still wondering why he hadn't selected one with blossoms. Suddenly before her startled eyes, the plant burst into full bloom! It was a prop—planted by Godfrey, who happens to be a skilled magician.

AFTER a two-year retirement, Virginia Bruce is again facing the camera in Paramount's "Night Has a Thousand Eyes." For Susan Ann Gilbert's 14th birthday, her lovely mother arranged for her to see her father, John Gilbert, in "The Big Parade." Susan was too young to remember him and his is a cherished memory that Virginia wants their little girl to share.

NO GLAMOR girl has less ego than our own Annie Sheridan. On loan-out for "Good Sam" with Gary Cooper, she was asked to bring a photograph from home, to be used as a prop in the picture. "Are you kidding?" shrieked Annie. "The only ones I have were taken in the nude. I was lying on a bear-skin rug and I was—two! You'll have to get it from Warner Bros."

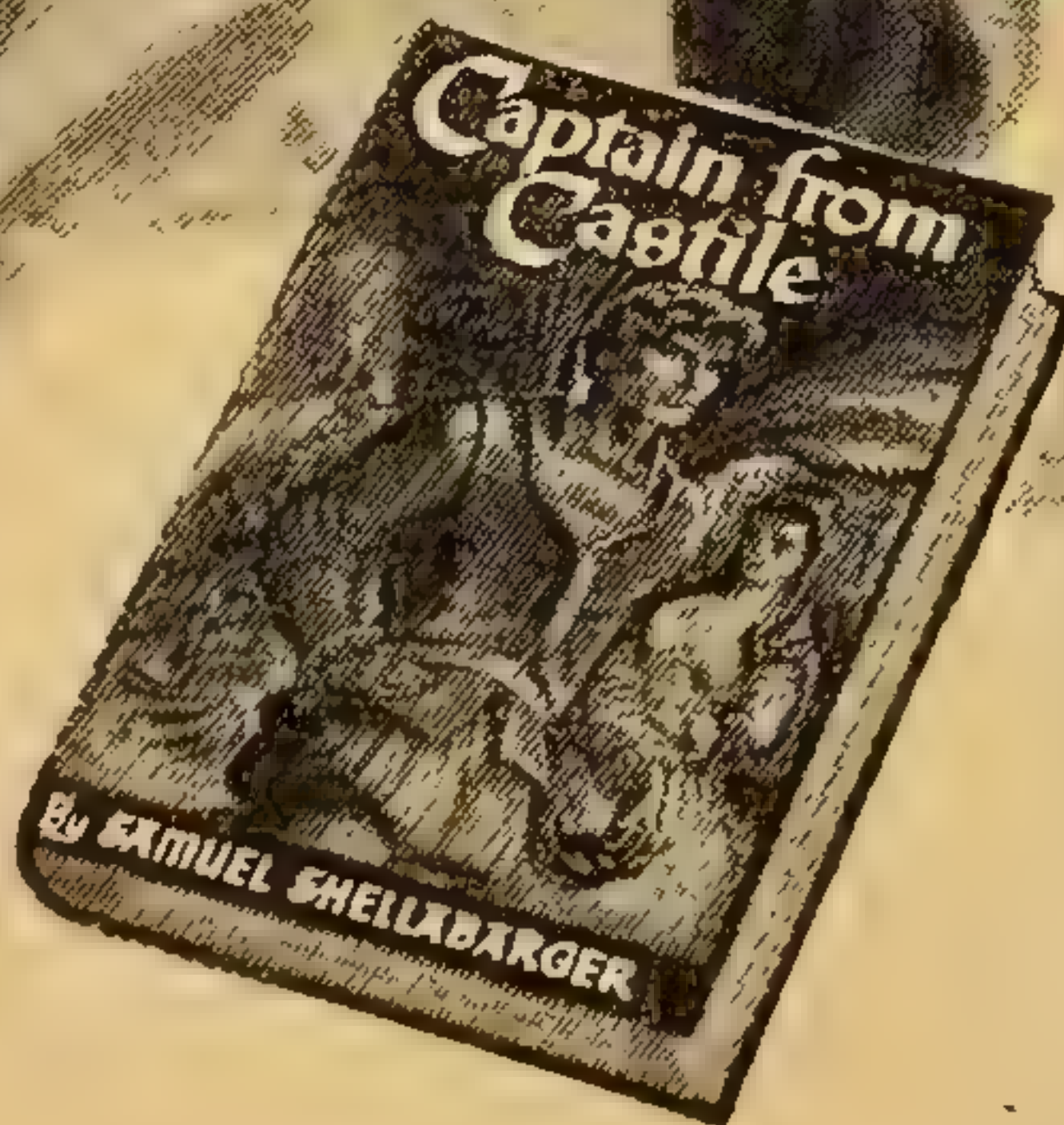
PERSONAL to Bill Holden, who is on location in Eugene, Oregon, making "Rachel" with Loretta Young and Robert Mitchum: Your wife Brenda Marshall misses you terribly. She is grateful for all those fish you keep sending. But for Pete's sake let up! Even your best friends are tired of fish by now.

JUST before he started "Homecoming" with Clark Gable and Lana Turner, Cameron Mitchell received an eviction notice. In vain he searched for another place. Then one lunch hour he wandered out through the studio gate. There practically adjoining MGM was a little bungalow with a For Rent sign. Cameron sat on the steps until Mrs. Mitchell arrived and took possession.

YOU'D be surprised to know what glamorous star has a secret crush on Cornel Wilde. The lady was just about to invite him to dinner and we were all prepared to tell you about it. Then the Wildes reconciled after a temporary separation and sailed for Honolulu on a second honeymoon. Cornel only has eyes for his wife, and this time we hope she'll hold on to him.

HE'S kidding, of course, but Ronnie Reagan now refers to Jane Wyman as "Charlie McCarthy." The reason being, Jane plays a deaf mute in "Johnny Belinda." She does finally say exactly one word in the last scene of the picture. "For Janie to refrain from talking that long is quite an accomplishment," grins her devoted husband.

*A whole new world of
adventure and romance
lay before their swords!*



Darryl F. Zanuck
PRESENTS
**CAPTAIN
from CASTILE**
Color by Technicolor
STARRING
TYRONE POWER

Starring

JEAN PETERS · CESAR ROMERO · JOHN SUTTON · LEE J. COBB

with Antonio Moreno · Thomas Gomez · Alan Mowbray · Barbara Lawrence · George Zucco · Roy Roberts · Marc Lawrence

Screen Play by Lamar Trotti · From the Novel by Samuel Shellabarger

Directed by **HENRY KING** Produced by **LAMAR TROTTI**

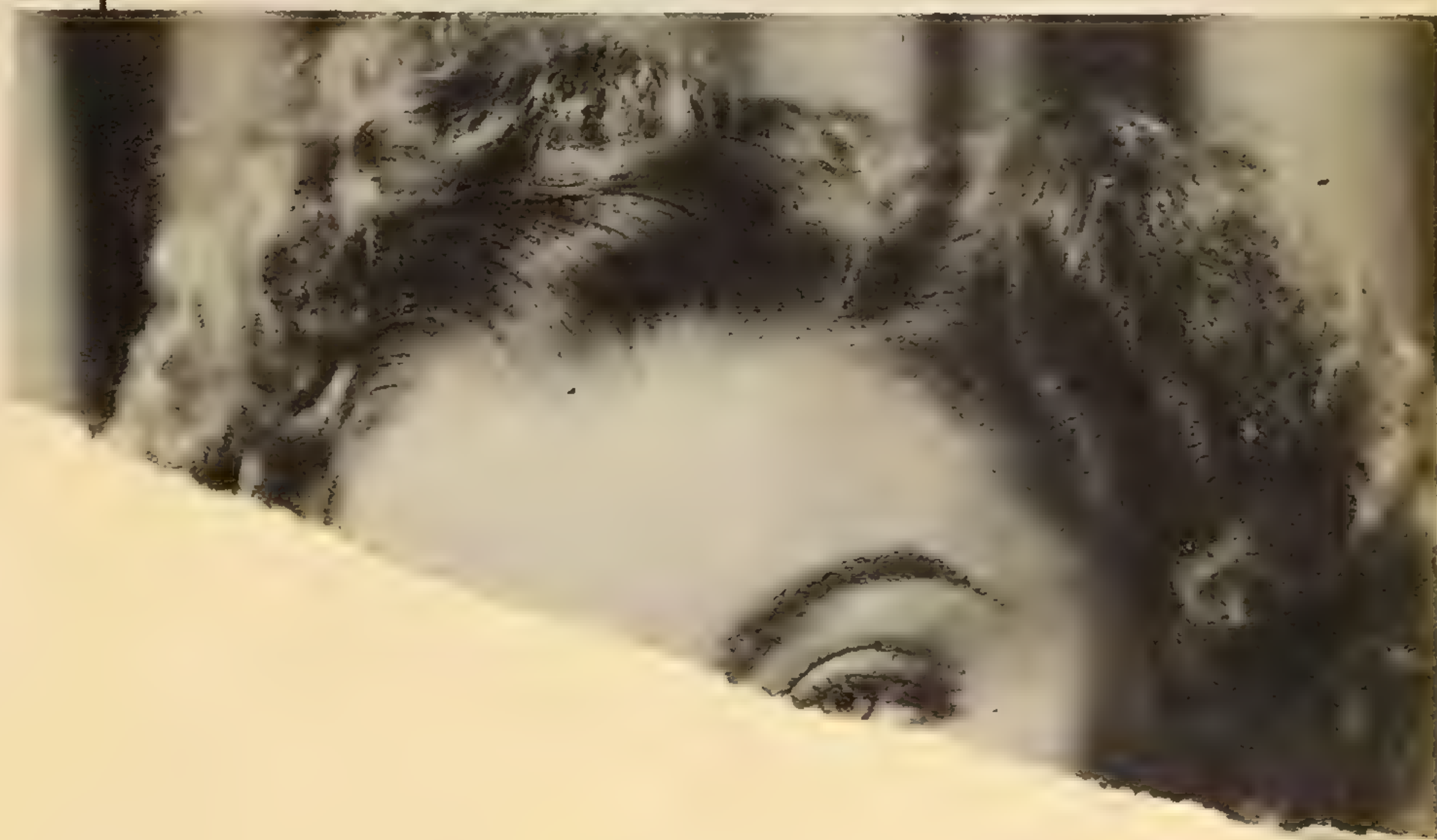
A
20th
CENTURY-FOX
MAGNIFICENT
EPIC!

Versatile Myrna Loy takes a broadcast in her dainty stride. Veteran of 65 films, Myrna has more verve than Shirley Temple; wins plum rôle opposite Cary Grant in "Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House," for RKO. Myrna, at bottom of page, confers on the set with producer Dore Schary and director Irving Reis of the recent hit comedy, "The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer."



IT WAS one of those veddy smart, ultra-sophisticated New York boites. (You don't call them cafés, or restaurants; you call them boites, understand?) Anyway, I was waiting there for you, and I had ample opportunity to observe the passing show—because you were late, you were very late; and I sat there getting madder and madder, and thinking: "So this is what's happened our Myrna, eh? Gone grand on us she? The Best Years of Her Life—the Best Years of *My* Life here, watching highstyled cagorping when I have work to feudin' and fightin' like tha' floated. There was a kind ple looked up and watche And then that breathle sorry! I don't know volved and keep you don't, really"—and it performance you had time, and the rest of t broke into silent app'

And then as we v
ered it's not an ac'
The Loy look of lov
nity; the captivat
the utterly charmin
on you look (Pleas





Xmas Preview



These stars may be rushing the season. Consider this, though: they posed for these pictures on a hot day in August, to meet our deadline; and somehow they've managed to convey the true spirit of the season. So it just may be that movie stars know the secret of keeping Christmas alive all the year round.



Severe test of any friendship: working together for five months steadily, as Romero and Power did making "Captain from Castile." They're still pals. Top, right, Ty with Jean Peters, heroine of "Castile." Right, with Coleen Gray in "Nightmare Alley."



Closeup of Tyrone Power

BY CESAR ROMERO



IF THERE'S anything worth doing that he won't do, sooner or later, I don't know what it is!

I won't go so far as to claim he'll try anything once, because he's no fool. But when it comes to living life to the hilt, my friend Tyrone Power is the one man I know who's doing it. He's full of ideas for new adventures every time I see him. The astounding thing to me is his ability to make his plans materialize, every time.

He's different from me right off, you'd soon detect. I go with the tide, like it nice and comfortable. If I have to argue for my rights, I duck out. I hate a fuss, and besides I never seem to win. Ty is exactly the opposite. He makes up his mind with that same speed with which he moves physically, and he usually gets results.

Ty is not an escapist, but a realist. All problems imply their ultimate solutions to him. There's nothing counterfeit about Ty. Forcefully himself, he's a human being you can't forget because of his intensely human qualities. Sure, he has faults! I understand them and ignore them, just as he puts up with mine. He thinks and moves like a jet, and will snatch at any slowly executed thing and do it himself because he wants everything he wants *now*. He can forgive inadequacy instantly, but any (Please turn to page 74)



Lana Turner

tells

**Be glad you're a woman! Don't
sell glamor short, says the girl
who captured Ty Power's heart**

By Alyce Canfield

LANA TURNER, who has gone to the top by playing glamor, femininity and sex appeal for all they are worth, believes there are a lot of advantages to being a woman and playing it that way. You never hear Lana wishing she were a boy or gloomily reporting that it's a man's world. To Lana, it's a woman's world—and at the flick of an eyelash. She doesn't believe in the war of the sexes, in competing with men. She sees no point in imitating their mannerisms of directness and authority. Rather, she appreciates the fact that there is a wonderful mystery in being a woman, an inexplicable charm. As for making this knowledge work for you, the trick is to be *glad* you are a woman. Wear your femininity well.

For instance—why is Lana as glamorous as champagne? Why is it that, whether in dungarees in "Cass Timberlane" or period costumes of "Green Dolphin Street," you are always conscious of her as a woman? It isn't makeup or clothes or fancy hairdo's. It is born of intangibles. Such as the sparkle that is always with her; the ready sympathy

and understanding; the lift and buoyancy people feel when they are near her; the ability she possesses of making the other person feel important. It's in her glance, her manner. You are constantly aware of her femininity. You cannot dismiss it because it prods at you in little ways: her deference to your views, her lack of dogmatism, her gentleness of voice, her graciousness, her gaiety and flirtatiousness that is always too subtle to be obvious. All the things that denote masculinity—aggressiveness, dominance,

robustness—are lacking in her makeup. No man would ever make a pal of Lana!

Even superficially, this can pay off in many ways. According to Lana, men open doors for girls who are not too brusquely efficient, while they are apt to let the "good joe" scramble out as best she can. Men (*Please turn to page 60*)



her Glamor Secrets

To Hollywood's Number One Glamor Girl, it's a woman's world, at the flick of an eyelash. Lana is glamorous whether in the period costumes of "Green Dolphin Street," or the dungarees and shirt she wears as the girl baseball player in "Cass Timberlane," below.



Hollywood grapevine says Spencer Tracy didn't want Lana as co-star in MGM's important new picture, "Cass Timberlane," from Sinclair Lewis' best-seller. After working with her, left, Spence became a Turner fan. No man is immune to Lana's glamor.



There is no heaviness. Your iron slips neatly here and there. You flick it right or left almost effortlessly. Each movement of the iron leaves its little path of gleaming perfect finish. Your fingers feel what your eyes have seen and you come to know enchantment in work that is not toil. Your curtains take on billowy loveliness, the ruffles, like petal forms, if that is what you wish. Dresses smooth into tailored form and finish. Shirts become easy to do. Learn to starch this way—you'll iron well.

IS THIS YELLOW BOX in YOUR HOME?

they say, "It keeps clothes fresh longer."



for
wonderful
ironings



You know The Look, Lauren Bacall.
The Legs, Betty Grable. The Face, Anita Colby.
The Body, Marie McDonald. Now meet
Hazel Brooks, whom we hereby christen The
Shoulder—and we don't mean a cold shoulder



Following her first film hit in 'Body and Soul,' with John Garfield, Hazel Brooks will next be seen in "Sleep, My Love," Triangle Production-United Artists picture starring Claudette Colbert and Don Ameche. Scene still at top of page shows Miss Brooks with Ameche. In private life Hazel is married to Cedric Gibbons, famed art director, who designed and decorated their Bel-Air home.



*Blue Eyes,
Behave!*



Team two handsome blue-eyed stars, Joan Bennett and Michael Redgrave, in an exciting Fritz Lang drama, "The Secret Beyond the Door," and you have entertainment plus to anticipate



Romantic Rebel

Your boy, "Smoky," is currently man-most-in-demand in Hollywood right now. He's co-starring with Shirley Temple, above, in Warners' "That Hagen Girl"; can currently be seen on the screens in "Adventure Island."

**Gals, want to know what Rory Calhoun expects of you women?
We're telling, right here**

By Ben Maddox

DO YOU want to know a real romantic rebel?

Then Rory Calhoun is your man. He breeds excitement wherever he goes, and he gets around a lot. Actually, he had only himself to offer when he landed in Hollywood three years ago. Rory's current teaming with Shirley Temple in "That Hagen Girl" culminates a flock of private chapters with a punch. Many of his pre-Hollywood situations were disturbing to others, but all of them were a romp to Rory and led him to where he is today. His foot is firm on the slippery ladder of screen success now.

While climbing in the movies Rory has persisted in his own habit of living and learning in an unquestionably great big way. As a result, nearly all the women in his life so far call him the Young Gable. That's both right and wrong. With his six-foot-three frame tapering in T-shape from husky shoulders, and his blue-green eyes hurling challenges from underneath his mop of coal-black hair, he (Please turn to page 78)



It takes Little Sister to
tell on Big Brother! That

he's tender-hearted,
sentimental, and

writes poetry,*

among other things;

but most of all,

that he's a

great guy, and why

*For samples of
Jimmy Cagney's poetry
turn to page 65

As told to
Dora Albert

MY BROTHER Jim was a legend to me before he was a person. When I was a very tiny youngster, Jim was away from home a great deal of the time in vaudeville and roadshows. I was always lonely for him. My earliest memories concern the letters I tried to write Jim on one-cent pads before I knew anything about writing or spelling. I drew little curlicues on sheets of paper, in the hope that they would say the things I meant. Mother used to mail these to Jim, and I later learned that he would carry them on the road with him and show them to friends, along with snapshots of the family.

Everybody in the family was always saying, "If Jim would only come home—" and I, too, was swept with longing to see the almost mythical Jim. Then all of a sudden he did come home, and it was wonderful!

MY BROTHER JIM

By Jeanne Cagney





James Cagney, star of brother William's production, "The Time of Your Life," breaks up his actors, Bill Bendix and Paul Draper.



Scene above shows Jimmy, Jeanne Cagney and Wayne Morris in United Artists' movie from William Saroyan's prize-winning play.



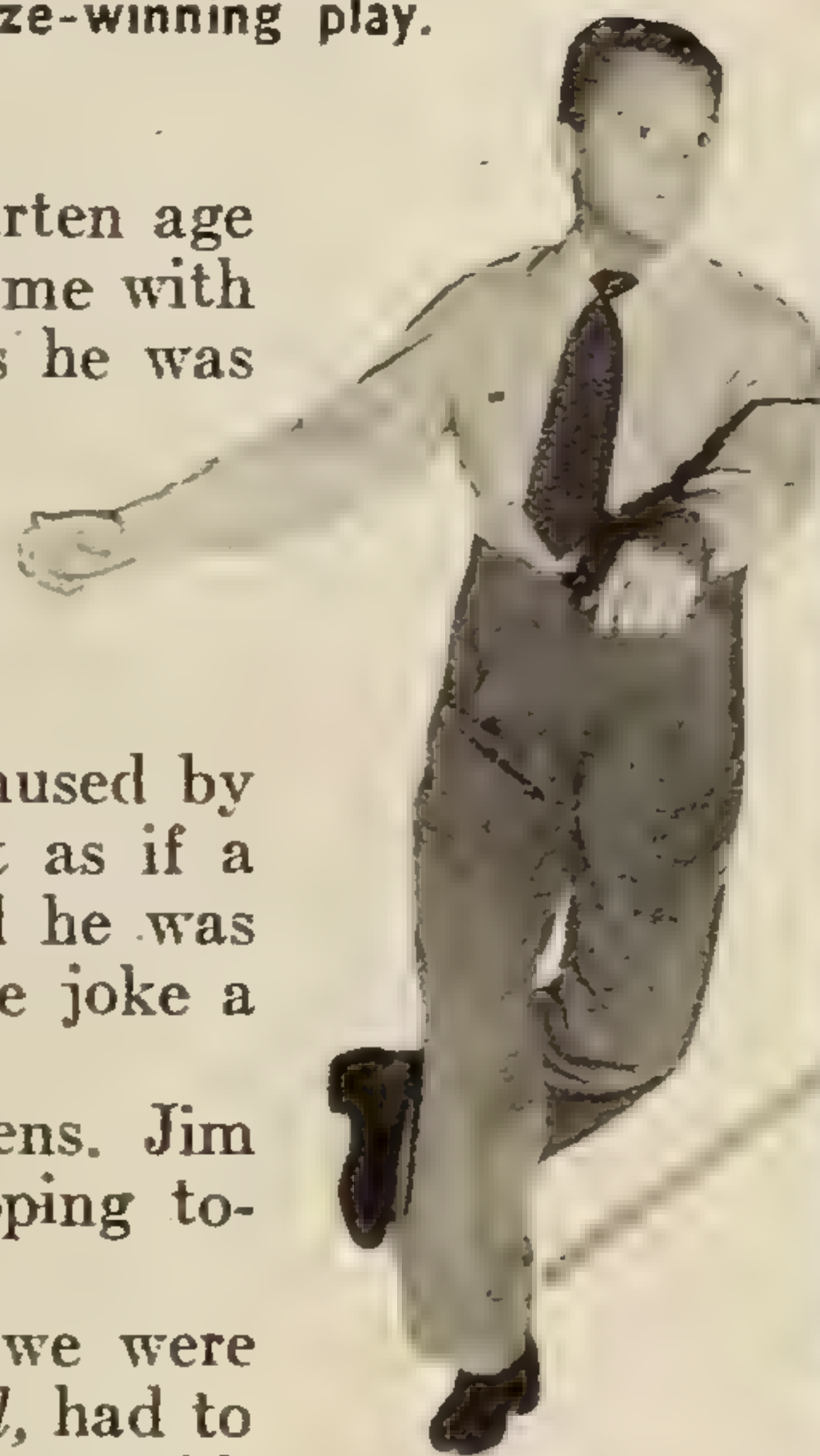
No big-star stuff on a Jimmy Cagney set. Here, he's a perfect audience for Ward Bond, featured member of the cast.

He was a person instead of a legend. I hadn't reached kindergarten age yet and couldn't read, but Jim would read the funny sheets to me with an accent. I particularly remember the Katzenjammer kids, as he was the only one I knew who could read that comic with the proper accent, a talent which few people have developed.

I always had the pleasantest time with Jim. Once I heard a silly joke from the children on the block. (We lived in New York then.) It was the oldest, hoariest chestnut, but to me it was brand new, and I told it to Jim, hoping he would be amused by it. He listened, laughed and said, "That's very funny." I felt as if a medal had just been pinned on me. Today I realize how kind he was being. He could so easily have told me that he had heard the joke a hundred times before, as he undoubtedly had.

When Jim was playing on Broadway, the family lived in Queens. Jim bought me a flexible flyer sleigh and we would go bellywhopping together on the hill near our home.

It was Jim who first taught me to dance. Recently when we were making the picture, "The Time of Your Life," I, as *Kitty Duval*, had to ask *Joe* (Jim) why he didn't dance with me. Still in character, Jim said, "I can't dance." The line broke me up com- (Please turn to page 62)



Huddle between scenes. Little Sister Jeanne, Big Brother Jim listen as swell trouper Bill Bendix gives his slant.



Jeanne Cagney won Broadway fame on her own in "The Iceman Cometh" before producer-brother Bill cast her in "The Time of Your Life."





DECEMBER						
Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31			

Girl of the Month : Dorothy Lamour

Dorothy Lamour, co-star of Alan Ladd in Paramount's "Wild Harvest," and next to appear with Bob Hope and Bing Crosby in "Road to Rio," photographed by A. L. Whitey Schafer.



Are you December's darling child, like Dorothy Lamour?
Then season's greetings to you, my lady of allure!

For your glow like the ruby,
Your color, rich brown,
On Saturday—your day—
You're belle of the town.

WHILE there is no snow except on mountain peaks, and gardenia leis take the place of holly wreaths, and palm trees are the substitute for Christmas trees, there is just as much holiday spirit this time of year in Hollywood as there is any place in the country.

Each mail brings Yuletidings of more festivities and one can hardly keep up with the round of parties which make December such a gay month in screenland. Some are truly Western affairs like the celebration which heiress Gina Janss, the singing socialite and daughter of my friend, Harold Janss, is planning for Christmas Day. Gina is giving a huge jamboree and barbecue for all the Western stars on her 20,000 acre ranch at Hidden Valley and all the sage-brush heroes of the gun-totin' melodramas for a round-up which will feature riding, shooting, and bronco-bustin' contests by the cinema experts, all to be climaxed by an outdoor barbecue and hoe-down to Western music. Isn't that a novel way to celebrate Christmas?

There wasn't any Santa Claus, but there were

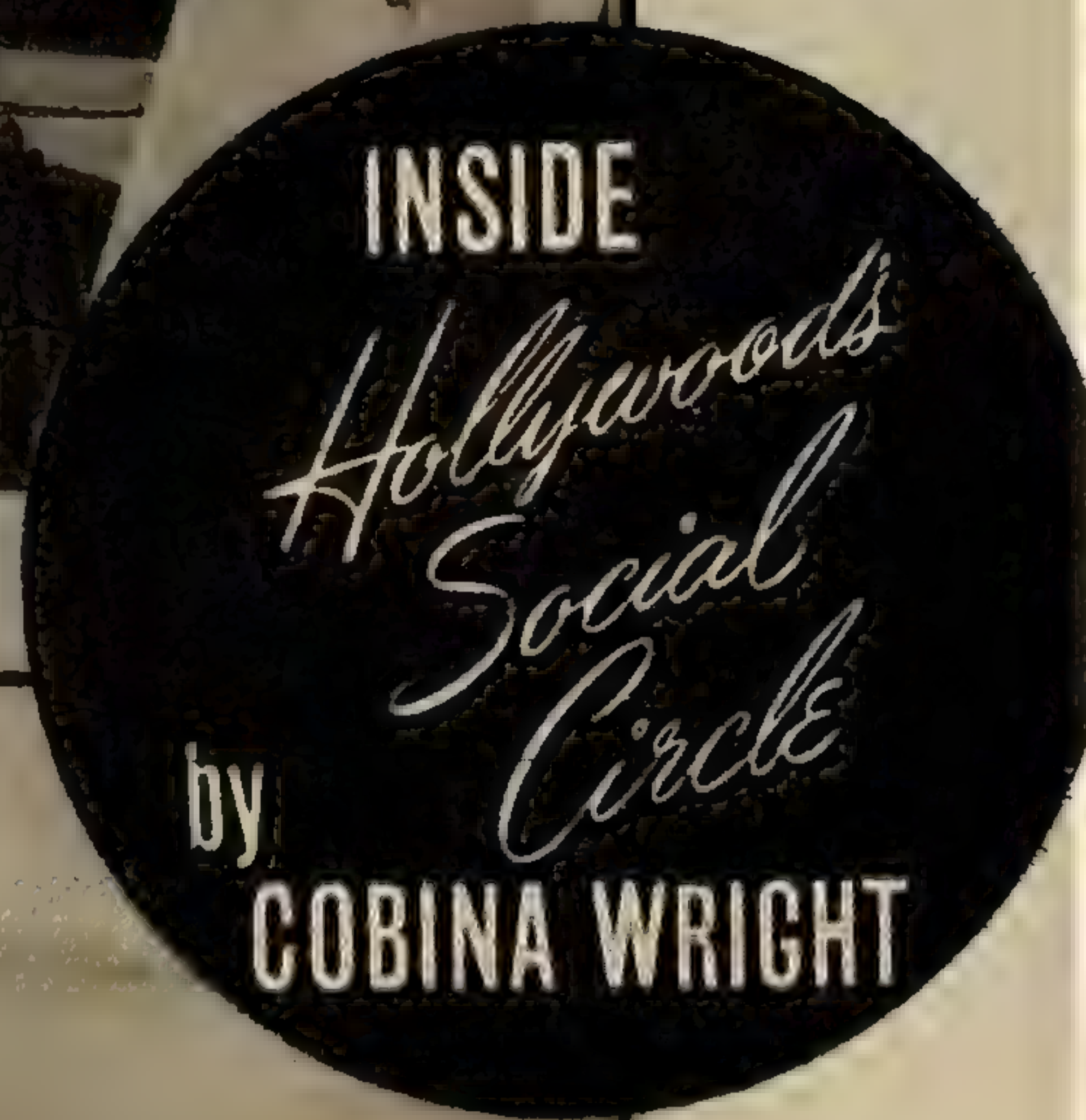
plenty of "kiddies" at the recent party which Ralph Edwards, of the "Truth and Consequence" show, gave in the Sand and Pool Club of the Beverly Hills Hotel. Invitations read like the "call sheet" for a big studio, giving the name of the picture, "Kidnapades," the location, the time and the director. Each guest was supposed to be a member of the cast and to appear in some kiddie outfit—and over 300 of them did!

If you don't think that the stars like to play like youngsters, you should have seen that throng. Edgar Bergen came dressed as Charlie McCarthy and stalwart Marshall Thompson appeared in a ten-year-old's cowboy outfit. Jimmy Ritz was complete with a bear-skin rug and a rattle, while Joe E. Brown waved a lolly-pop (Please turn to page 71)

COBINA WRIGHT

Goes To Holiday Parties

"It just proves," says the distinguished social leader, "that Hollywood is a place where you're only young—always!" as she takes us along to gay Yuletide gatherings





Mrs. Wright, shown on facing page in her Beverly Hills home, symbolizes Society with a capital S. That's why she can tell you more about Hollywood's social side than any other writer. She reveals, for example, Joan Bennett's favorite recipe for cocktail nibblers.



Premières are part of the movie social scene, and Mrs. Wright says they're fun, particularly opening of Eagle Lion's "Red Stallion," attended by Bob Hope.



All of the famous Hollywood animal stars attended première. Above, Margaret O'Brien with Lassie. Below, one of the prettiest guests, lovely starlet Noreen Nash.

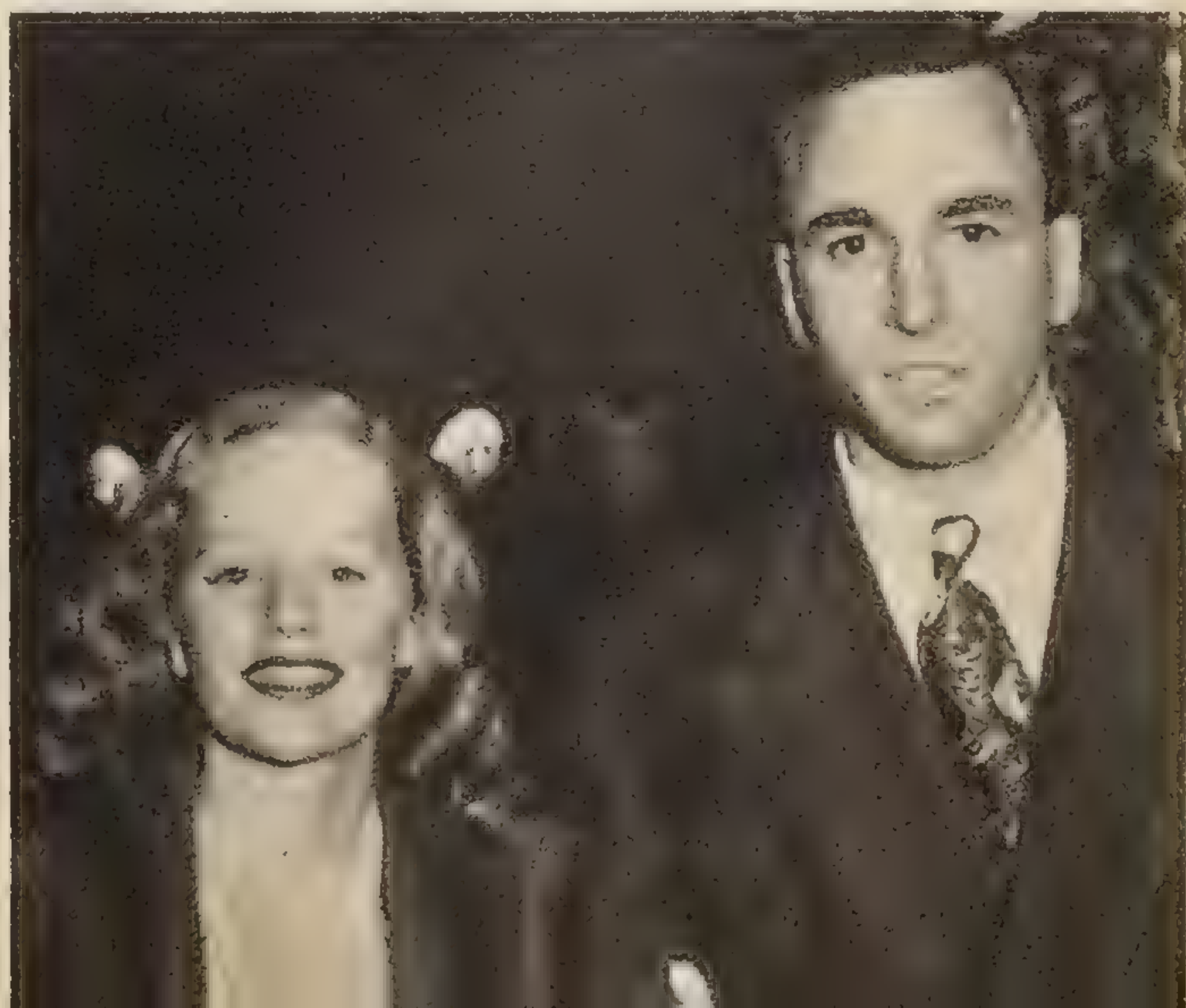
R.S.V.P. Cobina Wright! Ask Cobina, she knows—all the fascinating facts about Hollywood society and famous guests. As an added feature of our exclusive series, Mrs. Wright graciously offers to answer questions from readers regarding the screen colony's festive goings on, from favorite games to exotic canapes



Among the young married set, Mr. and Mrs. John Payne are outstanding for good looks and charm. Among most popular: George and Dinah Shore Montgomery.



Peggy Cummins, below, attended "Red Stallion" première just before leaving for her native England, where she will co-star in a film with Rex Harrison.



"The best things happen to us on Christmas!" claim Dick and Pat

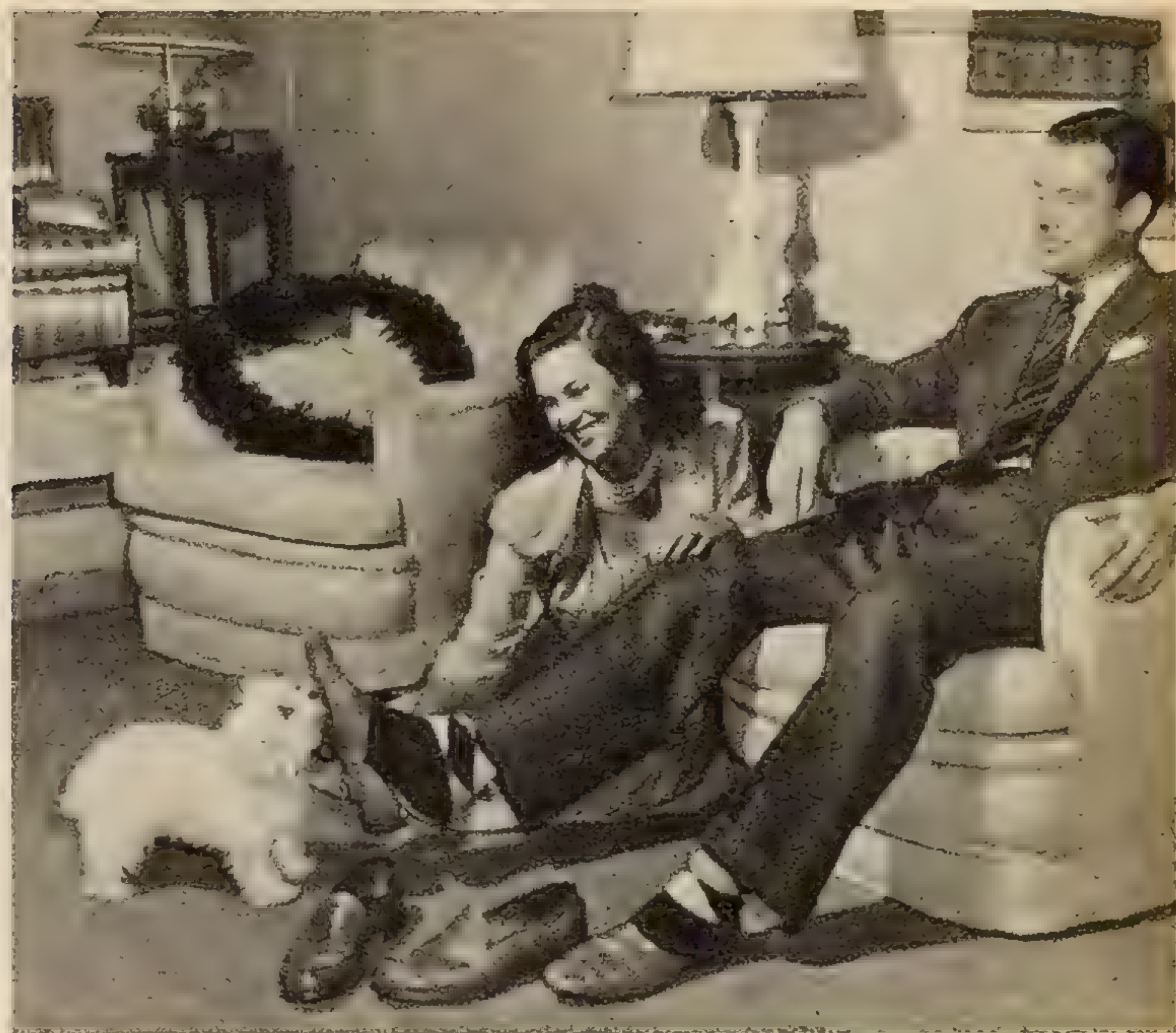


Beautiful Mrs. Greene, otherwise Patricia Medina, at left above with Rex Harrison in "The Foxes of Harrow." Dick, shown with Linda Darnell, is one of all-star "Forever Amber" cast.



The Richard Greenes and Father Christmas

By Hattie Bilson



The "Gorgeous Greeses," as this handsome British couple are called, prepare to celebrate their first Christmas in Hollywood. Their marriage, they say in our exclusive story, was directly due to "Father Christmas"—England's quaint tag for Santa Claus.

YOU'VE probably never heard of Father Christmas. Neither had I until I met Richard Greene and Patricia Medina. Father Christmas is England's quaint tag for Santa Claus, and Richard and Patricia are still fresh enough from the British Isles to refer to him by that name.

By any name the gentleman with the whiskers and the red coat is their patron saint. "The best things happen to us on Christmas," claim Dick and Pat. "Even our marriage was directly due to Father Christmas."

They met at a small dinner party in Denham, movie center of England. "I was there on leave," Dick tells it, "making 'Unpublished Story,' a propaganda film. When I got to the party dinner was almost over and most of the guests had already paired off. The only two disengaged people seemed to be Pat and myself, so I introduced myself and tried to catch her interest. No use. No matter what I said she snapped, 'That's rubbish. Absolute rubbish.'"

Pat rallies to her own defense. "It was really a ghastly evening. Everyone there was in the picture business, and all seemed bent on settling every problem of the industry that evening. Such arguments! Such hysteria! I was determined to stay out of the free-for-all. Then Dick came along and insisted on talking to me. I did my best to discourage him."

"And succeeded admirably," teases Dick. "I left that party hoping I'd never meet her again."

At this sad point Father Christmas took a hand. A charity dance was held to raise money for Christmas presents for hospitalized vets, and to bring Dick and Pat together again. Despite his first bad impression Dick found himself irresistibly drawn to Pat and within five minutes was heard accusing her of being "downright charming!"

Having rediscovered one another they decided to carry on their fascinating research at dinner the following evening. This proved so satisfactory that Dick proposed during the main course and was accepted along with the dessert!

"We were married several weeks later on Christmas Eve of '41," says Dick. "Not that we planned it that way. I was being transferred and it all went off with a rush."

They didn't plan it that way but Father Christmas, the old matchmaker, did. In this case you can't blame him for taking pride in his work. A handsomer, more compatible pair never hit Hollywood. Dick hasn't changed much since he tossed over Hollywood stardom several years ago to fight for his native England. His amiable grin, blue eyes and curly brown hair are happily unaltered. If he's matured a bit, it's all for the best. At any rate he hasn't lost any of his good-humored zest for hard work, as anyone who toiled with (Please turn to page 89)

Presenting

SCREENLAND'S *STAR* ADVISERS



HOLLAND: We're going to have a chance now to bat around a really good topic: "Are Men Worse Gossips Than Women?" So let's let the fur fly and be on our argumentative way.

GLENN: When I heard about the topic, I thought it would be only natural to get a good definition of a gossip, so I looked the word up in the dictionary. And guess what I found? It said a gossip

was "a friend, a crony, an idle tattler, a godparent." So just what are we discussing? I'd like to get in this pitch, though—speaking of the commonly accepted definition, I don't think men are gossips.

MAUREEN: I've always thought of gossips as the back-fence type, the lace curtain peekers who check on the neighbors' movements both night and day to get tidbits to chin about. In this respect, I'm sorry to admit it, but I think women are the worst gossips. At least, they're the most malicious.

BOB: And my idea of a gossip is one who isn't busy. Which just about takes in everyone at one time or another.

IRENE: A gossip is nothing but a tale-bearer, a frustrated person who loves to delve into tale-wagging. And, as Bob said, all humans indulge in it to a degree.

SHIRLEY: Everyone does—unless he just doesn't talk. But since we're trading definitions, mine is: "One who talks about everything that doesn't concern him."

GLENN: Forgetting definitions for a moment, my idea of a gossip is when women talk about women. When men talk about women, and that's one of their favorite topics, that's nothing but good old Americanism. If men gossip at all, it's mainly about sports and business.

IRENE: Women, in mixed gatherings, do gossip more than men, but women don't talk more than men. The female of the species, however, will get on a subject and hang on to it like a puppy with a bone. They'll chew away until the substance is all gone. Men's favorite topic, I believe, in disagreement with Glenn, is politics. They really go to town on that.

BOB: The business of men and women gossiping is about 50-50. There's the powder-room gossip of women and the steam-room chit-chat of men. Of course, I'm only directly informed about what the boys say. The powder-room routine facts come from my wife, Mary. As for what I consider a man's favorite subject, I'd say—women! There are, of course, other subjects, such as how Joe is doing in business—remarks not to Joe's advantage, incidentally—how much so-and-so spends, and how much the guy who is doing the talking has to spend. Always, in the latter case, the gent invariably adds a few thousands to his yearly income solely to impress his fellow males.

MAUREEN: I don't think any wom-

New closeups of Screenland's Star Advisers Board show Robert Cummings, at left above, Irene Dunne, at far left, Glenn Ford, center, Shirley Temple, below, and Maureen O'Hara at right. Read their frank opinions on this month's lively, interesting subject.



BOARD OF ADVISERS:
IRENE DUNNE, ROBERT CUMMINGS,
SHIRLEY TEMPLE, GLENN FORD,
MAUREEN O'HARA



MAUREEN O'HARA, screen bride in "The Foxes of Harrow" in scene from the 20th Century-Fox picture with Rex Harrison.

DISCUSSING THE QUESTION:

"Are Men Worse Gossips Than Women?"

Forum Conducted by Jack Holland

**DO YOU HAVE A QUESTION
 YOU WANT THESE STARS TO
 DISCUSS?**

If you'd like to have your screen favorites' reactions on your pet topic of conversation, here's your chance to add their opinions to your collection. Screenland's Star Advisers will select the most interesting subject which you send them and give it their undivided attention next month. Don't delay, get your questions in early.

an gossips much in the presence of men because she knows a man will look down upon her as a cat. Don't forget, women are constantly looking for men's approval. As for a man's favorite topic, I agree with Bob—it's women!

SHIRLEY: Women always gossip more, at least from what I've heard. But from what Jack (my husband, Jack Agar) has told me, men aren't entirely innocent. He said that when he was on location in Monument Valley for the picture he and I are making, "War Party," there were some pretty tall tales traded back and forth among the men. He's also told me (Please turn to page 81)



IRENE DUNNE, "mama" of RKO's "I Remember Mama," studies family budget with her screen children, Barbara Bel Geddes and Steven Brown.



ROBERT CUMMINGS embraces the lovely Claudette Colbert for Triangle's "Sleep, My Love"



GLENN FORD, military man of Columbia's Technicolor saga of the west, "The Man from Colorado," plays love scene with co-star Ellen Drew.



SHIRLEY TEMPLE, with popular Rory Calhoun, enacts one of the lighter scenes in Warners' highly dramatic film, "That Hagen Girl."





It's a Great DAY for the DUROCHERS

**As a Brooklyn fan wrote Laraine, "Gosh,
our Lippy is sure in luck! From now
on you're ours, right along with Leo"**

WHEN LARAINÉ DAY flew to Mexico to divorce Ray Hendricks immediately after she had been granted an interlocutory decree by a California court, and then married Leo Durocher a few hours later, she knew that she was risking her career. She was sorry about that. But Laraine Day has never compromised. When she has found it necessary to make a decision, she has done so without quibbling, without side-stepping issues, without jeopardizing her own high sense of right.

For a long time before the open break came, insiders knew that there was serious trouble in the Hendricks household. Friends recognized the sad fact that La-

raïne and Ray were two people who were mental strangers; they should never have married in the first place. But marry they had, in the flush of a headlong romance, and then each had settled down to try to make the union a successful one. Sometimes, however, the best intentions of two people result in nothing but destruction. It is like trying to build a house with dry sticks and flint: only fire results.

It may be that, because of her adopted children, Laraine might have gone on indefinitely in her marriage with Ray Hendricks. For the sake of a nominally complete home life she would have endured the tremendous unhappiness with

which she lived, day in and day out. But—as Fate would have it—she met Leo Durocher. He was everything she admired: clean-living, decisive, two-fisted, fond of children, and courtly in the manner of really rugged men. So she fell head over heels in love with him, just as he had with her.

A number of alternatives faced them: Laraine could go on with her meaningless marriage, viewing the love of her life as a "ships that pass in the night" sort of tragedy. Or she could take her courage into her two hands, tell the truth, go through the legal woes and enormous emotional strain imposed by a complete change in one's living arrangements, and run the risk of losing her enormous fan following, her immaculate reputation (she has always been above reproach in Hollywood), and perhaps even her beloved adopted children.

It was a *(Please turn to page 66)*



By Fredda Dudley



Laraine Day's fans applaud her courageous stand in her private life as warmly as they applaud her fine performances in pictures. You'll be seeing Laraine soon in RKO's "Tycoon," in which she co-stars with John Wayne, below.





*Very
personally
yours*

You answer appraising eyes with a smile. With complete composure: always one of your charms, and *very personally yours* wherever you are . . . whatever the time of the month. Of course. For you're so confident that no one will know, because the special flat pressed ends of Kotex prevent revealing outlines.

Nor will you know one moment's discomfort, with Kotex to befriend you . . . to stay soft while you wear it. To give you the extra protection of an exclusive safety center. And to offer you the freedom of choice that only Kotex provides, with Regular, Junior and Super Kotex.

Yes, with Kotex for your ally you can meet trying moments, assured. As gaily as you doff your mask, you can laugh off care with a peace-of-mind that's *very personally yours*.

**More women choose Kotex*
than all other sanitary napkins**



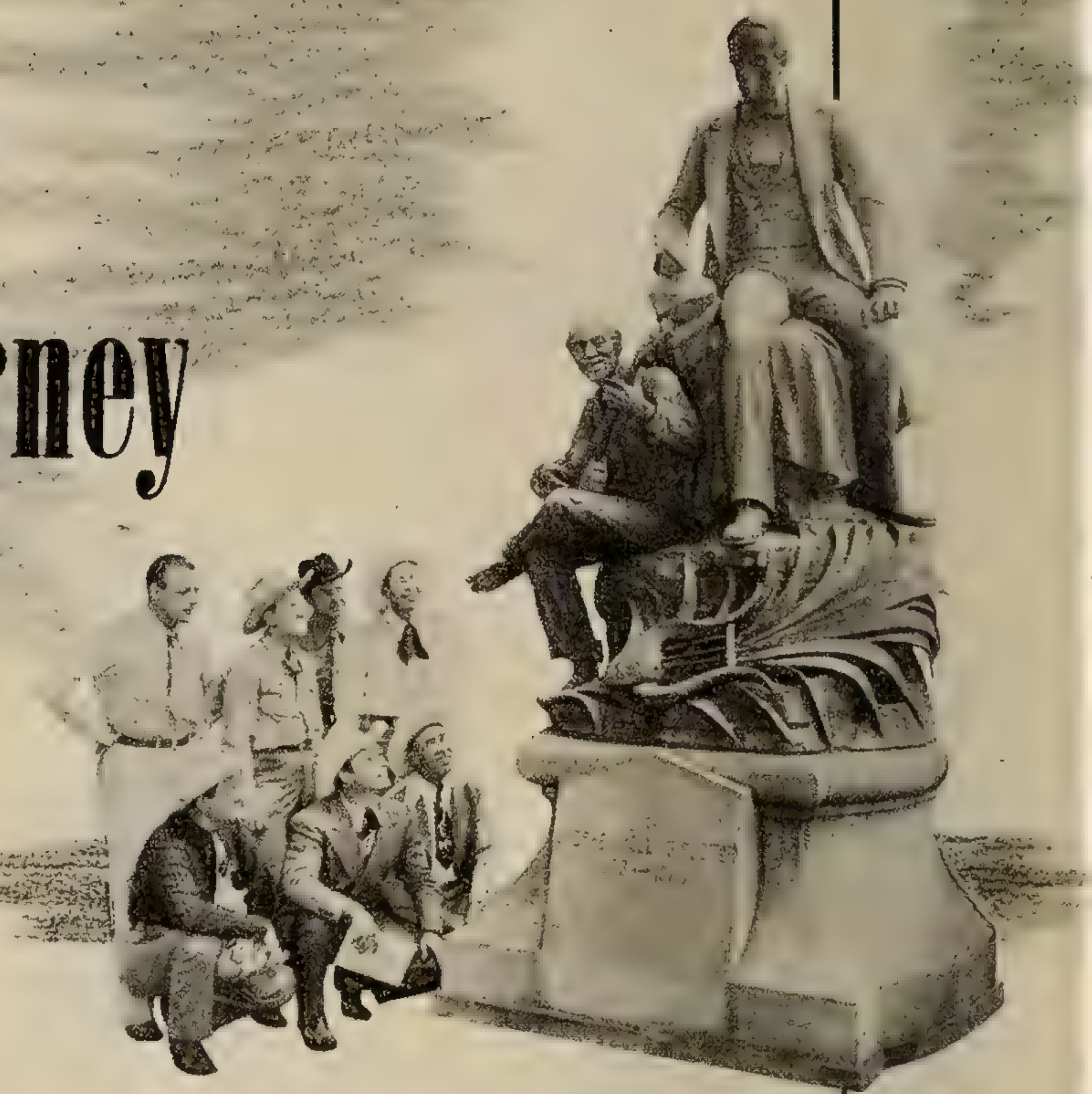
*T.M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

✓ To make the most of the comfort Kotex gives, you'll want a new Kotex Belt—adjustable—snug fitting—all-elastic.

Roy Rogers'

Sentimental Journey

The songs of Stephen Foster strike a responsive chord in every American's heart, and Roy Rogers is no exception. When Roy was on tour with his Thrill Circus, he and the Sons of the Pioneers took time out to pay tribute to the memory of the great composer



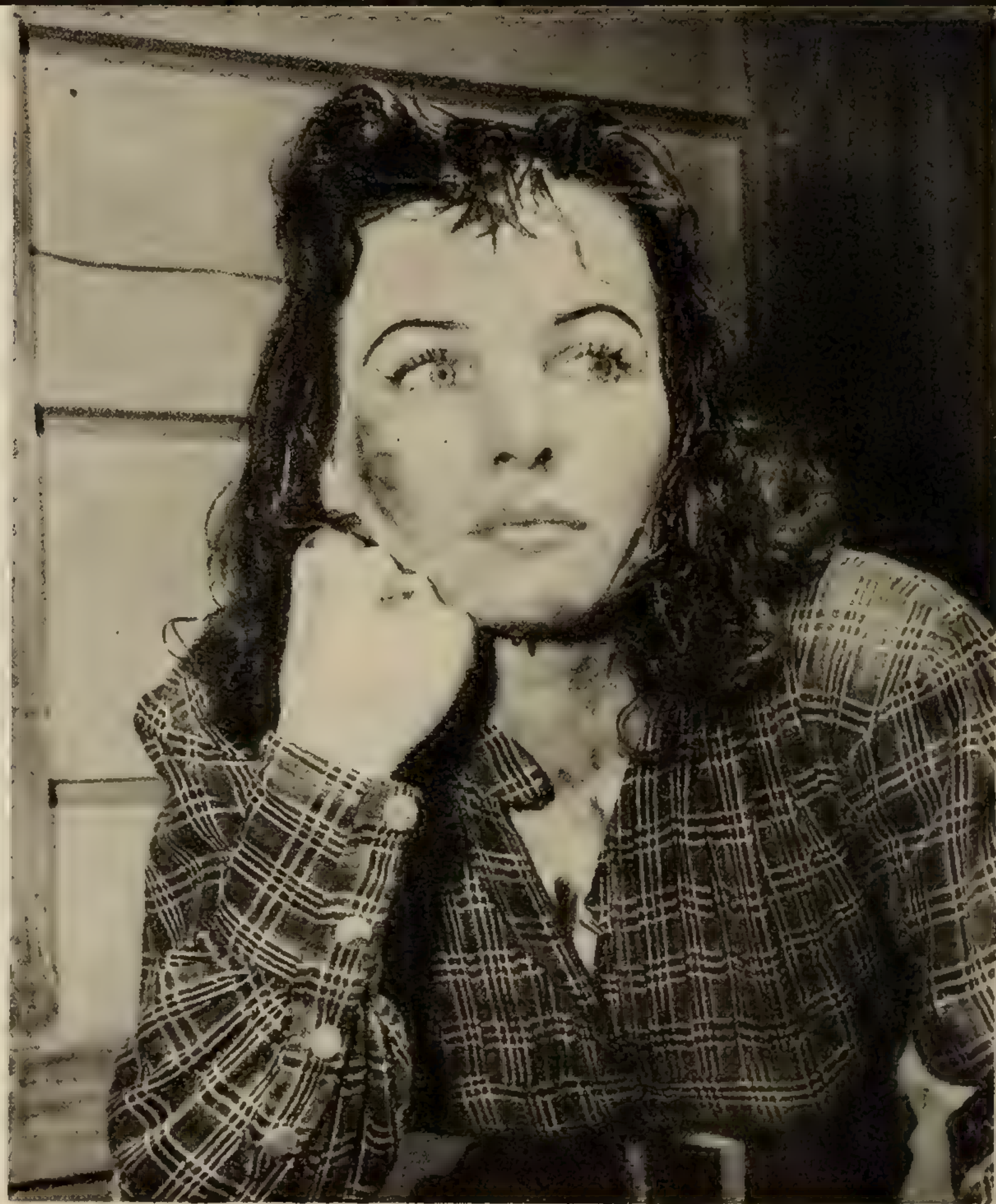
While in Kentucky, Roy and the Sons of the Pioneers, featured in his Thrill Circus as they are in all of Roy's movies, made it a point to visit the Foster Shrine in Barstow, Kentucky, which stands at the place where Foster was inspired to write his immortal song, "My Old Kentucky Home." Although the boys were singing "where the sun shines bright" it wasn't on this day. Singin' in the rain, left, are Pat Brady, Hugh Farr, Roy, Karl Farr, Tim Spencer, Lloyd Perryman and Bob Nolan—Bob is often called the "Stephen Foster of the West" because of the many Western melodies he has written like "Tumbling Tumbleweeds." Then, when Roy and the Pioneers reached Pittsburgh, birthplace of Foster, they visited both the Stephen Foster Home, below, and the Foster Memorial on the University of Pittsburgh campus. Top, they stop to see the statue of Foster and Old Ned. Top right, the boys just leaving the Gothic style memorial and, far right, laying a wreath on the composer's grave. Roy got misty-eyed when he played a tune on the piano which Foster used to compose some of the most famous of his beloved melodies.





WARNING TO GIRLS!

Don't Bank On Your Luck



Young, beautiful and ambitious Catherine McLeod knows all the answers to the question, "How can I succeed in pictures?" In our exclusive article she gives the answers. Above, Catherine in her latest rôle, which calls for a wide range of emotions, in Republic's "The Fabulous Texan." Realism demands complete lack of glamor in some scenes, and Cathy obliges, right.



You've got to be a good trouper! Cathy, above, clowns on set between scenes with Lynne, her hairdresser, Jean, wardrobe, and Dorothy, script gal. Left, with Bill Elliott, "Fabulous Texan" co-star.

WARNING**WARNING**

Can a nice girl succeed in Hollywood?
Successful actress honestly answers the
question most often asked by ambitious youngsters

BY CATHERINE McLEOD

in Hollywood

WARNING

ALTHOUGH I have appeared in three pictures, only, to date ("I've Always Loved You," "That's My Man," and "The Fabulous Texan,") I have begun to receive quite a bit of mail from aspiring actors and actresses who write that they are coming to California to try for what they call "the breaks," adding, "your successful career was started right there in Hollywood, so I have decided that's the place to be."

This terrifies me! Before I go further, I'd like to point out that what success I've had, if you can call it by such an imposing name yet, has *not* been due to my luck, or my presence in California, but to the kindness, patience and ability of those around me.

Although I don't believe that I have seen this fact pointed out very often, Hollywood operates almost on a baseball basis. Ambition and determination, plus the attention of an established person, will win one a place on the bush league teams. Constant work resulting in better performance, steadiness under pressure, and no increase in head size, gives one a chance on a major league team.

Here is the crucial fact: an aspirant's bush league experience can be obtained in many cases faster, more thoroughly, and with fewer heartaches, in or near one's own home town than in Hollywood.

At an intimate dinner party one evening not long ago, a group of us—inspired by the observation of one of the men that there were more beautiful girls in Los Angeles than he had ever seen before—wondered out loud why so few of those girls (*Please turn to page 68*)

Whistle on your way to work, says McLeod, right. Discuss your work with other players like Lee Bonnell, at right below, who also studies with Republic's drama coach, Eda Edson. Yep, same Lee who's Gail Storm's husband. Left below, Catherine shares scene with handsome John Carroll.



Mexican Beauty at Home

The fabulous Dolores Del Rio,

most celebrated Latin beauty of

her time, is now starring in "The

Fugitive," with Henry Fonda



The classic loveliness of Del Rio is a legend South of the Border. Those who remember her as a Hollywood star will be glad to know that she has never retired—in fact, has been starring in Mexican films. Now, she is to be seen throughout the U.S. in RKO's new drama produced by John Ford, "The Fugitive," made entirely in Mexico, with Henry Fonda opposite. Exclusive pictures show Dolores at La Escondida (Hidden Ranch), her estate in the Coyocacan section of Mexico City. Upper right, note portrait of Del Rio by Rose Covarrubias, artist-wife of the noted Miguel Covarrubias.





Jergens gift set includes lotion, face powder, cream and cologne for only \$1.**



A carton of Chesterfields, holiday wrapped, is a good gift for the fastidious smoker.



Woodbury offers Dry Skin Cream and Cold Cream in holiday jars at \$1.25 each.**



Ruth Warrick and daughter get Honeybugs. Adult slippers \$2.99, child's \$2.79.



Gift Etiquette

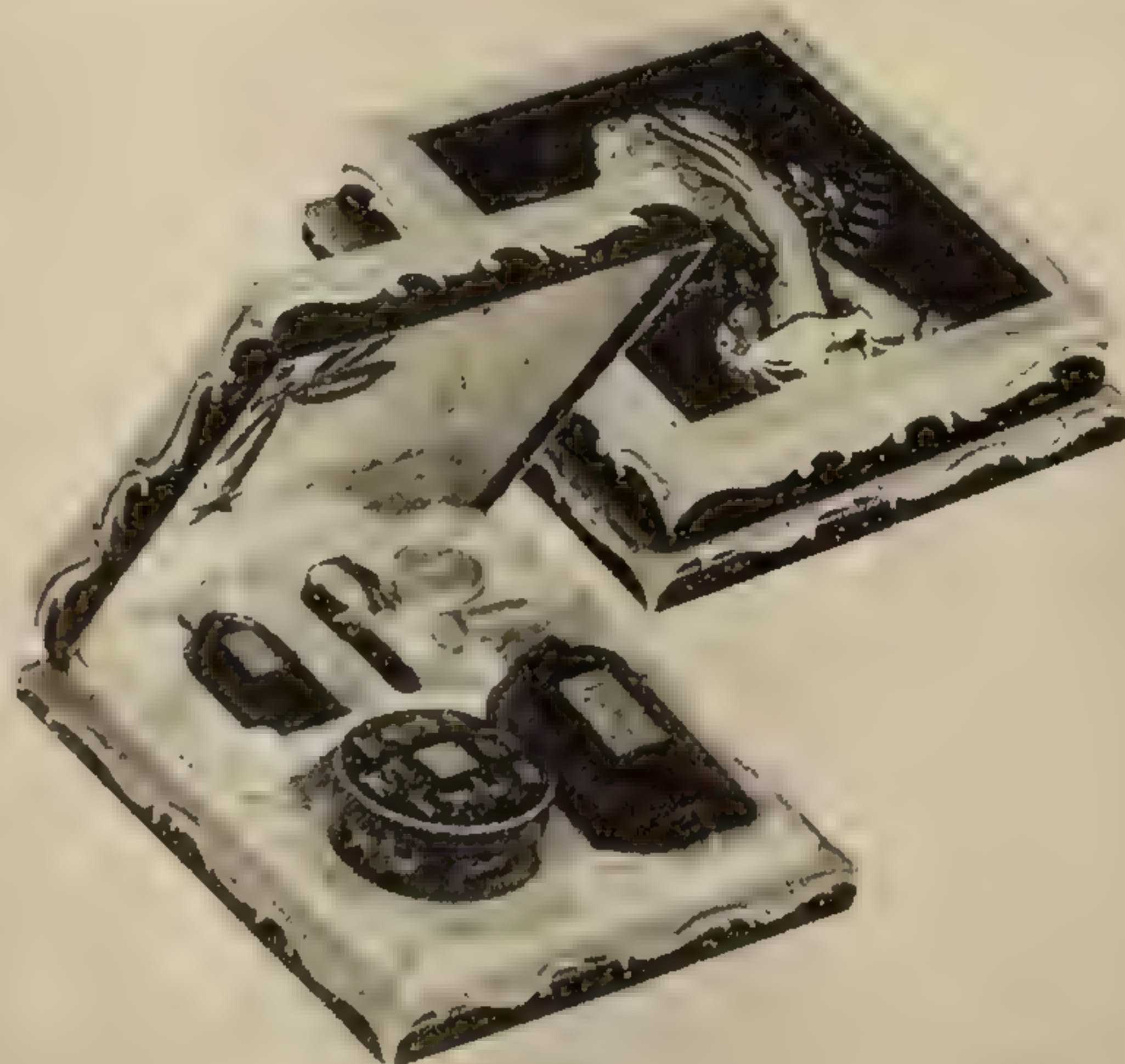
IF YOU haven't done so already and want to avoid a bevy of Christmas worries, you'd better get started on that Christmas gift list of yours right now. List last those people about whom you are in doubt and perhaps something will crop up between now and the big day to help you decide. If one person in question is a boy friend whom you have been dating casually for only a short time, why not wrap up a carton of cigarettes or two and hang them on the tree, just in case. But don't give him your gift first, because that's not good taste. Get together with the girls in your crowd and decide whether or not you'll give each other presents and be sure to determine how much each is to spend. Or have a grab bag — that's always lots of fun.

Don't go haywire and give expensive gifts to those outside your family — nine times out of ten your good intentions will only cause awkwardness when the recipient of your gift is not in a financial position to treat you likewise.

Enjoy the thrill of giving by sending a gift or two to someone less fortunate than you — if it might cause embarrassment, send your present anonymously. Don't give gifts to short-time acquaintances unless you know for sure they are planning to honor you with a little something, for unexpected gifts are rarely welcome and here again they cause embarrassment. Give your gifts with the idea of happiness for others and you will know true happiness yourself.



Revlon's Wanderlust set contains all necessary manicure implements for only \$3.50**



Evening in Paris set with perfume, cologne, face powder, talcum, rouge, lipstick — \$5.**



Bathasweet at \$1.25** and Bathasweet Soap set at \$1.50 make excellent gifting.



If you're looking about for a baby gift, here's Nestle Baby Hair Treatment. \$1.**



Dura-Gloss set in leatherlike case with two polishes, cotton, emery, Dura-coat, 59c.**



A chest of Holmes & Edwards sterling inlaid silverplate with 52 pieces for \$68.50.

and Gifts

In doubt about giving a gift?
Maybe you'll find the answer
here. Also glance around these
pages and pick up a few gift
suggestions here and there

By Claire Finucane



Janis Carter holds Max Factor set for inspection. Contains pan-cake, face powder, lipstick, rouge for \$4.75.** See Janis in "I Love Trouble."



Maybelline Mascara in gold metal container for the woman who cares. \$1.**



FRED ROBBINS

Right off the Record

Lookie, Joe! Cookie
info from gay caballero

Robbins! Write to him—
he'll answer the
question on your cranium

By Fred Robbins





Lena Horne drops in on Fred Robbins' "1280 Club" broadcast to compare warble notes with the popular disk jockey. At right, Fred sounds his "A" for the boys of Lecuona's famous Rhumba Band before the cameras start turning on latest Robbins "Thrills of Music" short subject for Columbia release.

HYA, Rose, got your mistletoes? You better sew up those toes, or Saint Nick'll have woes!

Chime time! And the kid in the red threads with the white fluff and the big bag is booting Donder and Blitzen home once more. There's oodles of wax in that knapsack, Jack, and though the cookies Nick has for you are too big for that two thread, they're just perf for that turntable you'll find (I hope) sitting beside it under that pine all wrapped up in a big bow come Xmas early bright. One sans the other is like you without your SCREENLAND. So lemme tell you how to break it in right. Alors!

HEAVENLY!

LES BROWN: "Sentimental Rhapsody," "Jumpy Stumpy." Here's how to treat that new cookie pusher (record player) rightly and politely. And your ear, too. Give it a taste of Les' freshest one with the soulful tonsils of Eileen Wilson on the "Rhapsody," based on a theme from "Street Scene," the show that was so great on B'way this season. Then, flip! And you get lurchin', urchin! And how that Brown gang comes on! Like Burt Lancaster, no less. S'named after Les' kid brother Stumpy, who breaks it up with his comedy routines in the band and plays fine trombone to boot. The Kid of Renown, incident, is doing phenom' on the Bob Hope show. (Columbia)

PEGGY LEE: Mrs. Barbour, the wonderful lady cat, messin' around (Please turn to page 85)



Doris Day, the greatest thing to come along since kissing, they say out Hollywood way, is now the airy canary in Michael Curtiz' production, "Romance in High C." Before movies beckoned, hep listeners heard her on Robbins' airshow.





Hands Off!

Tabu!

Hollywood used to stop, look and listen to any and every reactionary opinion before daring to touch certain subjects. Not any more! Thanks to the courage of producers like Darryl F. Zanuck, Hollywood now faces up to the facts of life with such pictures as "Gentleman's Agreement," with Gregory Peck and Dorothy McGuire — a strong indictment of the un-American way

PHOTO PREVIEWS

*Don't
Touch!*

In "Daisy Kenyon" another "forbidden" theme is explored with dignity and conviction. Dana Andrews and Joan Crawford appear as the ill-starred lovers

**Abbott and Costello go wild
and woolly in "The Wist-
ful Widow of Wagon Gap"**

Lou Costello, as a Western sheriff in U-I's
new comedy, tames wild men and woos
pretty women (such as Audrey Young, at
right below)—aided, as usual, by Bud Abbott.



Strictly





William Powell plays an indiscreet senator in "Washington Was Never Like This"

In the George Kaufman-Nunnally Johnson political comedy, William Powell plays a senator with presidential ambitions. His campaign includes judging a beauty contest.

for Laughs





Brightest starlet in the Hollywood heavens this month is Wanda Hendrix, whose portrayal of the little Mexican girl in "Ride the Pink Horse" has the whole town talking. Above right with star Robert Montgomery, producer Joan Harrison, Thomas Gomez; at left, with Margarita Savilla and John Sherwood. Below, Mike Mazurka compares Wanda's neat 100 pounds with his 238.

Heres Hollywood

Gossip by Weston East





Love that voice! Jimmy Durante listens to playback of song he sings in "This Time for Keeps."

WANDA Hendrix, the girl Warners dropped and Paramount "discovered," is a pretty thrilled little lady. First came rave notices for her work with Bing Crosby in "Welcome Stranger." Following the preview of Robert Montgomery's "Ride the Pink Horse," a wire came from Orson Welles, who doesn't even know Wanda. He expressed enthusiasm for her talent and called it a "great credit to the industry." Last and far from least, there's that romance with war hero, Audie Murphy. Watch for Audie in his first picture, Paramount's "Long Grey Line," starring Alan Ladd.

TEN years ago, when his MGM bosses tried to dissuade Bob Taylor from marrying Barbara Stanwyck, she vowed she'd never set foot on their lot. While they liked her, they still felt their number one heart throb should remain a bachelor. Well, Barbara has come a long way, personally and professionally. When they wanted her to co-star with Van Heflin in "B. F.'s Daughter" the part was too good to sacrifice because of an outdated grudge. As a gag, Bob Taylor actually had a red carpet rolled out in front of his wife's dressing-room door, the day she started the picture.

BURT Lancaster will become a father about the time he becomes a "son" — Edward G. Robinson's son in Universal-International's "All My Sons." When they were casting this coveted rôle, an agent suggested Arthur Kennedy, who created it in New York and was so good on the screen in "Boomerang." He was in Hollywood and available. "Not the type," was the answer.

TIME marches on. There are two new employees on the Warner lot. William Powell, Jr., is now working as an assistant in the Story Department. And



Debonair Durante shows two pretty swimmers of "This Time for Keeps" the fine art of primping. Below, Lauritz Melchior piggy-backs Duncan Richardson to the set. Both enjoyed the ride.

the young son of Karen Morley and Director Charles Vidor (who was also divorced by Evelyn Keyes and is now married to the former wife of Mervyn Leroy) is a messenger in the front office. Seems like yesterday that they were posing for baby pictures!

MANY were tested, but Jim Davis (a former oil truck driver discovered and finally dropped by MGM) won the lead opposite Bette Davis in "Winter Meeting." Jim, who was down to his last cent, naturally thought Bette would want him to change his name. "It's done all right for me," she told him. "Why don't you keep it and try your luck?" That's just what Jim's doing.

IT'S all over but the necessary year of waiting. That divorce of Greer Garson from Richard Ney, we mean. The day it happened, Greer asked MGM to please rush production on "Speak to Me of Love," the new name for the old "Nutmeg Tree." Greer wants to keep very busy. And she certainly was busy talking the night she dined at the Chanteclair with George Sanders, and, several nights later, with attorney Greg Bautzer.



MANY manufacturers have made fabulous offers to Shirley Temple to pose in their maternity models. But "That Hagen Girl" is finished and Shirley has temporarily retired from public life. The little cottage in her backyard is being converted into a nursery. Shirley's fabulous doll collection goes to her own daughter (she hopes) when she is old enough to appreciate it.

DAN Dailey's such a regular guy, the gang on the "Flaming Age" set fondly refer to him as "Dangerous Dan." Did you know it was Dan who broke in Van Johnson as a dancer in the Roxy chorus? And Gene Kelly and Dan were chorus boys in a Mary Martin musical. Now they're all big stars in Hollywood. Believe it or not, Dan Dailey, who was six when he started in show business, still has the same agent.

JUDY Garland has a new singing partner in "Easter Parade." It's Peter Lawford, and he'll have two songs especially written for him by Irving Ber-

lin. Just to show you there's no jealousy between crooners, Frank Sinatra's offered to teach Pete a trick or two.

AT FIRST Van Johnson wasn't too happy when MGM sent him out to make personal appearances with "Romance of Rosy Ridge." But he came back beaming with appreciation. His fans literally showered him with gifts for his expected baby. Van wrote every single person a "thank you" letter. More than any star we know, Van is sincerely grateful to those who have so loyally supported him.

DON'T be surprised if Angela Lansbury and Peter Shaw announce their engagement. They're wearing twin "friendship" rings, but we happen to know it's quite serious. Angela goes into "State of the Union," while Peter is making extensive tests for Hal Wallis. The minute both are legally free, we predict there will be news in the rice and old shoes department.



Current man-of-the-moment on the Hollywood scene is Burt Lancaster, above and at right, with Kristine Miller, who made her debut recently in Hal Wallis' picture "Desert Fury."

WHEN Ann Sothorn sang "April Showers" for the picture by the same name, that did it! Warner Bros. called up MGM, who had loaned the star, and asked to buy her contract. The offer was refused. Ann will soon sparkle in the super-sophisticated kind of comedy made famous by Gertrude Lawrence. Certainly no one is better equipped to handle it.

JUST wait until you Flynn fans get a glimpse of Errol in those tights and the fabulous costumes he wears in "Don Juan." The picture's being made in Technicolor and he leaps romantically from balcony to balcony. Despite publicity, it's our guess that Nora Eddington won't make her debut in this one. Wisely, she's always preferred the *real* life rôle of the lady who "wins" him.

INSIDERS agree that George Montgomery was right to refuse that limited role in "Ballad of Furnace Creek." George said he preferred to be free of his contract rather than play the part. Before nightfall he *was* free and off the lot. With Dinah Shore Montgomery's baby due around Christmas and two offers from other studios, George is very happy about his future.

HOLLYWOOD'S great heart responded when the Harold Lloyds donated their huge estate for a fashion auction. The proceeds went toward the school fund for visually handicapped children. Bidders went wild when Esther Williams offered to strip the lovely Adrian gown she was modelling. And strip she did, revealing that sensational figure in a scanty gold knit bathing suit. Ted Briskin instantly bought the suit for Betty Hutton. Esther promised immediate delivery — after the fashion show.

Burt Lancaster goes into a super sulk when Kirk Douglas takes Lizabeth Scott away from him on the "I Walk Alone" set for the most unusual informal shot of the month. It's all in fun!

Here's Hollywood





Burt Lancaster carries his kidding mood to lunch in the Paramount commissary, center with Kirk Douglas. Above, Burt and Kirk, another man-in-demand these days, talk over a forthcoming, serious scene for "I Walk Alone."

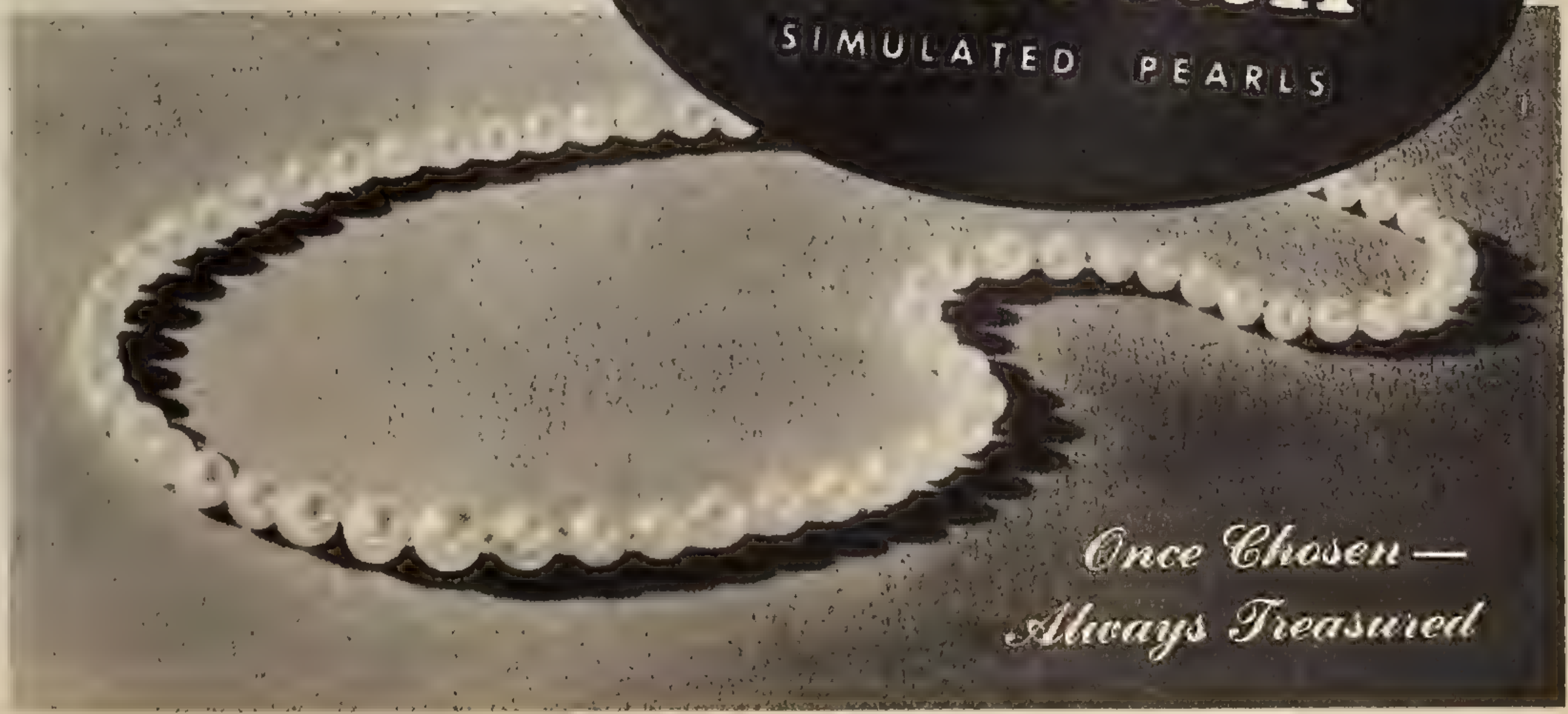


Dorothy Lamour
co-starring in
"ROAD TO RIO"
A Paramount Picture

Highlight your natural soft beauty . . .

Let the lustre and moonlight glow of a strand of *Deltah* simulated pearls add that sought-after touch of glamour to your decollete. Its close resemblance to precious Oriental pearls will make your *Deltah* necklace a luxurious adornment for every costume, daytime or night. Necklace from \$3.00, earrings to match.

L. HELLER AND SON, INC.
FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



*Once Chosen —
Always Treasured*



MGM's "Song of Love," directed by Clarence Brown, marks the most dignified and dramatic use of great music that Hollywood has so far achieved. The great composers, Schumann and Johannes Brahms, are presented not as eccentric geniuses, but as men of warm human qualities; while the gifted Clara Schumann, beloved by both, becomes a creature of nobility and grace. Their music comes down through the years from the screen, clear and true, to make us grateful, again, for that modern miracle, the motion picture.

Katharine Hepburn as the pianist and wife of the composer, Schumann, has her strongest rôle in years, plays it to perfection. Paul Henreid, above, as her husband, Robert; Robert Walker, far left, as the devoted Johannes Brahms; Henry Daniell, in scene at left, as Liszt—artists all.

Rare treat for music
lovers is this romantic
drama based on the
historic love of Clara
and Robert Schumann,
portrayed with fine
skill and sympathy
by Katharine
Hepburn and
Paul Henreid

Screenland
salutes
"Song of Love"

SCREEN Tests

★ By ALMA TALLEY ★

FIRE, FIRE!

In the paragraphs below is a little story about a fire, in which several screen stars *almost* get mentioned. Almost! There's a trick to it! Fifteen of the words used are the last names of well-known players with the first letter of each name missing. For instance, the word ADD is LADD with the L omitted. How many of the fifteen can you find?



A large excited crowd followed the firemen to a house that was on fire. Suddenly, to add to the confusion, a man appeared in the arch of the burning doorway, waving his arms and gesticulating. He began to rant incoherently, throwing rice and muttering, "Amour, Amour," so that all eyes turned to watch him. They heard him aver that he would be able to stop the fire by making it rain right away.

One of the fireman rushed to rescue him, shouting in a loud tone, "He's nuts!" One of those crazy ones who start fires. There was great excitement as the man was turned over to police who locked him up on suspicion of arson.

THE BEGINNING OR THE END

Some names of well-known movie players begin with the same letter combinations with which others end. Below are the last names of ten players familiar to you all. Can you think of other names—using two or more letters at the beginning or the end of each name which end or begin another name? Sometimes you get a triple play. For example: GarBO—BOgart—ARThur.



- | | |
|-----------------|------------------|
| 1. Scott _____ | 6. Neagle _____ |
| 2. Reagan _____ | 7. Andrews _____ |
| 3. Bacall _____ | 8. Hutton _____ |
| 4. Lorre _____ | 9. Nolan _____ |
| 5. Raines _____ | 10. Day _____ |

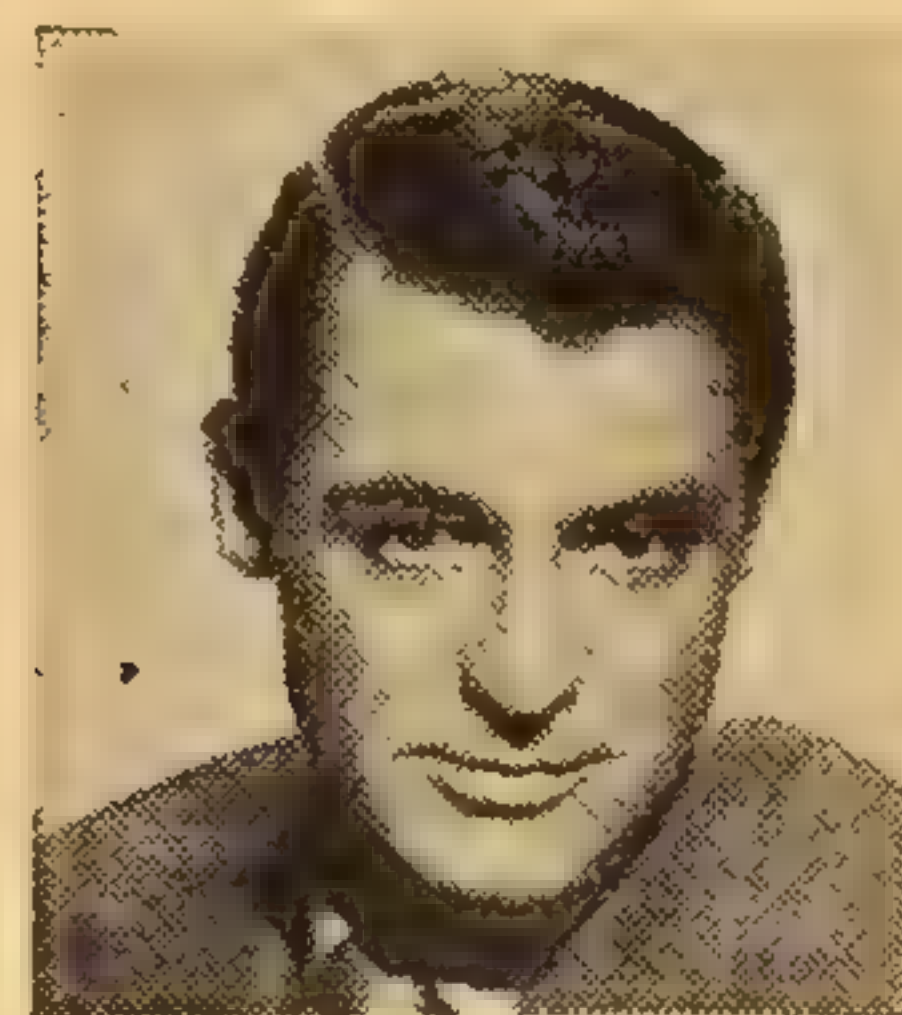
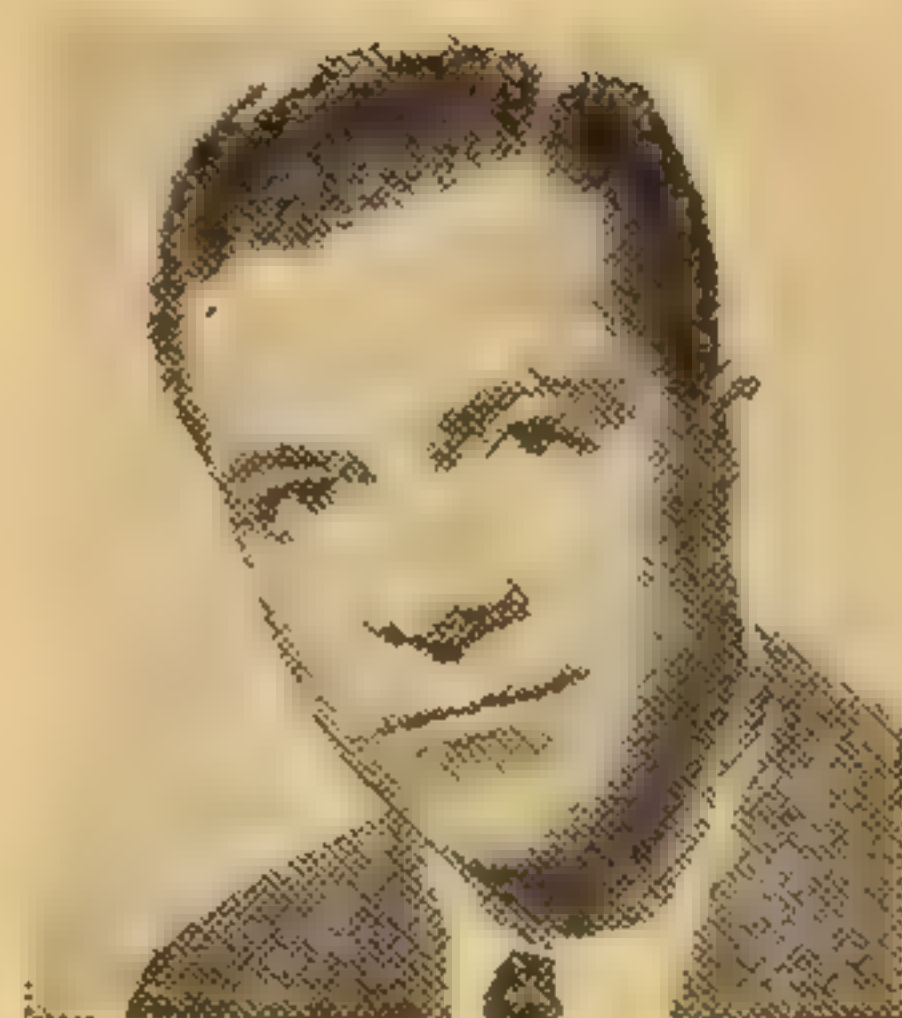
ALL IN QUOTES

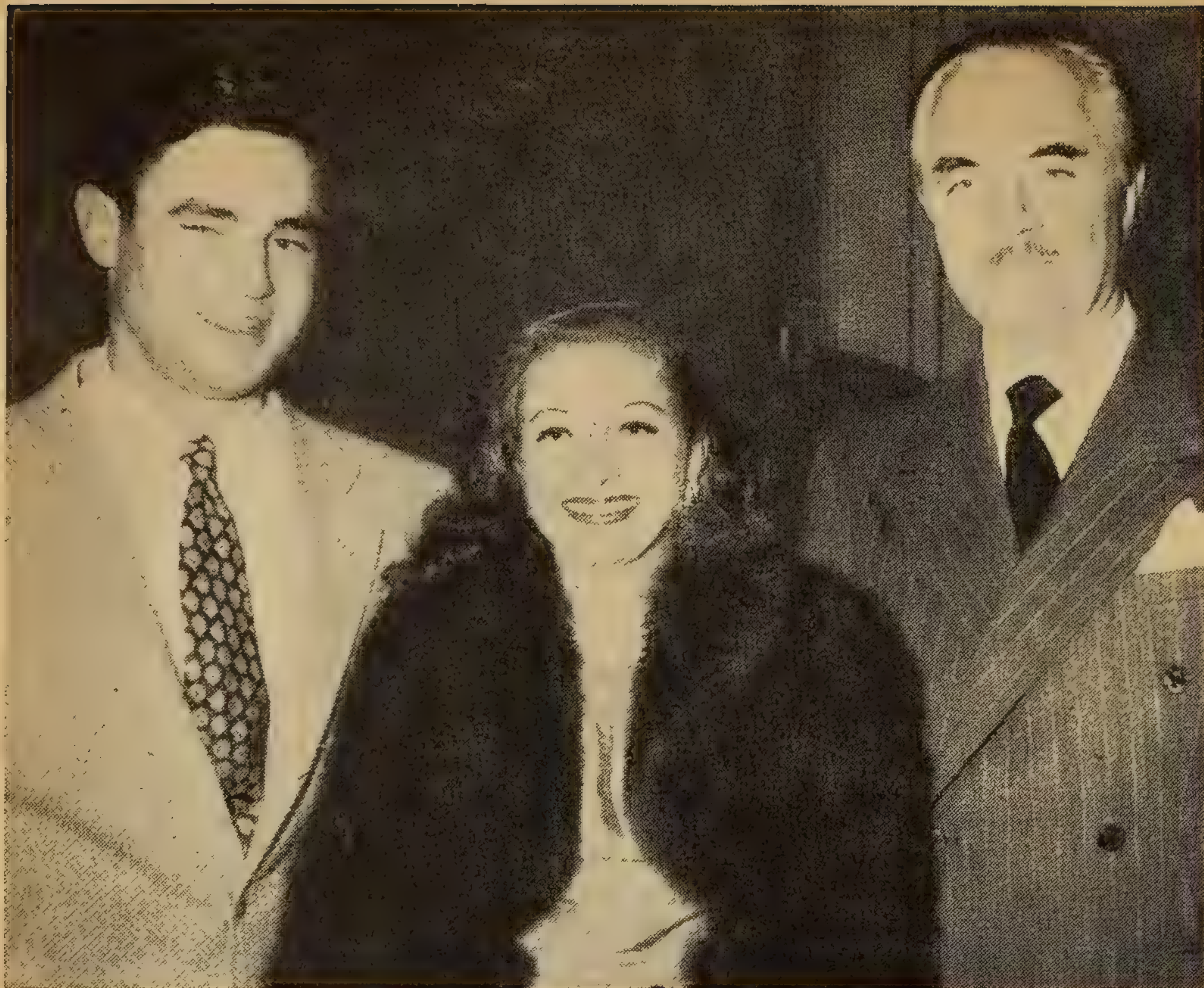
All of the lines given below are well-known quotations from literature. The blank word in each case can be filled out with the name of a film player which completes the quotation. How many do you know?



- springs eternal in the human breast.
- And what is so rare as a --- in June?
- on! ----- on! All hearts resolved.
- Though the ----- of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small.
- Oh, wad some ----- the giftie gie us.
To see oursels as others see us.
- In the spring a ----- man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.

Answers on page 81





Lana Turner Tells Her Glamor Secrets

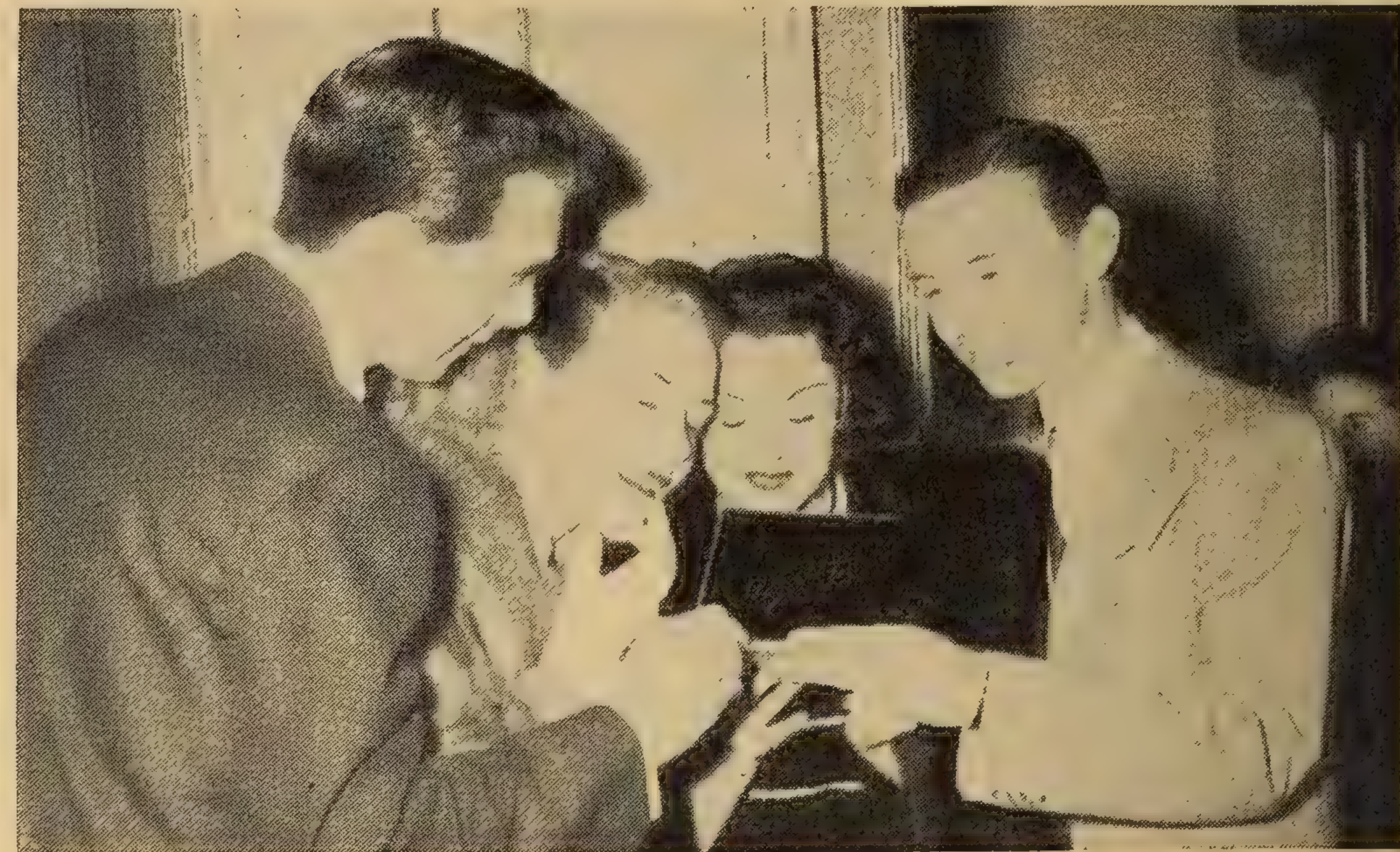
Continued from page 22

worry over girls who ask a man's advice on what to do. There is no greater bachelor bait in the world than a lovely girl in distress. It never occurs to a man that such a creature could possibly get along without a man to help her.

Most girls get detailed instruction on how to play games like badminton or tennis, how to swim, even how to play cards—not from other girls—but by some male who wants to be of service. The girl who says she can learn by herself will learn by herself all right, but it won't be half as much fun! Not that she should be a clinging vine, for the clinging vine went out with the Civil War, but there should be a flavor of dependence about her rather than independence.

Even in business, the feminine approach is dynamite. A secretary can be the soul of efficiency and still defer to masculine viewpoints. She can keep her voice low and modulated, her clothes in alluring good taste. She can be steady and sure, literally her boss' right hand. But, at the same time, she can be so utterly charming as to gain her business points right down the line. With logic, tact, diplomacy, admiration, subtlety, a woman office manager—for instance—can influence her employer to her way of thinking without ever once pounding, nagging or hammering at him. For every man likes to be admired by a charming woman. And there is no age limit on charm. It's as effective at 60 as at 16.

At home, although the little wife does wifely chores such as cooking, cleaning, mending, washing, and so on, who carries out the garbage? asks Lana. Who cleans the incinerator, chops the wood for the fireplace, lifts the furniture, mows the lawn and often even scrubs the floor?



It's the husband who's married to a feminine wife. The degree of a wife's self-sufficiency determines the degree of help she gets from her husband around the house. And if you think this is imposing on men, remember it isn't. They like to be the stronger sex. The more they can prove this, the happier they are.

You can be feminine without being glamorous and alluring. Still, why not run the gamut? Why not be glamorous as well? Glamor is the frosting on the cake. "Don't sell it short," says Lana, who ought to know. But to glamor, there are tricks. "First of all," she says, honestly, "superficially it's a matter of that last look. You know? Instead of dashing out the door half thrown together, take an extra five minutes to make sure every wisp of hair is in place, that you have a shining immaculate look, that your makeup is just exactly right, that your clothes are correct for the occasion. Many top fashion models, whose photographs you see every day, aren't beautiful, but they

are glamorous. It's because of their absolutely faultless grooming. Sloppily thrown together, they wouldn't have that wonderful look of poise, chic, and charm.

"I think a feeling for simplicity of dress enhances your glamor," says Lana. "Don't wear flowered prints with flowered hats. Don't wear an abundance of gewgaws and jewelry. I defy any woman to put on an exquisitely cut black suit or dress, a bewitchingly feminine black hat, pearls at the throat, and simple pearl earrings, high-heeled black pumps—and not have the appearance of glamor. On the other hand, if you are a wild conglomeration of color, you'll look like a three-ring circus. The loveliest face in the world won't help.

"In manner, you should be a little helpless, as I said before. Men always want to do something for a girl who doesn't look too grimly efficient. In manner or dress, it's a wonderful thing not to be too severe. To illustrate: I think the day of very mannish suits for women is gone. It's gone because the men got so

William Powell, at left, takes his family, William, Jr., and wife Diana, to see "Life with Father." Below, the Robert Huttons huddle with Jimmy Lydon, juvenile star of film, and his wife.

sick of them during the war. You can have a tailored suit that still doesn't look like a replica of your kid brother's. A peplum, a soft collar, a nipped-in waist. All these things show men at a glance whether or not you are feminine.

"Too many people think glamor means a lot of makeup. Thick eyelash goo and lipstick. That isn't glamor at all. Because nothing garish is glamorous. Glamor isn't anything that is obvious, such as slinky clothes, low-cut dresses, exotic hairdos. Glamor is simply being aware that you are a woman and using that awareness in everything you do. This means careful grooming, because femininity and daintiness go hand in hand. It means subtlety of dress, because bad taste and cheapness are synonymous. It means a flair for the dramatic: one bright clip, one stunning scarf, to accent a plain ensemble. But, most of all, it means something deeper than all this.

"For all of us know you can only do so much with makeup or clothes. But any girl, no matter what her external ap-

pearance, can bring out something from her inner self. Perhaps it's graciousness, or a smile, or sympathy. You-see, glamor is *knowing* you are female and being proud of it.

"Womankind has always interpreted life for the whole world in the rôle of mother, daughter, wife, sweetheart. Do you know what I mean? She is always explaining life. Through her eyes and her viewpoints, she is a great influence on the people around her. She has grave responsibility. And because of this, being a woman can be a proud, satisfying thing."

Most girls, believes Lana, are inspired to be something beyond themselves during courtship. They encourage their men, admire them, offer them consolation, sympathy, kindness, gentleness. During this period, girls spend hours dressing for dates. They buy intriguing clothes, add that extra touch of perfume. They are immaculately clean; their hair is sleek and shining. They add that added lure—such as a flower in their hair. They wear

Sydney Greenstreet attends première in all his rotundity, at right, with Mrs. Pearl Harrison. Below, Geraldine Brooks, bright starlet at Warners, is escorted by Stanley Rubin.



the most becoming colors. They pick the most feminine and intriguing clothes. All during courtship, the girl is unconsciously the perfect woman. She unconsciously knows the right thing to do and say to make her man feel happy and beloved.

"The great tragedy is that this feeling is completely unconscious. Girls don't realize exactly *why* they are doing all these things. It is born of the urgency of courtship. After marriage, this urgency dissolves. Wives sometimes forget to be intriguing, feminine, glamorous. They even forget, sometimes, to be kind. Most of all, they become intensely practical. Dollars and cents practical. The rosy aura is gone, and with it—femininity.

"This is again the result of a natural cycle. For deep in woman's beginnings is the knowledge that she is the bearer of children. With such a destiny, security becomes the keynote of her existence. For her unborn children, woman—as such—is protective. Dollars and cents is

the modern translation of that security.

"But today is a modern world. Often, to keep the dollars and cents security, a woman must also keep her man. And she does it only by making him know that, to her, he is the most wonderful man in the world. She does this always—by wearing the dress he likes, by thinking enough of him to be pretty and inviting when he comes home at night, by being a supplement to him in every part of their life together.

"It's this way," sums up Lana, with honesty and conviction, "being completely feminine is something that is woven into the very fabric of you. Without femininity, you are only half a woman. With it, you are complete. With a *knowledge* of it, this world is a woman's world—and pretty wonderful!"

We sat there on the set of "Green Dolphin Street," where Lana had been called back for re-takes, and I saw that with everyone who approached her she had a wonderful spirit of camaraderie.

Still, beneath it all, sex appeal was slumbering. That sex appeal was something you could define. It was femininity.

I was quiet, digesting this. I thought about the way men had gone quite mad about her when she visited South America. I remembered the avalanche of publicity when she first started dating Tyrone Power. I reflected that although the eyes of the world have been on Lana since she signed with Metro when she was sixteen, this adulation hasn't made her conceited or self-centered. I wondered why she hadn't become spoiled and vain. And I wondered, too, if there were times when she resented the spotlight of fame.

You see, glamor can have its pin pricks, too. For glamor is copy. Whenever Lana has a new romance, takes a trip, starts a picture, appears at a première—it's news, just as with all legendary figures of the theater and show business. Sarah Bernhardt, Anna Held, Lillian Russell all had the public avidly interested in every detail of their lives. They set fashions in dress, in perfumes, in manners. They were idolized and idealized. This doesn't happen to every great star. It happens only to those whose glamor and color have caught the public fancy.

Occasionally, this white heat of adulation can backfire. I wondered if such had been the case with Lana, whose goldfish bowl existence must sometimes intrude too much on her privacy. Maybe there are times when she'd like to go shopping in a slack suit and scuffed sandals, with hair flying—and to heck with glamor. Maybe she would like to go out with a favorite boy friend just once and not have it reported on and speculated about by the gossip columnists. What did it feel like to be so glamorous that the public was even intrigued with what you ate for breakfast? I decided to ask.

Lana grinned. "I wasn't aware I had glamor," she answered. "I thought it was all publicity."

Lana, are you kidding?

My Brother Jim

Continued from page 29

pletely. I couldn't stop giggling. Ever since I can remember, Jim has been dancing. He even executes dance steps when he talks. He can't stand still.

Because I graduated from high school quite young (at 14½) Jim always felt that I was paying too much attention to my intellectual development, and that I ought to pay more attention to keeping fit. He finally talked me into taking a few lessons at Mike's, the professional dancers' Arthur Murray of his day. Jim himself had once taught acrobatic and tap dancing at Mike's. Jim also once ran a school of the ballet at Elizabeth, New Jersey. When we appeared in our first picture together, "Yankee Doodle Dandy," Jim and I both danced. So he can't dance, huh?

Even when I was just a child, Jim always treated me as an equal. He never brushed my opinions aside. He always tried to help me and stood up for me if he thought there was justice on my side. He was never dictatorial with me. When I wanted to go on the stage (and I began thinking about it and wanting just that when I was eleven) Jim didn't object or try to talk me out of it. Jim's ideas on people's ambitions were expressed in a favorite couplet:

"We are what we needs must be
By reason of our chemistry."

Jim writes very clever verse. He used to write things for me, including them in letters. I remember he wrote one poem about a ghost, starting, "Sweet haunt, I hear the clatter of your chains" and ending, "Why must you remain a ghost?" For his own two youngsters, he wrote "Podap," a poem about a little elf who in his own way was a Paul Bunyan among elves—a mighty mite.

Jim is keenly interested in poetry, and

particularly likes poets of the Keats-Shelley type. Once, when I had to recite a poem at an Intercollegiate Poetry Meeting, Jim carefully went over all the material from which I could choose and helped me select the poem I recited. He picked a satirical poem, a sort of parody on poets like Lovelace and Suckling. Jim was on his vacation at Martha's Vineyard at the time, and you might imagine that he would find better things to do with his time than culling from a book of poetry. But he knew that the selection of the right poem meant a lot to me, so he put himself out to help me choose one.

In addition to writing poetry, Jim does clever, wonderful and devastating caricatures. He is particularly good at drawing caricatures of people as they look from behind. He gets their postures and attitudes down perfectly, so you can almost tell what they are thinking. Jim always decorates his letters with drawings and caricatures. Although the caricatures are incisive, no one minds them, for they are kindly.

Jim is kind. He is the exact opposite of most of the characters he has played on the screen. Usually they are brash, cocky, arrogant, fighting Irishmen. It may sound corny to say so, but it is true that Jim is so tender-hearted he won't step on a bug or pull up a bush. Jim once had a cottage at Free Acres, Scotch Plains, New Jersey. He fell in love with the place because it was buried deep in the woods. There were so many trees around the cottage that friends had a hard time finding the place and ploughing their way through the dense underbrush. Neighbors and friends suggested that he clear it, but he wouldn't hear of such a thing. He wouldn't permit any-

one to cut down one sapling. One day a group of nature cultists began chopping down trees and brush to make a fire. Indignantly Jim confronted them and said, "What do you mean by chopping down trees? Do you call that being friends of nature?"

Jimmy's home was so overgrown no sun penetrated, and the place grew very damp. But Jim remained stubborn about his trees. Nature is personal and alive to Jim.

When he owned a place at Martha's Vineyard, he planted 1000 young fir trees there and knew where each was planted. He would proudly point out the spots to friends. But one summer visitors came and tore up many of the trees. None of the people living regularly at the Vineyard would have done that, for they knew how Jim felt about his trees, but these outsiders didn't know or care. Shortly afterwards Jim sold his place at Martha's Vineyard. If vandals had come in and stolen his silver or his most precious furniture, he would not have felt nearly so injured.

Recently he planted Japanese kudzus in Coldwater Canyon. Although he employs a gardener, he planted each kudzu



David Farrar, star of "Black Narcissus" and "Frieda," now winning the acclaim of an average of 2000 fans a week in England, with daughter Barbara. Even the horses want his autograph.



Britain's new favorite, David Farrar, shares a dramatic scene from "Frieda" with Mai Zetterling.

himself wherever the land seemed barren. Day after day you could see Jim carrying trays and trays of these bushes. Every day, after the planting, he would look to see how much the kudzus had grown.

As you might expect, Jimmy is very fond of animals. He has ducks on his ranch in Coldwater Canyon and takes so much pride in the eggs they lay you would think he had laid them himself. (What am I saying? That's a harsh thing to say about an actor!) Jimmy also has four dogs and nine horses on the ranch.

In preparation for a future film, "The Stray Lamb," Jimmy had imported from Australia at great expense two prize kangaroos, Joey and Harris. The rôle called for a kangaroo who could box, wear bathing suits, ride in a car and do other odd things, and Jimmy and brother Bill

hired the best trainer they could find to start training the prize animals. Joey took very well to this training, but Harris, whom Jimmy and Bill planned to use as a stand-in, proved intractable. Jim liked both animals very much, and when Joey met with an untimely death as the result of trying to leap a fence, Jim was heart-broken. He was upset not merely because of the investment that the Cagneys had in Joey. During the period of training Joey had become a real personality to Jim and he was as badly shaken as if he had lost a personal friend.

Jim has always been extremely sensitive. Spencer Tracy, who knows him well, calls him "Soft-spoken Sam." Because of Jim's great independence, people think of him as a fighter. He can and does fight well, but he never fights for pure love of fighting or for self-aggrandizement. When he was a kid and a bigger youngster pitched into some small boy, Jim at once tackled the big boy. Although he was small himself, he was, like the "Podap" in his poem, a mighty mite.

Jim usually uses his wits rather than his fists to get what he wants. There is a famous story which illustrates Jim's methods. A couple of producers were once arguing with Jim about a contract



Paule's milk-and-honey complexion was acquired in Switzerland, one of the many countries in which she's lived her 23 years.

which they wanted him to sign. He held out for better terms. Finally one of them turned to the other and began to talk in Yiddish about the deal. He named the top price which they would pay, but suggested that the other producer haggle in an effort to keep the price down. Jim laughed and in perfect idiomatic Yiddish, said to them, "It will help you like medicine helps a dead man."

The two men, who hadn't dreamed that an Irishman could possibly know any Yiddish, enjoyed it heartily and at that point gave up trying to get the best of Jimmy in the deal.

People have sometimes talked about Jimmy as if he were a professional Irishman, because he meets once a week with such old pals as Spencer Tracy, Pat O'Brien, Frank McHugh and Ralph Bellamy. But Jim's friendships aren't limited to other Irishmen. His friendships



Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s "Tyrolean Blonde" Paule Croset (pronounced Paul Crozay), co-star in "The Exile," is Hollywood's latest Cinderella, with mother and father above.

draw no line at race, creed or color. It was from Jewish friends that he learned to speak Yiddish perfectly.

One quality that I admire very much in Jim is the fact that he never stops learning. About 12 years ago he began to fool around with a guitar, playing it entirely by ear. He learned to play the guitar very well, but always by ear until recently. One day when I came to visit him, I noticed a music stand in the house with guitar music on it. "After all these years of playing the guitar," chuckled Jim, "I've finally discovered that I like the music that goes with it." Jim had gone to a lot of trouble to get guitar music, and he was painstakingly learning to play each note from the music in front of him.

One summer when he was studying opera, he decided to play the rôle of *Mephistopheles* in "Faust." Though he didn't know a word of French, he learned the entire score by ear in French. I was studying French in college, and wrote out the words for him phonetically.

He is wonderful at languages. We frequently buy Spanish books and records for each other. The family daydream is to learn Spanish and visit South America. Three years ago my brothers invested in a pier in Santa Barbara. Brother Ed said to me, "Sister, the first lap of our journey to South America is complete."

"What do you mean, Ed?" I asked.

"Well, we have the pier."

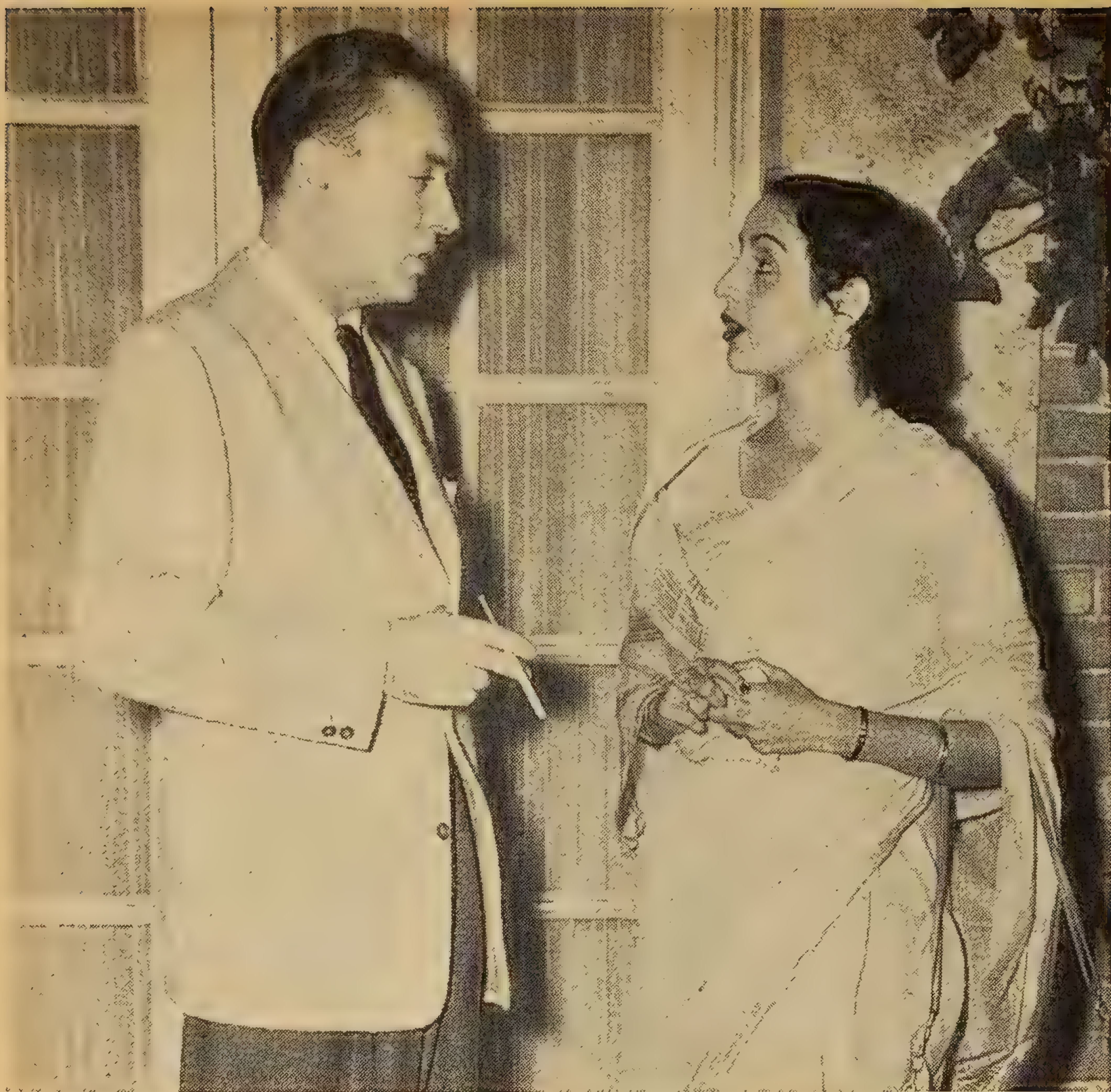
Jim is a great family man. His devotion to all the other members of the family is intense. When I was going to school, it was Jim who saw to it that mother and I made trips to Hollywood each year. We made five round trips



At home in any part of the world, Paule speaks excellent French, German, Italian and Chinese, enjoys informality of Hollywood.

through the Panama Canal. When we got to Hollywood, Jim would introduce us to all the people he knew; we would visit him on the set and I'd be thrilled, meeting all the actors whom I'd seen on the stage and in pictures.

Jim was very clever at planning things that would please mother. At the preview of "The Strawberry Blonde," Warners threw a party on one of its sound stages. Jim surprised mother by having pictures taken of her with Rita Hayworth. Rita was selected as the current strawberry blonde; mother as the original strawberry blonde. Jim thought of the idea because he remembered a story mother had often told us of how, when she was a girl, she led the grand march at a ball the first time the song about the strawberry blonde was played. She even danced with a man named Casey. As they danced, Casey had turned to mother and looking



Samarth, India's top feminine star, visits Charles Boyer on "Mortal Coils" set at U.-I.

at her light golden red hair, had said, "Why, Caroline, the song's about us." And no wonder, for the song dealt with a man named Casey, who danced with the strawberry blonde.

Always after that, mother was very partial to that song. When the picture was being made and Warners had difficulty finding a good title for it, Bill and Jim suggested that the picture be called "The Strawberry Blonde" after the song of that title.

During the last few years of her life, my mother became very ill. Brother Ed gave up his medical practice in the East to take care of her. Jim spent as much time as possible with mother. The night of the Academy Awards, when Jim won his Oscar for his performance in "Yankee Doodle Dandy," mother sat up with Ed listening to the radio. When the ceremony was over, Ed said, "Mother, you'd better go to bed."

"I won't," mother said. "I'm going to sit up and wait for Jimmy."

"Jimmy won't come tonight," Ed argued. "It's much too late."

"Want to bet?" mother said. Mother was a great one for betting on everything.

"I'll bet you two dollars Jim doesn't come tonight," Ed said.

Jim was on his way home and had almost reached Beverly Hills when he turned the car around and said, "I want to see Mom." As soon as he came into her apartment, mother looked triumphantly at Ed. "Give me my two dollars," she said.

Later on, mother became very ill and could hardly speak. But she showed in pantomime what she wanted us to do

and how much she loved us. Once when Jimmy came home from the beach looking very young and boyish, as he always does when he is sunburned, she motioned to him that she wanted him to sit beside her on the bed. He did, and she took him in her arms and rocked him, as though he were a little boy. Jim had sometimes wondered if mother resented the fact that he had been the first to break away from home and to get married, and in that moment he had his answer.

When she lay dying in the hospital, we all clustered around her bed. She had been unconscious, but when she regained consciousness her eyes sought us all out. Unable to speak, with her fingers she counted off each one of us in turn: Dr. Harry, Jim, Dr. Edward, Bill and myself. Then she closed her right hand in a fist and clasped the other hand over it lovingly as though to say, "Love one another."

And we have. We always have. We have been very close. Few words have ever been necessary between Jim and myself. He has been not only my brother, but my friend. Just looking at Jim, I always know what he is thinking, where he has been, whom he has been with and whether he had a pleasant time or not. When I was going out with various beaux, before my marriage, I always knew what Jim thought of each one of them. Not that he said anything. He was always polite, always nice to each visitor. And he wouldn't presume to tell me what he thought of them. They didn't know when he disliked them. But I always knew. I could tell by subtle expressions on his face. I always felt so

sorry when Jim didn't like a beau with whom I was going. Then I met Kim Spalding, and I knew from the beginning that Jim liked him. When we decided to get married in the East, I asked Jim to be best man, and he consented. But in the end he couldn't be at my wedding because he was called to Hollywood for a picture.

There have been many separations due to our different careers, but always in spite of everything we have remained very close. When Jim could, he always came to the plays in which I was appearing. Once he drove all the way from New York to Boston just to watch me in a play which opened there. When he learned that I was going to appear in the O'Neill play, "The Iceman Cometh," he was more excited than ever before. He wanted to know all about O'Neill and about Jim Barton, who played the lead. He is a great admirer of Jim Barton's and had seen him in almost every play in which he'd ever appeared.

One of the things that I noticed about Jim Barton and that amused me terrifically was his resemblance to Jim, not in appearance, but in his sense of humor, the way he talked, the way he never stood still. When I was rehearsing with Jim Barton, I often got the feeling that I was with my Jim.

When my brother came to New York, I invited Jim Barton and his wife to my house. When they met, it was like brothers meeting. They were old friends from the first meeting. Besides being Irish, we are part Norwegian; Barton is part Danish. Our grandfathers were both seafaring men.

Whenever Jim is in New York, he always comes to my house first, no matter what hour he arrives. If it's four o'clock in the morning, in he pops—and I'm frankly delighted.

When we're in Hollywood, we Cagneys all meet on Thursday nights, sometimes at Ed's house and sometimes at mine. I remember one evening I slayed the boys with cornbread, leg of lamb and gingerbread. After the gingerbread had been made it occurred to me that the combination of gingerbread and cornbread was a little too much. "Would you like to



Ann Blyth and India's movie queen exchange autographs on the set during her visit.

have a different dessert instead?" I asked Jim. He shook his head. "I don't want anything else. You made it. I'll eat it, sister."

Besides being a very good son and brother, Jim is a wonderful father. Once an interviewer asked him what was his most treasured possession. "My kids," he said.

K. C. (Katherine Cagney) is 6, Jim 8. K. C. is a materialist; Jim a dreamer. My brother knows how to handle both of them. He always knows how to act with kids. He is tender with Jim and kiddingly cuffs K. C., who loves it.

When the kids get into mischief, he knows how to handle that, too. Once Jimmy "Candy" got lost at Balboa Beach. Big Jim hunted frantically for him, then remembered that he had warned little Jim to stay away from the cement mixer. Sure enough, that's where he was. It was a dangerous place for a kid to be, since there was a big crane and other cumbersome machinery. Instead of spanking Jimmy "Candy," my Jim explained to him how worried he had been and how terrible he had felt. He explained, too, just why it was dangerous to go near the cement mixer. Little Jim listened in silence. They stood there looking at each other, and the tears were running down little Jim's face. "Daddy," he sobbed, "I'm sorry I made you feel like that."

Jim, laughing about it afterwards, said to me, "I'm just like the parents in jokes. I've often laughed at the old chestnut about the woman who told her children, 'Don't put shoe buttons in your noses.' Such a thought had never occurred to them till she mentioned it, but when she came home, she found each child with a button in his nose."

A somewhat similar incident occurred when Jim told K. C. not to go near the water. K. C. is an independent girl, not to be dictated to. Shortly after he issued his warning, Jim heard a splash. He ran out on the porch, saw K. C. floundering around in the water, and dived in without pausing to take off hat, coat or shoes.

He has a grand sense of humor, and will always play along with a gag. About six years ago he visited his old haunts in New York in a nostalgic mood. He dropped into an ice cream parlor where he and my other brothers had often bought their daily quotas of vanilla and strawberry ice cream. The proprietor recognized Jim as his old customer, and began to ask about the family. "How's Harry?" "Oh, he's a fine doctor and has a grand practice." "And Eddy?" "He's also a fine doctor. He's living in Hollywood now." "How's Bill?" "Oh, he's a very big Hollywood producer." "And Jeanne?" "She does radio work and acts on the stage."

"And you, Jimmy, what are you doing?"

Jimmy realized then that the proprietor of the store probably didn't go to the movies and had no idea that Jimmy was in pictures, so he said modestly, "I'm still struggling, still trying to get on."

"Well," said the ice cream man solemnly, "I always had faith in you. Promise me you'll never give up trying."

Jimmy promised.

Poetry by James Cagney

PLEA

Sweet haunt, I hear the clatter of your chains,
Whose links make song, whose strength detains
This heart wherein your heart rests uppermost.
Sweet haunt, why must you remain a ghost?

—James Cagney

PODAP

Mayhap you've heard of Podap,
Tremendous fellow, he;
Height, two or three—
Inches, not feet.

Weight? Nothing complete;
Of prodigious strength,
He'll jump his length
Quicker than you can see.

Can throw a thorn a yard—yea, two!
Can lift a leaf thrice o'er his head.
Now these truths you may well lay to,
So help me, may I drown in bed.

Uproot a blade of grass with ease!
And tear a dandelion asunder!
Will bring a beetle to his knees

With squeals and squeaks that sound like thunder.

A needle he'll toss as any javelin
And pierce a bee's wing thru and thru,
Causing the busy bumbler to travel in
Circles eccentric—his flying askew.

Pleasureful pastime he'll find in most anything,
Asking great brawn accompanied by slyness;
Just on a dare he'll do any zany thing,
Like drowning a prawn to show off his spryness.

Podap's views may be held paradoxical,
And too often found lacking in tact;
He's acid contempt for things orthodoxical,
Brought on, no doubt, by his love for a fact.

When his attitude's most presuming,
Their presence alone can insure his quiet;
His passion for facts is all-consuming.
For they compose his entire diet.

That he eats what he loves may be most disquieting
To any and all who are choosy of food,
But to eat what one hates merely proves that one's dieting,
Since no one will eat a jot less it's good.

Some may hold Podap cruel.
Cruel he is and makes no pretense
Of being else, which no doubt you'll
Grant is far his best defense.

Time will come and time will tell
That he served on end both yours and mine,
Has served it most exceeding well,
When facts are gone and left no sign.

When none remains to haunt and hound us
Life will then be all we ask;
Their mere existence does but confound us
And make of living an enduring task.

Happy we'll be in healthy confusion,
Nobody holding this right or that,
And none is impelled to bestow a contusion
On a good friend's skull in a factual spat.

So let's not sit in condemnation
Of a meaningful chap with a purposeful bent;
Just lend a moment to contemplation
And review in quiet what the Gods have sent.

So here's to his pleasure, his strength and his honor;
Toast him standing and wish him well;
Where the great man walks every fool is a goner.
May our ears ever ring to Podap's dinner bell!

—James Cagney

It's a Great Day for the Durochers

Continued from page 38

tremendous decision to make and one that might have thrown a less staunch and self-reliant girl into a nervous breakdown. But Laraine, after having discussed her problem with her parents, filed suit for divorce. The California divorce was granted, but in California a divorce does not become final for one year. The California Bar Association, recognizing the evils of this system, has tried repeatedly to induce legislators to pass a law allowing the judge who hears each case to hand down a decision as to the waiting period. In some cases the divorce would be absolute at once; in other cases (in which there was chance of reconciliation) a longer period would elapse before the final papers were handed down. However, powerful interests have forestalled this badly needed legal reform.

So, in order to solve her personal living plan, Laraine flew to El Paso, drove to Juarez, secured an absolute and immediate divorce according to established Mexican law, then married Leo Durocher. Laraine was not the first American citizen, by several hundred thousand, nor will she be the last to clarify her marital status in this way. Laraine wanted to go to Havana with Leo when he went south to train with the Dodgers. She wanted to return to New York with him when baseball season opened. She wanted to be his wife, able to walk with shoulders back, head high, and wedding ring proudly worn.

A girl less governed by honor and high purpose might have accepted her California decree, then traveled about the country with her "fiancé"; sympathetic columnists would have overlooked the dubious situation as they have kindly ignored many another irregular domestic situation. But Laraine Day is totally unable to live in shadows.

Some reports have described Laraine as weeping, wringing her hands, drinking tea from a cup held in trembling fingers. This reporter talked to Laraine on two occasions during her legal difficulties and found Laraine self-possessed, at ease, sure of the rightness of what she had done, and full of a twinkling happiness in her second marriage.

By that time, of course the letters had begun to pour in from Laraine Day fans. Out of hundreds received, we are printing two because they represent a cross-section of public opinion.

Dear Miss Day:

You have always been my favorite actress. I wept salty tears when you were 'killed' in the *Dr. Kildare* series, but I agreed with your conviction that it was time for you to progress to more demanding and more varied rôles. Your courageous decision at that time was eloquent of your character: you are a person who appears to be vitally interested in progress. You risked your career in progressing to new rôles. Again, you risked your career when you recently secured a divorce, and re-married.

I belong to a faith which does not permit divorced persons to re-marry except

under specific, and often unfulfillable, circumstance, I have seen great wretchedness result from all-too-human attempts to satisfy both convention and the dearest dreams of a woman's heart.

Your courageous and progressive action is to be applauded. Your example will hearten perplexed women everywhere to make new starts and better lives for themselves.

Admiringly yours,

(Mrs.) R. T. R.

Detroit, Michigan."

Letter No. 2 is delightful:
"Dear Mrs. Durocher:

Gosh, our Lippy is sure in luck! You've always been my favorite actress, and there's no need to go into the way we feel about Leo. To have you both in the same family is really something!

I've been reading all the magazines, hoping I'd find something about what you and Leo did this summer, where you are living, whether he has taught the kids any baseball—just the news, the real low-down. Hope I read some good reports about you soon.

You can count on it: whenever you come to Brooklyn, you're in for such a welcome as you've never had. From now on you're ours, right along with Leo.

Your enthusiastic fan,

Jerry T. McN.

Brooklyn, New York."

This enthusiasm for Leo and Laraine as a team had begun to manifest itself when the Durochers were in New York in June. Every time they left the hotel they were mobbed; when they tried to go to the theater, they were gaped at; on the street and in the park there was no peace nor anonymity for them.

In the old days, Laraine used to be



Louis Hayward, swashbuckler of Columbia's film version of Robert Louis Stevenson's "The Black Arrow," and co-star Janet Blair get together for shop-talk between scenes.

able to traverse the length and breadth of New York unnoticed in her plain black suit, simple black hat, and clear (not dark) glasses. But Leo changed that. Laughing ruefully, Laraine told her husband, "They're going to have to amend the old Arab proverb, because there are now four things which cannot be hidden: 'Love, smoke, a man riding on a camel, and Leo Durocher.' Wherever you go, you're recognized."

This whole routine of being as conspicuous as a military band might have grown irksome if a humorous incident hadn't been added. One afternoon Leo and Laraine were hurrying down Fifth Avenue, a small crowd of the curious in hot pursuit, when Leo caught sight of Edgar J. Hoover, approaching from the opposite direction. From the corner of his mouth, Leo identified the gentleman, whereupon the Durochers sidled against a store window with as much tact as possible, and stared at America's favorite G-man. Not until the object of their scrutiny had disappeared into a shop, did the two rubbernecks turn to one another and burst into self-gibing laughter. "Oh, well, everybody gawks at everyone in New York," conceded Leo.

Despite a constant trail of observers, the Durochers were able to make regular visits to a licorice shop on Madison Avenue where they purchased a supply of licorice drops, licorice whips, licorice twists, and half a dozen other varieties of the inky confection to be shipped to Hollywood. They also managed periodic calls on Hamburger Heaven, and to any drug store manufacturing extra-thick, extra-dark chocolate ice cream sodas. And they selected fabrics and drapes to be used in redecorating their Beverly Hills home, a task in which they are currently absorbed.

One of the purchases was a deep-piled chartreuse rug for the living room. "From now on," Laraine teased when the rug was installed "our square dance parties are going to have to take place on the patio. I'm not going to have this rug ruined."

This "saving the rug" announcement referred to the habit of the Durochers and their friends of rolling up the living room rug, piling a stack of square-dance records on the phonograph, and spending an evening in an old-fashioned hoedown. Those who have been lucky enough to be invited to these affairs have praised them to the point where half of Hollywood now angles for bids.

It was in New York, also, that Laraine purchased a puppy, name of "Tycoon," in honor of her latest RKO picture, as a surprise for Leo. Tycoon is a Scottie with a mania for having his picture taken. From now on, no camera study of the Durochers will be complete without the black-button gaze and out-of-focus wag of a stubby Scottie tail.

The Day-Durocher menage is a gay one. In addition to Laraine, Leo, and the three children, Laraine's parents are domiciled in the guest suite, and a frequent over-night guest is Laraine's twin brother, Lamarr.

Lamarr, like many men, prides himself upon his ability as a chef. His broiled steaks and chops are out of this world,

but what worries Leo is that Lamarr specializes in such non-training table triumphs as orange chiffon pie, strawberry chiffon pie, chocolate layer cake, and fresh blueberry muffins.

Protests Leo: "If these menus continue, I'm going to look like Tony Galento."

"Give up dessert—that's the logical answer," says his helpful wife.

Leo looks horrified. "And miss those gorgeous things! Oh, no!"

In order to counteract the pastry, Leo has taken up gardening with a will. His first job was chopping down a tree that had died, grubbing out the roots, and then sawing the trunk and branches into firewood lengths. That completed, he turned a critical eye upon a huge bed of iris. "That stuff isn't amounting to much," he said. "Why don't we put in something pretty, like ivy geraniums?" Laraine explained that the iris would bloom in a few weeks, and agreed that its blue-green spines weren't picturesque until the flowers appeared. "Never liked 'em anyhow! Let's dig 'em out," So out came the iris and in went a plot of Leo's favorite ivy geranium.

During his gardening hours Leo has no chance to grow lonely. The three children cluster around, making suggestions, handing implements, and asking enough questions to stump a joint meeting of Information Please and the Quiz Kids.

He brought one answer-stopper to his wife: "The girls want to know whether, if I plant a seed upside down, the roots will wave in the air and the flowers will bloom underground?"

In the evenings the adult members of the family gather around a table in the game room and try to settle the world championship in Hearts. A three to five hour session is standard procedure. Thus far Leo is leading with a score of such proportions that the Days are thinking of floating a government loan to pay him off.

Occasionally the clan takes a vacation from Hearts and sees a movie. Both Laraine and Leo are fans, so they seldom miss a new feature of merit. Afterward they stop somewhere for a hamburger or an ice cream soda, and rehash the film.

For these outings Laraine likes to wear a cashmere sweater with a matching gabardine skirt, an ensemble that she dresses up by wearing the sumptuous sixteen-strand pearl bib that Leo bought her as a surprise when they were in New York. In addition to this high fashion bib of synthetic pearls, Leo also gave his wife a choker length double-strand of real pearls, together with a pair of matching earrings.

These gift items might have turned Hollywood emerald with envy if it weren't for the fact that everyone in town is vicariously happy for Laraine. There are few girls in the film capital with as many sincere friends as Laraine has.

Her fans in other parts of the country have responded nobly and loyally when Laraine needed them, and her friends and fans in Hollywood were in the front ranks of the parade of those applauding her courage. It's a great Day for the Durochers!

Touch of magic for the hair men love!

Hair that *thrills* at the very sight or touch of it! Hair that gleams with natural highlights and shadows—sparkles with silken softness—delights with clean fragrance—how can *any* man help adoring such lovely hair? And today more and more women of all ages are discovering that the *secret* of this glamorous hair-appeal is Lustre-Creme Shampoo! Not a soap, not a liquid, Lustre-Creme Shampoo is an amazing new dainty *cream* that lathers luxuriously in hard or soft water, and sweeps dullness away . . . quickly (no special rinse) . . . easily . . . inexpensively. Out of her wealth of cosmetic lore, Kay Daumit blended gentle lanolin with special secret ingredients to achieve this almost-magic cream that introduces a new glowing softness, a wonderful obedience to your hair. Try it. Discover what a world of True Hair Loveliness one jar of Lustre-Creme Shampoo can bring. At all cosmetic counters.



See how a fingertipful of Lustre-Creme Shampoo bursts into heaps of fragrant lather. See how tempting it leaves your hair! Not dried—not dulled—not unruly—but silken soft, responsive, sparkling as if you'd given it a hard brushing.

Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Kay Daumit, Inc. (Successor), 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.



Philadelphia's "Week of Rededication" was climaxed by the arrival of the Freedom Train. The visit of Alan Ladd and Sue Carol Ladd, special guests at the meeting, was climaxed—as shown above!

Warning to Girls!

Continued from page 43

ever got a picture break. I think the answer is obvious: the grass is always greener in the next pasture. Studios like to "discover" beauty and talent at a distance. It is much more dramatic than finding it under one's very nose.

Our dinner party went on to list the number of native-born Californians who have become motion picture celebrities, and were we amazed at the small number! Joel McCrea is a local man, of course. Gail Russell was born in Santa Monica, but she might never have taken an interest in pictures if it hadn't been for the accident of a Paramount casting director picking up a couple of boys from Santa Monica High School one night. During the ride, hitched by the boys, the casting director identified himself, whereupon the boys said, "If you really want to see a pretty girl, you should screen-test Gail Russell." Afterward, the director sent a talent scout to the school, and Gail was signed. Jeanne Crain was born in Long Beach and went to a local high school from which she might not

have been extracted by pictures if she hadn't taken professional modeling work to bolster family finances. It's true that Myrna Loy and Lana Turner, although born elsewhere, went to California schools, and were discovered as a result. However, Myrna is so chic and witty, and Lana is so beautiful that both girls were bound to make their mark no matter where they lived.

Consider the situation of Mary Hatchler, who has just been given her first big screen break in Paramount's "Variety Girl." She is a native Californian who had to go to New York to make her hit before she was signed for pictures. Gregory Peck was born in La Jolla, a city less than a hundred miles from Hollywood, but he took his training in New York City at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, and was signed to a picture contract because of his stage work.

If you will stop to think about the overwhelming successes of the last few years, you will note that most of them were noticed *away* from Hollywood.

Lauren Bacall and Lizabeth Scott were New York models. Burt Lancaster was seen in a New York elevator by a talent scout for Mr. Hal Wallis, and signed on the strength of his appearance and his many years of show business experience. Nancy Guild was a student at the University of Arizona when she posed for a magazine, and was quickly signed by 20th Century-Fox as a result. June Allyson and Gloria De Haven were both signed from New York stage shows, as was Van Johnson. Jane Powell, John Hodiak, and Frank Sinatra had built up brilliant radio names before they came to Hollywood. June Haver, Dick Haymes, Perry Como and Andy Russell had established their fame as band singers before they ever indented slots in a studio sound track.

To return to my own experience, I was born in Santa Monica, California, then moved to Alhambra—a town only forty miles from Hollywood. However, being in Alhambra is exactly like being in Dubuque or San Antonio or Bangor, as far as spiritual nearness to Hollywood is concerned. On the rare occasions when my sister and I were taken to the Carthay Circle for premières, we were as thrilled as if we had just arrived from Little Rock.

I was fourteen when I went to Dallas, Texas, to live with relatives. By that time I had resolved in my secret heart (just as many of you who are reading these words have already resolved) to be an actress, but wild horses couldn't have dragged the admission from me. I think I was a little superstitious: I was afraid that speaking of my dream would burst it just as a lighted cigarette explodes the brightest toy balloon.

Then, as now, I was the fan magazine kid! I bought every issue as it came on the newsstand each month, and poured over the advice articles. After having read the suggestions made for young acting hopefuls by Bette Davis, or Joan Crawford, or Rosalind Russell, I catalogued the advice.

After perhaps a year of this work a road map began to take shape. First direction was: Have a thousand dollars before you set out to learn to be an actress. I had to amass a thousand dollars—that's all there was to it! Promptly I found a job. I wasn't very good at it. In fact, I was so un-good that the owner of the business finally invited me out, in a kindly way, suggesting that I get a job ushering at one of the Dallas theaters.

Since I have always been willing to accept advice that rang some sort of a bell of validity in my nature, I applied to the manager of a nearby theater. He gave me a questionnaire to fill out. At the bottom of the page there was a challenging question which read, "What job do you hope to hold when you leave this one?"

My reserve was such that I couldn't force myself to write, "I want to be in pictures," so I wrote instead, "I hope, someday, to work in Grauman's Chinese Theater in Hollywood," thinking that if the manager wanted to conclude that I hoped to be an usher that was his responsibility, not mine. (Incidentally, this manager, Mr. Charles Meeker, was a sensitive man who understood ambitious

youngsters. I met him here in Hollywood not long ago. He has a very important position, and will probably be a picture producer some of these days. After we had talked a few minutes, he said, "It won't be long before you will be 'working' in Grauman's. You didn't fool me with that line. I knew that you meant you hoped to be working on the screen, and not in the lobby.)

While I was working in the theater in Dallas, I saw every picture we played at least a dozen times. After the other ushers had seen a film once, they skipped it unless the picture happened to be outstanding or starred one of their particular favorites. Not I. As soon as my duties were discharged, I would pop into a back seat and "study." I learned how different stars used their voices, their shoulders, their hands.

In my few spare moments I read volumes of Shakespeare, Ibsen, Shaw, and every modern dramatist whose works were available at the Public Library. (All the advice features had suggested that one get to be on quoting terms with good theater material.)

The third bit of advice which I was taking very seriously and which I still think is valid, and will continue to be for a long time, was: When you have saved a thousand dollars, enroll in a Little Theater and learn everything the director has to offer.

Many of those who write to me complain despondently that there is no Little Theater within several thousand miles. I can't believe that dramatic circles are so widely separated. Every state university, agricultural college, and normal school has a drama club. A determined novice, having saved a thousand dollars, could enroll in such a school if no other—more professional—group were available.

When I give this suggestion, some of my correspondents answer with the cynical suggestion that working with small dramatic groups in towns of ten thousand or less is like singing in a forest: no matter how good the singing is, there is no future in serenading trees. I have news for such doubters! I was in Chicago to attend the opening of "I've Always Loved You." Our troupe was entertained at a dinner party, during which I met a man of obvious distinction. Finally, being unable to quell my curiosity, I said, "I beg your pardon, but when we were introduced, I didn't quite catch your title. Would you mind telling me what your position with the company is?" He was the head talent scout in the midwest division for a large motion picture company. He had a staff of seven men whose duty it was to go from town to town throughout the Mississippi Valley and adjacent states, watching drama club, university, and high school plays in hope of spotting exceptional talent.

I am confident that, had I carried out my original design and selected a Little Theater group in Texas, or in any other midwest state, I would eventually have been given my chance in Hollywood. Please don't think that a conceited statement. It isn't. My standpoint is that I was so determined to win my opportunity, so positive in my heart of my destiny that I could accept no defeat as final. Reading this article at this very moment

Are you trying to tell me All tissues aren't KLEENEX?



Homer, how can a mind like yours get so confused? — chided my wife. I've *always* told you Kleenex and ordinary tissues aren't the same! Why, even the Kleenex box is different. It *serves up* tissues—saves time and trouble. I want *Kleenex*—there's no other like it!



PreCISELY! echoed Dean Doolittle. My dear colleague, Kleenex is *one species* of tissue — not a term for tissues as a group! Indeed, I find Kleenex most soothing for that (ahem!) sniffing condition which accompanies a cold. In short, there is *only one* Kleenex!



Brain Boy, you're slipping! my sister admonished me. I'm a teacher, too, but in *my* book — Kleenex means just one brand of tissues. Nice, *soft* tissues — to remove my face cream *gently*! But do you remember to ask for *Kleenex*? No. You mumble "tissues." As if my *skin* wouldn't know the difference!



Why be a guesser, Professor? said my nephew. Just hold this Kleenex tissue to a light. See any lumps, or weak spots? *Ixnay!* You see Kleenex *quality* smilin' through — always the same — so you're sure Kleenex *must* be a softie, but tough enough for any Joe Blow! Your eyes tell you there's *only one* Kleenex!

Lucky I learned...*There is only one KLEENEX*

AMERICA'S FAVORITE TISSUE



*REG. U. S. AND CAN. PAT. OFF.

there are girls who feel exactly as I did, and—by using their heads and clinging steadfastly to their faith—they *will get to Hollywood*, no matter where they are living now. But they will come west as trained performers, not as green and timid petitioners, banking on their luck to achieve success.

I didn't enroll in a midwest drama school because I was called back to Alhambra by the serious illness of my father. He lived only a short time after I came home. During the grief-stricken weeks following our loss I remember that my sister and I lay in bed one night, murmuring together. Neither of us could sleep, both of us were desolated, so we took what comfort we could from planning our future. We didn't know where to go. We didn't know what to do. She said, "You and I should stick together, no matter what happens." Then she added wistfully, "I *had* thought of getting married."

I knew the boy who loved her and whom she loved, and I realized that she would give up her plans for marriage in an instant unless she was certain that I had a dream, too. "You go ahead with your wedding plans," I told her, suddenly certain that at last I could speak my full intention. "I'm going to be a motion picture actress. I'm going to enroll in some local drama school next week. Don't worry about me—I'm going to be all right."

I spent three months in the first school, and learned only a few things, but one was important. The directress told me, "Talent scouts by the dozens will probably be around along with various agents. They will tell you, 'We like your work and we are going to keep an eye on you.' Bear in mind that this doesn't mean a thing. Not a single, solitary thing. Only if they say they want to give you a test **AND NAME THE DAY AND HOUR AND STUDIO**, or if they ask you to sign a contract, have you any cause for celebration."

She was right. According to the gentlemen who wanted to talk to me in the dressing room after the performance I had more eyes on me than a County Fair potato. But no one handed me a dotted line to be signed with either above or underwater pens.

At the end of three months (I had a little over six hundred dollars left of my original investment), I left this group and joined another. Here I made contact with the agent I still have and to whom I am deeply grateful, Mr. Louis Shurr. And here I met wonderful Mr. Billy Grady, talent scout for MGM, who arranged to have me placed under contract for a year.

Just before my second option was up, he sent for me. "Hear you've been coming in late every morning," he growled at me.

"It's true," I admitted. "I've been behaving badly, and I'm sorry. I hate to disappoint you, Mr. Grady, but the truth is that I don't want to be a chorus girl in musical pictures. I want to be a dramatic actress."

He had defended me when the Metro front office criticized my bad behavior, but he understood. After I had been scratched from the Metro contract list, it

was Mr. Grady who indirectly arranged for me to meet Mr. Frank Borzage to whom I am at present under jubilant contract.

A good many girls who write to me admit quite frankly that they want to get away from home for their dramatic training because their families refuse to take the idea seriously or actually ridicule their ambition. Sometimes family teasing can be inexcusably cruel, but occasionally it can be a healthy thing. It is easy for a teenster to take herself or himself too seriously—I know I did now and then. Yet—and this takes us back to our original point—anyone who can earn a thousand dollars to finance his training is bound to command a certain amount of respect in even the most critical family.

Frequently family criticism is a blessing. Actually, most families want each member to succeed; parents and brothers and sisters, even when they are most jeering, are on our side. This can be very important when everything goes dead wrong, as it does occasionally in any profession, and *frequently* in the career of the struggling Thespian. During the early tragedies, it is good to be near enough one's own people to cry on their shoulders when things go sour, and to watch their smiles when there is sweet news.

But the question of all questions most frequently asked is, "Can a nice girl suc-

ceed in Hollywood?" That always infuriates me. The answer is: **NO GIRL WILL BE ACCEPTED BY A REPUTABLE AGENT UNLESS SHE IS NICE.** In other words, virtue is an essential part of a young actress' character. If there were no other reason for a girl to cling to her ideals than that Hollywood is essentially a small town in which everyone knows everything about everybody and one small slip can ruin a promising career, the fear of complications arising from indiscretions of even the mildest sort should keep a girl decent.

And now for the final question: many girls seem to be torn between love and a career. I have a pat answer which arises from my own self-reliant heart. If a girl is in love with a man, deeply and truly in love, unable to think of a life unshared by him, lonely when he is away, and filled with contentment when he is near, she should marry and found a home. Hard as I have worked for my career, if the man I marry asks me to give it up, I will.

Meanwhile, however, I'm enjoying my job, working opposite John Carroll and Bill Elliott in "The Fabulous Texan"—and answering many more letters in which I beg ambitious young performers not to come to Hollywood, banking on their luck but to *learn* the job of acting so that they will be ready to take advantage of opportunity when it Richards at the door.



Christmas comes once a year—but early for Catherine McLeod's greetings for the Yuletide.

Cobina Wright Goes to Holiday Parties

Continued from page 32

which was so big he couldn't even get it into *his* mouth. Richard Benedict, that handsome screen newcomer, appeared in a bonnet and diapers and scored the hit of the afternoon by winning the bubble-gum blowing contest. Tony Martin and Ann Sterling split the prize of two sets of jacks by winning the yo-yo contest and the whole party wound up having a hilarious time playing musical chairs around the pool. In the costume parade which started the amusing afternoon, blonde starlet Marion Carr was voted the cutest "baby" girl and Brant Bradford's Buster Brown outfit took the little boy honors.

There was one very funny moment when Hal Perry showed up dressed in the identical Little Lord Fauntleroy suit that host Ralph Edwards was wearing, but I think that the biggest laugh came after the party broke up, when several of the guests tried to adjourn to the cocktail lounge, only to find that they couldn't get in—because the management wouldn't serve to "minors"!

But for all the nonsense, Hollywood can be very much on its dignity, too, and one of the most impressive receptions I have attended in a long time was the one given for Margaret Truman, following her concert appearance in the Hollywood Bowl. Only 200 were invited to meet the President's daughter, and I felt honored to be asked to act as one of the hostesses for the reception. It took over two hours for the reception line to pass and among those who were on hand to congratulate Miss Truman were Jeanette MacDonald, Gene Raymond, Lauritz Melchior, Ezio Pinza, and Governor and Mrs. Warren.

I had quite a chat with Miss Truman and found her to be completely charming. She is much more attractive than her pictures would lead one to believe and she has the most engaging smile. Everyone was quite delighted with her poise and the natural ease with which she accepted all compliments, although later she told me that all that glamor had made her quite nervous.

She also said something I thought was quite amusing. She asked me how many people the Bowl held, for she had a capacity audience. When I told her 20,000, she looked surprised and said, "Why, Mrs. Wright, I'm doing better than Dad!"

A party to end parties, especially as far as the entertainment went—and it went on all night—was the one given for Walter Winchell at the Mocambo. The noted columnist paid a visit to Hollywood in connection with the Damon Runyon Memorial Fund for Cancer Research and all filmland turned out to applaud the wonderful work he is doing. Over 250 of our brightest luminaries arrived for dinner and Walter greeted each one of the ladies with a corsage of baby orchids which were flown here from Honolulu that day, especially for this occasion.

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make it a real celebration! Bob Hope acted as master of ceremonies and in his own inimitable fashion kept things going at a fast and feverish pace. He introduced a quartet which he said came from the most exclusive barber shop in Beverly Hills. It turned out to be composed of opera star Lauritz Melchior, Frank Sinatra, Dick Haymes and Perry Como, who did a wonderful parody to the tune of "Old Man River." Only this version was "Old Man Crosby, He Just Keeps Singin' Along."

Jimmy Durante—in black tie and tux, no less—did a switch of his famous "What Jimmy the Well-Dressed Man Will Wear," and José Iturbi played a piano medley of all of Winchell's favorite tunes. Only Comedian Joe E. Lewis refused to sit with the guests of honor. When Bob Hope asked him why not, Joe said, "I can't, I'm sitting with the most important man here." "Who's that?" Bob asked. "It's my landlord," retorted Joe.

It was a terrific evening for gags and glamor, but it was a night to remember for another reason. Before the party broke up, Winchell announced that over \$2,000,000 had already been raised for the Cancer Fund and that a quarter of a million had been contributed right here in California.

Perhaps you think that only human stars steal the limelight at a Hollywood premiere. Well, the other evening I attended an opening at the Carthay Circle where filmland's animal actors really walked off with the show and even stars like Jeanne Crain, Robert Mitchum, Virginia Mayo, Bob Hope, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Margaret O'Brien all took a back seat—and loved it.

It was the premiere of "Red Stallion," the story of a gallant race horse, which brought out the four-footed contingent in all its glory. While the "bleacher birds"—those fans who flock to all the openings—gave proper ovation to all the famous humans, you should have heard the shrieks, whistles and squeals of delight as "Lassie" ambled up to the microphone in the foyer and barked twice.

The same was true when "Flicka" (the horse), "Asta" (of "The Thin Man" fame), "Satan" (the tiger), "Rin-Tin-Tin III" (whose grandpappy was the famous star of the silent days) and "Daisy" (of the "Blondie" series) appeared, led by circus clowns and a regular Barnum and Bailey parade.

Only "Jackie," the movie lion, seemed to be bored by the entire event. He just stretched out in his cage and snored all through the proceedings, refusing to give out with even one MGM growl despite Bob Hope's insistence that Jackie say a few words to his public. Finally Bob gave up, shrugged his shoulders and said, "I get the same reaction from my sponsor."

Wartime Colonel Darryl Zanuck and his lovely wife, Virginia, transformed their Santa Monica beach home into a flower-bedecked campaign tent the other night to hold a Hollywood "dress parade" for visiting General and Mrs. Mark Clark. It was a truly stunning affair and the feminine stars who were there never looked lovelier. Greer Garson was absolutely breath-taking in a strapless green



Susan Peters, injured two years ago in a hunting accident, gets a warm welcome back to the screen from fellow stars on the Columbia lot, Glenn Ford, Evelyn Keyes and Larry Parks. You'll be seeing her in "The Sign of the Ram."

moiré evening gown with her titian tresses piled on top of her head.

Dolly O'Brien, the wealthy and beautiful widow, escorted by Clark Gable, was particularly ravishing in a tight black sheath of a dinner gown. Other beauties who came to pay tribute to valor were Myrna Loy, Connie Moore, Olivia deHavilland, Anne Baxter, Joan Crawford and Ellen Drew. The Van Johnsons, the Mervyn LeRoys, the Bob Hopes and the Joseph Cottens all helped to make it a gala night. Following a sumptuous supper, there was dancing by the light of the moon shining over those tremendous Pacific breakers. Later on Irving Berlin sang a song he had written especially for the occasion and still later Reginald Gardiner gave a very funny demonstration of a cockney jitterbug with Anita Colby in the rôle of his dancing partner.

A surprise convalescence party was given for me the other night right in my own home. I had been ill for a few days, but when the doctor finally said that I

was well enough to get up Harry Goetz and his charming wife, Katie, decided to surprise me. They pledged my entire household to secrecy and went ahead with their plans.

At around seven o'clock in the evening, my daughter, Cobina, Jr., came into my room and said, "Mother, I think you are strong enough to get up for a little while. Won't you dress and come downstairs for a few minutes? I think it would do you good." I didn't see any particular point in it, but I was anxious to get out of bed, so I humored her. Imagine my surprise when I came down the stairs and found my drawing room filled with so many of my friends and a complete buffet and a champagne bar set up in my dining room.

Clifton Webb, Mary Pickford, Charles (Buddy) Rogers, Reginald and Nadja Gardiner, Peggy Cummins, my two protégés, Pat Vanlvar and handsome Wray Davis, Elizabeth Wilson of Liberty Magazine, all had come in quietly through the garden entrance and were there to wish

me back to health. Although I couldn't stay very long at my own party, I did wait for the impromptu concert which Larry Adler and Mario Braggiotti gave, the harmonica and piano combination doing everything from Bach to "Blues in the Night." It was a wonderful gesture, and made me so happy that I think I recovered twice as rapidly as I would have ordinarily. Wouldn't you?

I think it's about time to dip into the mail box for a few questions. So here goes.

Mrs. Simonson of Chicago wants to know how Hollywood feels about the new fashions, particularly the long skirts.

Well, the other afternoon I attended a fashion show in the Beverly Hills Rodeo Room for "Miss In-Between"—that is, the styles for women who are "in-between" sizes. In the audience were some very smartly dressed women, including Biddy Banton, wife of designer Travis Banton, Natalie Draper, Mrs. Bob Cobb and Mrs. Hernando Courtright.

"Miss In-Between" is a lovely blonde model, Betty Bigelow, who is soon going to marry composer Dave Rose. Betty modeled several stunning suits with the new long skirts and I was very much interested to hear the comments. Generally speaking, I found that the women liked them and that the men don't. I personally don't like them, because they seem out of place for the informal Hollywood way of life.

Dorothy Lamour says that she dislikes them because she can't see any sense in a woman having to change her entire wardrobe. Betty Hutton, however, does like them and she summed it up in her usual wonderful and breezy manner. "Let's face it, Cobina. If fashion decrees that skirts are going to be long, they're going to be long and you're going to like it!"

Mrs. Banton, Natalie Draper and Mrs. Cobb all were casting their votes in favor of the extra length, but the men all shook their heads.

Dorothy Grayson of St. Louis writes asking for an unusual recipe for a snack at Hollywood cocktail parties, and while there are many exotic tid-bits for cocktail nibblers, I think one of the most delicious dishes is guacamole. It is a paste made of mashed avocado and cream cheese, seasoned with onion juice. It's a favorite with all the stars and is so easy to prepare. Try it at your next party, and I believe that all your guests will ask for more. You can spread it on crackers or the way that Joan Bennett does, by using huge potato chips for dippers.

However, you can't always tell about stellar appetites. Not long ago, the Bernard Gianninis gave a Sunday afternoon reception in their palatial Brentwood home. Their formal gardens were beautifully decorated and a sumptuous buffet was spread out on the lawn. But behind one of the high boxed hedges, Host Giannini had placed a hot-dog wagon, and when I looked around there were Maureen O'Hara, Ginny Simms, Philip Reed and the other guests all munching on "pups and mustard" while the caviar stood untouched on the flower-bedecked tables. It just proves that Hollywood is a place where you're only young—always!



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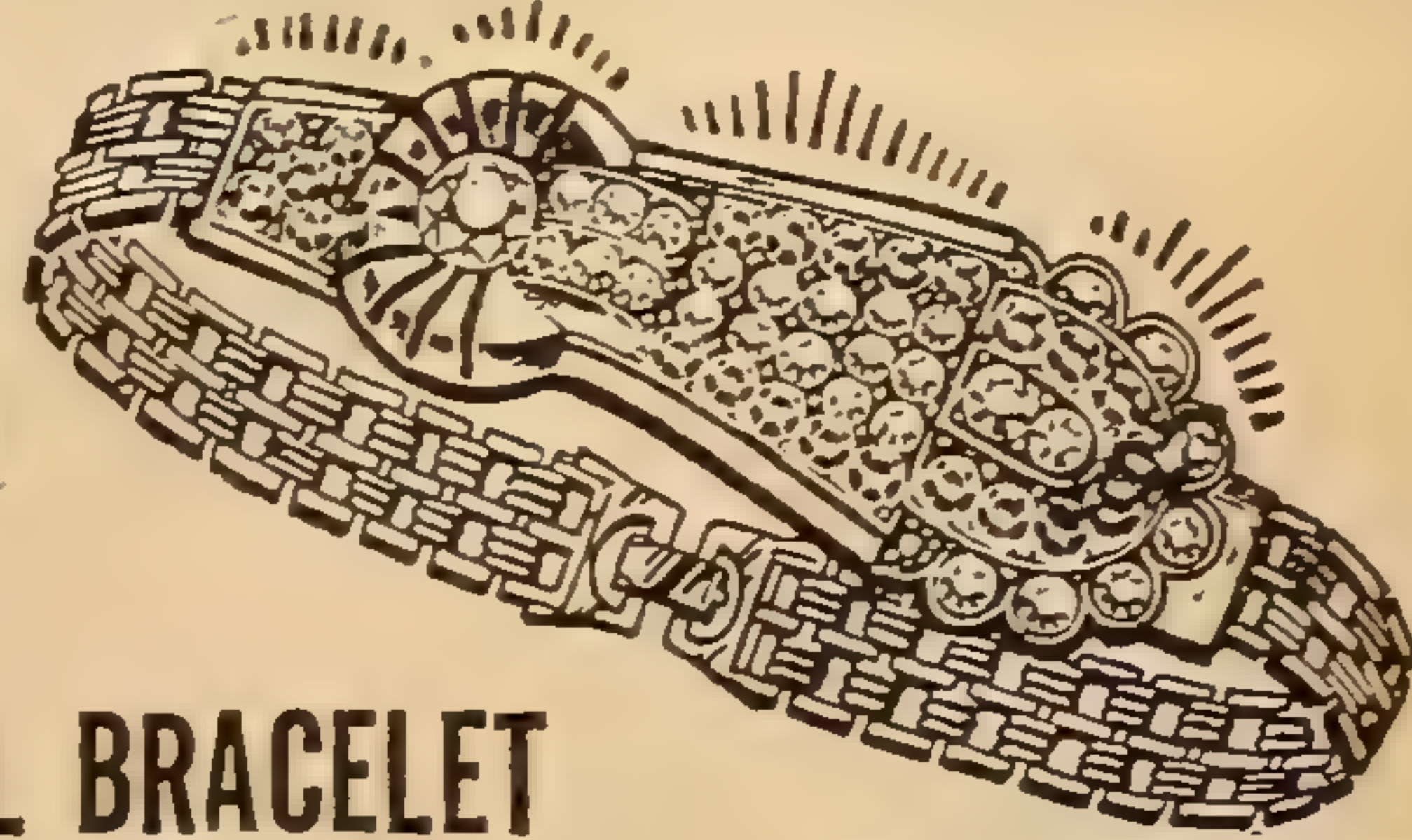
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Closeup of Tyrone Power

Continued from page 21

form of stupidity irks him violently. If he ever loses his temper it's when inefficiency irritates him. Bang! There's an explosion—and then it's over. He isn't the brooding type. Sometimes, for no visible reason, he'll be in a terrible mood for fifteen minutes. Then he snaps out of the blues with no hangover of self-pity, and is as considerate and exhilarating as ever.

He has changed in certain respects, and yet is the same as he has always been in other ways. My playing Cortez in "Captain from Castile" meant I worked with him for almost five months steadily, a severe test of any friendship. It's the first picture we've ever done together in all the years we've known each other. I'm impressed by his thoroughly business-like conduct on sets. Once he was a great practical joker. The war must have sobered him completely where film-making's concerned. He's very serious whenever actually working, stops all kidding. He always knew his lines perfectly, I noticed. When we'd come to dialogue or scenes that didn't feel quite right to him he'd quietly discuss his beliefs with director Henry King, with whom he has made seven pictures. Ty never behaved temperamentally, never created a scene that wasn't in the script. He's one of the very few top stars who modestly think of themselves as employees. He says he is being hired to do a specific job, act a certain rôle in a film. He realizes perfectly that he's not running the studio.

But he feels that in America it is the privilege of any employee to speak up politely. Letting well enough alone when you honestly don't consider it good enough is, to him, the also-ran's approach to life. He says all craftsmen must maintain professional standards as high as possible to go on being hired, and he believes any sane employer is happy when sensible suggestions add to the eventual profit. That savvy of Ty's, that determination of his to make every picture of his as good as possible in every detail, wins the respect of everyone of his co-workers—and it explains a lot of the teamwork that goes into the making of any Power film. That pays off at the box-office, too.

Ty's interest in every part of our industry dumbfounds me. During the four months we were down in Mexico on location he had the Hollywood trade papers flown down so he could read them daily. I never bothered; I was busy enough working in the picture. He isn't in the movies to get rich and then get out of them, but because he's never been able to conceive of more fascinating work. He wants to continue succeeding on the screen so he is constantly reestimating himself. When he was in high school, ushering nights and Sundays in a Cincinnati movie theater, he kept a careful check on the popularity of every film. He used a looseleaf notebook from a dime store, and rated audience reactions to every star. He studied directors' twists on stories, compared values.

Now that he's on the inside he's just as hep to people's opinions. He cares what you think, invariably inquires and always listens. His first film on his return from war was his studio's most expensive production of last year and, gratifyingly, "The Razor's Edge" proved the biggest grossing picture when 20th toted up its profits for this year. Ty abhors ruts, so jumped at the opportunity to surprise audiences with a switch from a spiritually-uncertain hero to his current ruthless rascal characterization in "Nightmare Alley." As the ambitious carnival barker who connives to gyp everybody, including the women who enter his life, he demonstrates superbly what an excellent actor he has become. He's a heel who gets double-crossed. Can you imagine a fearful, vain star taking such a rôle?

Perhaps this untold tale explains his courage. When Ty was first signed by 20th the first thing he did when he could get away from all the bewildering routines for a newcomer was to revel in a little personal prelude to stardom. He made a sentimental journey by himself to all the still-standing sets where the stars he'd admired from afar in Ohio had made screen history. Secretly he was consumed with excitement at the possibility of following in their footsteps. He still is! His innate good taste, of course, prevents him from mentioning his private pledge to become outstanding; but from the many outstanding films he has made you know how conscientiously he's lived up to his resolution. I just don't want you to assume Ty's triumphs are wholly luck. And, in that wonderful way, he's still sentimental. In his library you can come across twenty-eight hand-bound leather volumes. They contain the shooting scripts of his starring vehicles to date. These are his most treasured souvenirs, because so much of himself went into each effort to entertain.

There's no complex living-the-character trait in Ty. At the end of a scene he automatically reverts to reality from his rôle. He doesn't have to be pampered with closed sets, or any of the nonsense that can be whipped up to keep a great star in the mood to do his best. No one here has a deeper appreciation of genuine art, in all its forms and shadings, than Ty has. But he has an ever-accompanying sense of proportion, and sense of humor. There's nothing hammy about him! To give you an accurate notion of how hard he works, he had only two weeks off between the two pictures he's just made. The rest of the nine months their filming consumed he literally reported every day. His superb concentration, and skill at snapping out of it, isn't a common thing in Hollywood. Ty's pride is what spurs him on.

As the swashbuckling Pedro de Vargas in "Captain from Castile" Ty returns to the type of screen adventuring in which he made his mark originally. It's as startling a contrast to his present punchy performance as a carnival barker as

there could be. Overseas he listened to the forthright comments of fellow Marines when they saw movies; he's determined he will never be a bore, and this variety is his recipe. He has another earmark that you should know about. He extends a helping hand as part of his creed. He says he remembers what it was like to be an unwanted nobody. He was one when he tackled the movies at eighteen, fresh from Ohio. He had to move a dozen times that first year here, from rooms to tiny apartments to friends' homes. He wangled a start at Universal, and they let him go. "No future in Power!" they stated solemnly. Ty was forced to give up, to leave town. So he started at the bottom again on the stage in Santa Barbara, on the radio in Chicago; it was a heartbreaking climb from working for almost nothing to eventually acting the rôle on Broadway that won him his 20th contract.

He was delighted to have Coleen Gray play her second rôle opposite him in "Nightmare Alley," and equally anxious for Jean Peters to click when she stepped from an Ohio campus into the feminine lead opposite him in "Captain from Castile." No demands for guaranteed "name" draws, you see. Ty was thrown out of his first lead right here at 20th by a director with remarkably little vision; so, recalling how that hurt, he went out of his way to be helpful to these new leading ladies. He never tired of rehearsing with them, of showing them little camera tricks. I might add he isn't a wolf. His manners with women are

impeccable; a subtle, sophisticated mixture of courtesy, interest, and wit such as he serves up can't be beat. I know, for I've often watched him with the ladies!

They don't have to be slaves to fashion to attract him. He doesn't like affectations in women any more than he does in men. He believes a woman can and should be just as good a sport as a man. Careers are their right also, he thinks, when they have the necessary talent. His own mother was a distinguished actress on the stage, later made a name for herself as a dramatic coach. She combined her beauty and brains with the bringing up of Ty and his sister. So he knows a woman's life is just what she wills to make it.

He's inherited his systematic set-up from his mother. His father was the epitome of impulsiveness, which was possible on the stage but wouldn't work in the Hollywood of Ty's era. Ty has a gift for organizing that would make him a top executive anywhere else. He detests being strapped with petty details, so he assigns them to assorted aides. Chief one is his swell secretary, Bill Gallagher, who's been with him for eleven years now, barring time out for the war, too. Bill is installed in Ty's studio dressing-room suite, functioning with all kinds of filing cabinets that tell at touch where everything and everyone pertinent to Ty's life is.

I would say Ty's transformation into an able business man is his most marked change since he's come back. He used to

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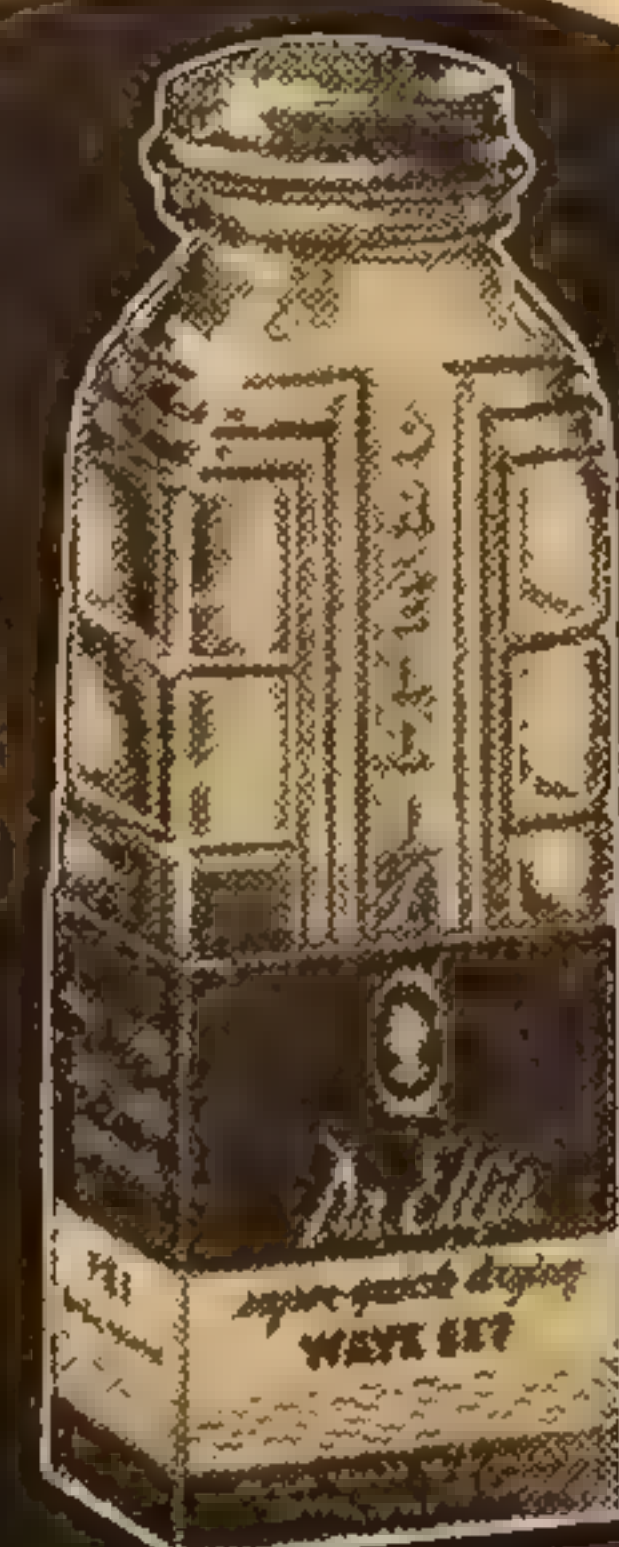
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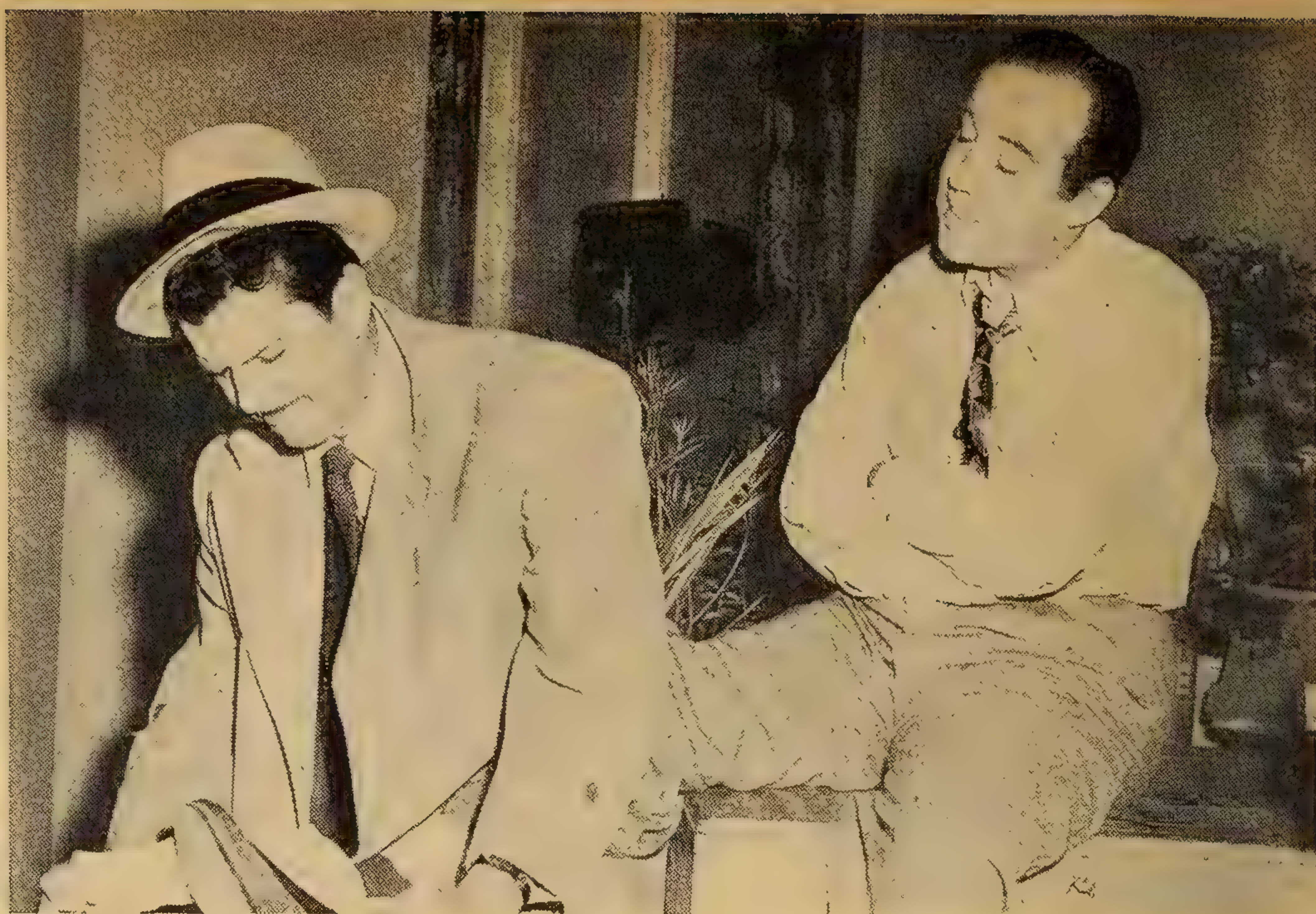
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Broderick Crawford, winner of a bet with John Carroll on "The Flame" set, enjoys every minute of the loser's grim but sporting payment—a shoe shine. Next time, Brod, you may be loser.

let someone else attend to all his business affairs, feeling that understanding a budget and finagling savings were matters beyond him. Experience has taught him that you can't grow in limited ways, skipping essential knacks. A person with Ty's deep love of luxuries must become well aware of how his salary goes or, after his big expenses and taxes, there won't be any investments. Having made up his mind to acquire a proficiency in business managing himself, Ty's doing marvelously well at it.

This determination of his has always been awe-inspiring to me. A friend of his who went through high school with him, Bill Walsh, now a Hollywood publicist who remains a pal although he's never worked at publicizing Ty, was on the football team that Ty couldn't make because he weighed only a hundred and ten pounds on entering high school. Bill says Ty was benched from the fourth team because the coach considered him too slight of build. Thereafter, during the noon period, Ty proceeded to play football with a gang of garage mechanics on a rocky field littered with broken glass. That's the driving spirit that is still pushing him ahead.

I have known him since he first began here at 20th. I'd been brought out to Hollywood from New York two or three years before he was, and I remember Maynard Morris, who was our agent and who also got John Payne into pictures, invited Ty and John and me to drop in at his apartment for drinks one afternoon. We saw one another around town, oftener when I moved to 20th. Then we lived on the same street in Brentwood for years. We'd say let's get together for some bowling, and somehow never did. I ran into him only once during the war. It was at a New Year's Eve party when I had just returned from Saipan and he was en route for a year there.

His invitation to join him, Bill Gallagher, and two other friends from the studio to see the world by air with him is typical of his thoughtfulness. A year ago my vacation did coincide and with

Ty piloting I was able to visit twenty-six Central and South American countries in a total air-travel time of only one hundred-and-twenty-hours! Crossing the Andes, Rio—a thousand memories. Ty had flown down to Rio eight years before as a passenger and swore then he'd return flying his own plane some day. You know he learned to fly before his war piloting, don't you? The studio forbade him to learn. Ty continued taking lessons secretly, and one week-end landed on director Clarence Brown's lawn just to give the Browns' guests a thrill. It did! It also broke the You-Can't-Fly ruling. After flying overseas in the war Ty's had no trouble qualifying for his present license: it ranks him as a commercial pilot for single and multi-engine planes. Ty's a safe and sane pilot, I'm glad to advise you. I took over the controls but once; it didn't give me any sensation or urge, so I'm content to remain merely a passenger, letting the guys who know what they're doing do it.

I had a hunch that Ty was building up to a long vacation and another long airplane trip when he made two pictures one right after the other this year. Sure enough, about a month before the end of the second one he tipped me off that he was getting set to fly to Africa. "How about coming along on this one, too?" he asked me. But just that morning the studio had given me the news that I was scheduled for a trip to Maine, come September, with director Henry King for the picture "Deep Water," so I was down at Howard Hughes' airfield at the ungodly hour of seven A. M. on Labor Day for the take-off, but this time I was on the outside looking in when Ty pulled back the throttle and started down the runway.

It's a different ship this time from the Beechcraft in which we flew some twenty-three thousand miles over Latin America last year. This is a converted DC3, equipped with six auxiliary gas tanks for that long hop over the South Atlantic. It also has all the latest navigational gadgets, plus a topographical camera for

photographing possible sites for future location trips. But this trip, like the previous one, is primarily a good-will tour.

And what a tour it's turning out! The over-all mileage will be about thirty thousand miles and Ty and his three men flying companions (the same who went to South America) will have been gone ten weeks this time. From Los Angeles they headed for Dallas, then Miami, then Trinidad in the British West Indies. From there the route was to Natal, Brazil, and across the ocean to Dakar, in French West Africa. Then to Leopoldville, Belgian Congo; Capetown and Johannesburg, South Africa; Mozambique; Nairobi, in Kenya Colony; Addis Ababa in Ethiopia; Karthoum and Wadi Halfa in the Sudan; Cairo and Alexandria, in Egypt; from there the route reads Cyprus, Crete, Tunis, Turin (Italy), then home.

Our lengthy location trip to Mexico for "Captain from Castile" shed further light on Ty's true self. We spent more than a month in Morelia, the capital of the state of Michoacan, using it as Spain for our film. Much of the architecture of two hundred and fifty years ago still exists there. The contrasts in Mexico fascinated us. For example, they love baseball. Ty proposed at a Lion's Club luncheon we attended in Morelia (see how modern they are?) that a benefit for needy children be staged, with a baseball team from the American movie company playing a Mexican team. Ty was captain of our team, played first base. And shone! Me? I'm the best grandstand sitter you ever saw! I cheered wildly at every decision of the Mexican umpire.

For our scenes showing old Mexico we went on to Uruapan. Extinct Popocatepetl, the volcano rising above Mexico City, had to be doubled by the currently active volcano Paricutin at Uruapan. Ty flew me over it, without telling me in advance we were going there! It was erupting violently that day and we headed into billows of angry smoke. There isn't a single living thing for ten miles around the boiling lava. A once green and fertile valley is now nothing but death and desolation. The Indian village near the volcano is completely buried, except for

the tower of a cathedral which will soon be buried, too. It was a terrifying sight. Ty flew half our whole company from Uruapan to Acapulco, where we filmed Cortez's landing in Mexico. And speaking of Cortez, I may as well admit I didn't read the best-seller from which our picture is made. I didn't want to know exactly what Cortez was like, for fear I'd be confronted with mental hazards. It's the first time I've ever played an actual person on the screen, and that way I safeguarded my own hopes of being convincing. At Acapulco we had curious crowds watching us work. A man came over to me and asked, "Do you recognize this lady with the three children?" I had to confess I didn't. Twenty-two years previously, when I was thirteen one Anna Maria had been my mad crush during a New Jersey summer vacation. That's Ty's favorite location tale on me.

Ty's unceasing energy still amazes me. No matter how late he stays up he can be up early and full of vim. He used to stall any unwanted task; now he's different—he's a demon for getting it over with immediately. That's hard on *manana* me when I'm around him. However, on his credit side let me mention his new habit of social spontaneity. He doesn't hesitate to postpone any date if he's not in the mood for relaxing, and I think this is no minor declaration of independence for any man. He still reads his newspapers hurriedly while in his car and waiting for a stop sign to change. He still prefers classical music—Beethoven, Grieg, Schubert, Tchaikovsky, Debussy, Wagner, and Prokofieff, to be definite about his record collecting. His famous leading ladies are as lasting in their friendships with him as his fans—Gene Tierney gave him his white police dog. It was hers until she gave up her Franklin Canyon house, had no fenced yard in which to keep him, and then quite naturally thought of Ty.

He's very positively close-mouthed about his intimately personal problems. He doesn't inflict his troubles on others. The more I think of his self-chosen self-reliance, and of this good taste of his, the more I like the guy!

The Editor's Page

Continued from page 19

good—pure, unadulterated Loy. I hadn't seen you for a long time in person and I was astonished to realize I was beholding Hollywood's Number One Siren in action—yes, the one truly successful Circe who after a career of 65—count 'em, 65—pictures can still stop a roomful of blasé men and women and make them murmur. What if some do say, "How *does* she do it? Why, I can remember her when—" You may well smile that mysterious smile. It's your secret. What with your feather cut, limpid eyes, roguish nose and sweet air of a wellbred child as you listen attentively to the other fellow's opinions—it's no wonder you have walked away with so many choice rôles ("The Best Years," "Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer," and now "Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House," again with Cary Grant); no wonder you're one of the few happily

and graciously married matrons in movieland; no wonder at all that you will always be living the best years of your life right now. Your sabbatical during the war years must have given you a rare insight into other folks' problems that you'd never have gained sitting at your studio dressing-table contemplating your own reflection. In your gentle way you're a pioneer woman beating your way from wilds of Hollywood to the complex New York scene, equally at home in both, yet always watching for new worlds to explore. More stars should have big hearts instead of big heads. And more stars should be movie fans like you. You still love pictures and believe in them; that's why you're back pitching in on a new comedy. It'll be your best. Your latest picture always is.

D.E.

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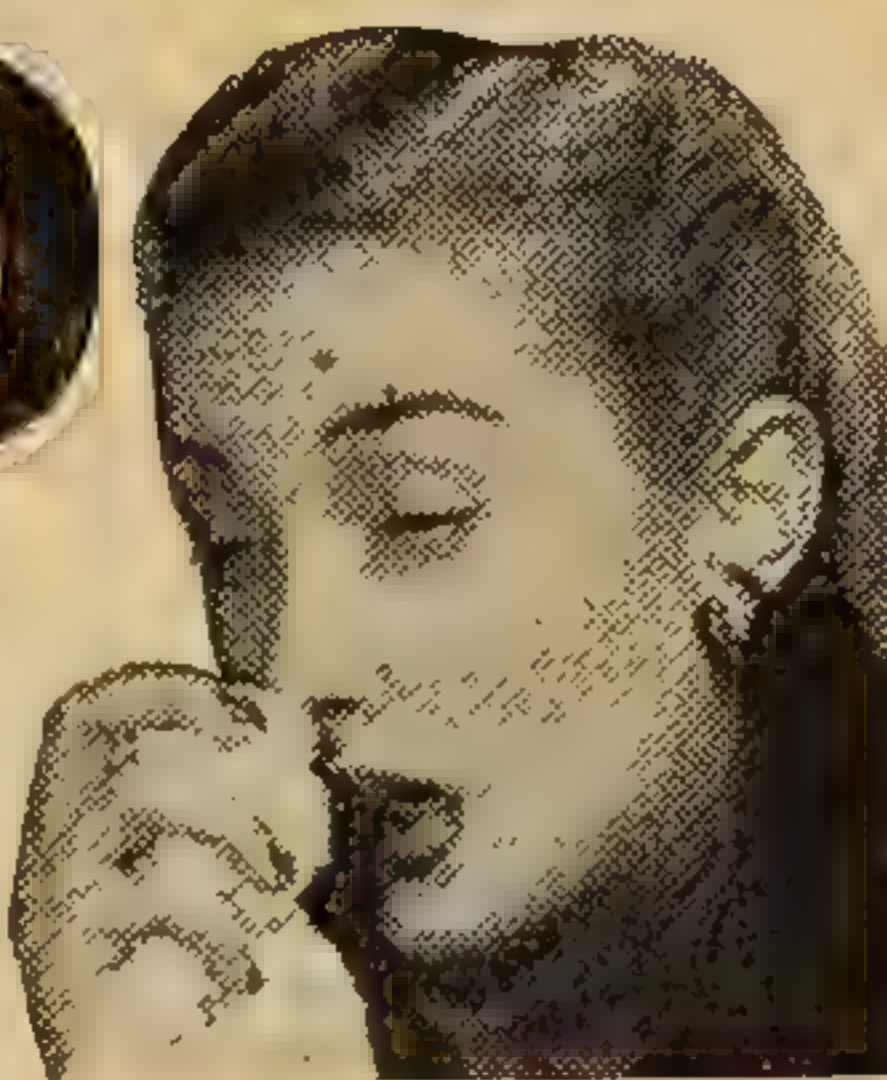
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Romantic Rebel

Continued from page 27

does have the same ruggedness, and the mental and physical vigor Clark has. He has the identical impelling curiosity, and the lust for adventure that overwhelms him and plunges him into direct impact.

Defying dull routines, viewing each new experience as an irresistible dare, Rory's become a powerhouse of potentialities. He quit high school when he should have started his senior year. Leaving home at seventeen, he wandered about the West for five uninhibited years. He earned his way, in turn, as a ranch hand, truck driver, roughneck in the oil fields, miner, lumberjack, and professional fire-fighter. It was while vacationing from the latter job that he casually glimpsed Hollywood. And amazed himself by hiring out to a movie studio to become an actor.

Here, as a mere apprentice, he proceeded to date such charmers as Jeanne Crain, Lana Turner, Marie McDonald, Yvonne De Carlo, Beverly Tyler, Marguerite Chapman, Myrna Dell, Vera-Ellen, and Faith Domergue. You know how different they are. That he sought out such a variety is characteristic of him. But I think the important fact is that he intrigued them before he had any film fame or money as an added asset.

When I talked to Rory at Romanoff's he didn't go into a hammy account of what he expects of women. He isn't the kind to kiss and go telling. But women have figured significantly where he is concerned, and always will. His basic maleness arouses their interest.

He's strictly an original individual, for all his resemblance to Clark. His mother was responsible for his getting to Hollywood very soon in life.

"I was born here!" he exclaimed, tossing the truth at me. "And I was carried out of the place when I was six months old. My dad was a seaman and this happened to be my parents' home for a short time." He laughed. "No, they had no premonitions about me!"

When Rory was only nine months old his dad was tragically lost at sea. His mother settled in San Jose, thirty-odd miles south of San Francisco. She early taught him to expect an adult understanding from women for she tied no apron strings to him. She acutely sensed that a minimum of fear and a maximum of self-reliance were fine traits in a man.

"She let me revel in a regular Tom Sawyer boyhood," he told me, thinking appreciatively of his mother's wisdom. "I played hookey from school whenever I could, and while I was little enough I got lickings for it. My first ambition was to become an explorer. I was ornery, but my mother didn't mind too much because she realized that is in a man's nature. Fortunately, I acquired a swell stepfather who's always been first and foremost a grand pal. He managed service stations that fitted in perfectly with my mechanical urge. We had a nine-room house on three acres of ground, and after I mowed an endless lawn and did chores I'd hang around where I could tinker on cars. My

idea of bliss was tearing a car apart to fix it better. Of course, as soon as I got into high school I saved for a Ford of my own. You should have caught my Model A! I lowered it, put on white V8 wheels, coated it with a loud blue, added twin pipes for sound effects, and souped-up the motor so it took off at a touch. When I'd wrestled it into super-shape I tried it out on an ideal spot. That was the high school track. You can guess what the track coach and principal had to say to me!"

He was on the football team from fourteen through sixteen, his three years in high school. He was an expert amateur boxer, too; he won every single one of the fifteen official bouts he entered. After school and on Saturdays he dug ditches for extra dollars. He snagged jobs easily on fishing boats and coastwise lumber freighters during his vacations. He religiously headed for the nearby mountains to hunt. That was holiday stuff. For everyday relaxation he invariably squeezed in plenty of hard swimming and riding—both of horses and motorcycles. He somehow found other spare time in which to master assorted card tricks and the harmonica. He was healthy, so he was happy.

Rory had his girl-friends but then, as now, they didn't dent him. His exuberant vitality, and the humorous twinkle so frequently in his eyes, swept him into some mighty fascinating (on each side) moments. Rory still expects his girls to understand that he still has other fish to fry. It's ever a difficult lesson for them.

When he decided he'd had enough of everyday classes he left home with his mother's and stepfather's tolerant blessings. "I headed for the wide open spaces. I took a bus to Tombstone, Arizona!" He enjoyed being the stranger in town. In a couple of days he was riding the ranges as a cowhand, and kept that up for six months. He'd prefer a succession of outdoor film rôles more than any other sort, and they won't have to use a double for Rory. A year after he said good-bye-for-now to his folks he was contentedly working for an oil company in Amarillo, Texas. He'd earned a '39 Ford convertible, the sharpest buggy out that year. In another year he was through with a Texas episode which wound up with Rory literally spanking a girl who double-crossed him. He was a roustabout in the Oklahoma oil fields, and eventually showed up as a miner in Nevada. Still later he returned to his home state and a job in the majestic California mountains. The idea of protecting the trees he loved suddenly seemed far more right than roaming the desert and flat lands and barren hills. The California Division of Forestry employed him as a truck foreman in its fire-fighting brigade. Pretty soon he had five men to boss, and with his room and board thrown in with a \$78 a month salary, and the opportunity to live close to nature, he was again at peace. One of Rory's distinguishing traits is that he is burdened with none of the compulsions which have

made neurotics of many movie actors. The simplicity and solitude of his twenty-first year was highlighted by a climax of sheer danger when a forest fire burst forth. After having done as much of his duty as was humanly possible, Rory was trapped by savage flames. In running through them his eyebrows, much of his hair, and all of his clothes were actually burnt off. He learned to survive things like that. That's why the pretensions of Hollywood can't make him quake.

"The jump from there to here," Rory smiled, "dumbfounded me. I certainly hadn't planned it!" The answer must be that if you are ready life takes care of you. "I got four days off each month, as a fire-fighter. I saved up twelve days to come South and visit my great-grandmother, who lives in Culver City. She's ninety-three now and, believe me, she's so sharp! Nothing goes by her, and I admire that."

You can correctly suspect how entranced his great-grandmother is with Rory. She thought it would be "real nice" if he went to a riding academy over in Los Angeles for an afternoon's pleasure. "And what happened there didn't turn her still black hair white," Rory said. "We both kept our heads about it." An agent associated with Sue Carol Ladd's agency was out riding then and spotted Rory. He was talked into trying another brand of job, and introduced to Mrs. Alma Shedd at the Carol offices.

"I owe Mrs. Shedd more than I can ever explain. It was her faith in me that started me here. She's still my agent, naturally. I don't believe in changing agents when the going is good." He automatically expects women who are successful in business to have the same interested, but objective, viewpoint Mrs. Shedd (who has a son older than Rory) evidences. She rounded up the script

which had served Glenn Ford well as a start, and after two weeks of coaching Rory tested at 20th and got a stock contract. (The Selznick organization, which really created "Rory Calhoun," emphasizes that he—as such—was never at 20th. He was there under his own name: Francis McCown, and his future was uncharted.) He was given one line to speak in "Nob Hill." He garnered six minutes on the screen when loaned out to fight as James Corbett in "The Great John L." Then he was given nothing. He essayed a rôle in a little theater play, his first and he says his last venture on the stage. His acting career seemed at an end the night he was invited to dinner at the Alan Ladd home along with all the Carol clients. This was the first time Rory met Sue and Alan. And Henry Willson, who's become his best friend and strongest booster.

"I noticed how aware every woman present was of Rory," Willson has explained to me. "I knew he had what it takes." Having developed a score of today's stars, Willson, assistant to the president of the Selznick company, then realized Francis McCown was ideal for the part of the younger devil-may-care *McCandless* in "Duel in the Sun." There were four brothers, rather than two, in its original script. Signed by heartily agreeing David O. Selznick without a test, his name changed by the canny Willson to the marquee-like tag with which he's risen, Rory switched to steady studying for eventual stardom when the rôle for which he was scheduled was axed. More than eighteen months of specific dramatic coaching elapsed before he was permitted his actual acting début as the heavy in "The Red House." His subsequent heroics in "Adventure Island" were followed by another eight months of detailed preparation for his stardom with Shirley Temple.



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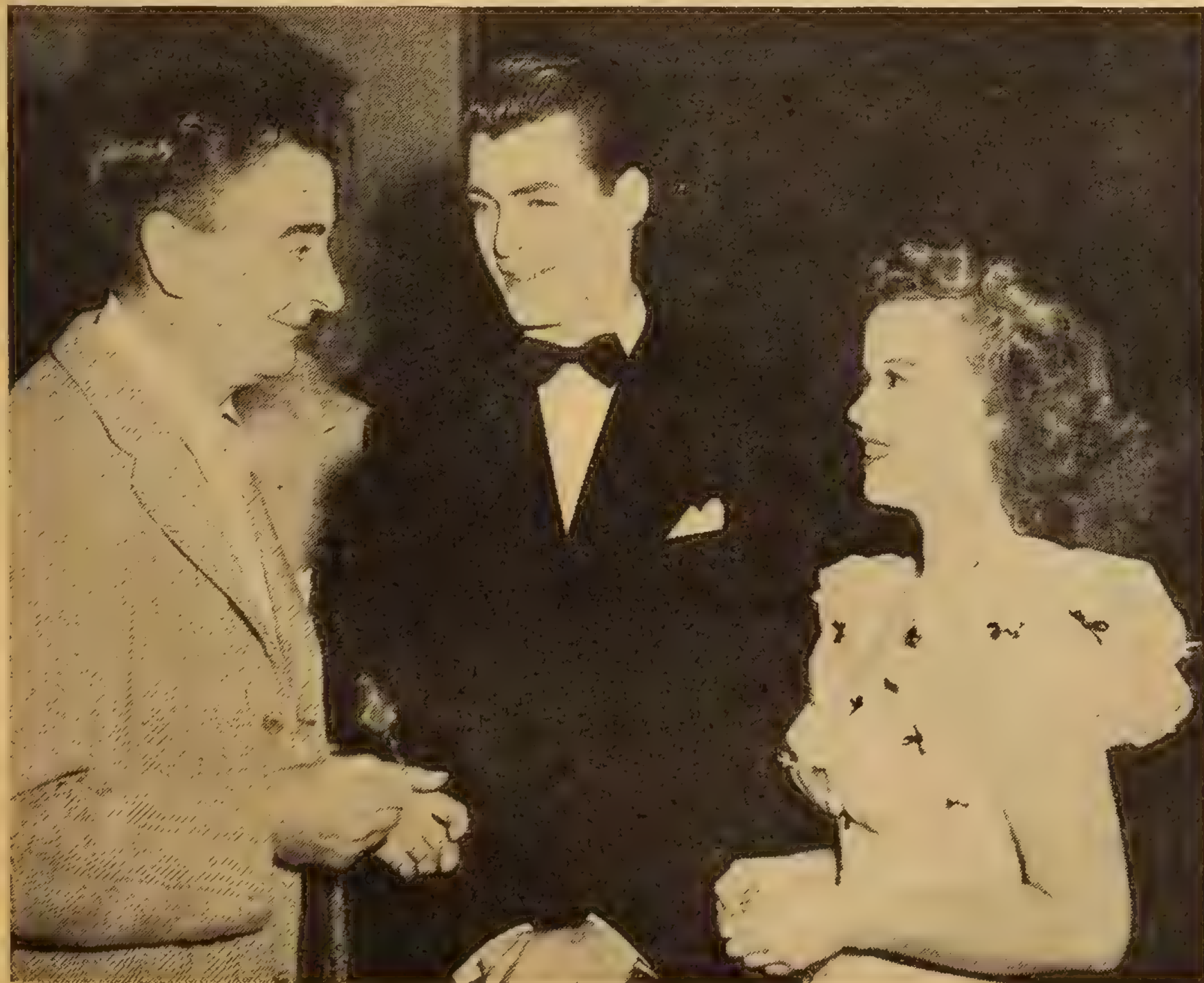
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He doesn't know a great deal about leading ladies yet. Shirley's conduct has conditioned him to expect fair play and a sense of humor from them. "Will you watch this scene?" Shirley asked Willson when Rory was concentrating deeply. "I'm afraid I cover him." What a jolt is in store for Rory when he someday encounters a selfish or temperamental actress! Shirley also had to prod him into more abandon when they enacted junior college students rhumbaing. "You're too smooth. You have to gag it up to be typical!" she pointed out.

"That was a blow after I'd taken rhumba lessons so I'd fit in when I go to Ciro's," he admitted to me. He and Ida Lupino won the grand prize as the best dancers at a recent party, to give you a notion of his progress on that score. He's learned to ice skate (insisting that Henry Willson and Shirley and Jack Agar learn, too!) and to fly since he's sampled Hollywood. He was sent out to an air-field to pose for some publicity stills, and darned if he didn't poke around and instantly enroll for the complete course of lessons as a pilot. Two weeks later he made his solo flight. Someday he wants to own his own plane so he can fly a girlfriend to Pancho's Barn for a Sunday brunch and swim; it's an attractive oasis he's found in the middle of the Mojave Desert.

He lives in a modest, but comfortable, bungalow in the San Fernando Valley. A year ago he rented it and sent for his mother and stepfather to join him. He's built a fancy workshop where he and his stepfather tinker happily. Now that he drives a '42 gray Packard convertible he's a trifle less mechanical. He admits he didn't own a single conventional suit when he arrived here, and now his wardrobe is custom-tailored and he enjoys it. Although extremely adaptable, he is moody because he has no shallow feelings; when he's blue he wants to be left alone. He's become an avid reader, but avoids mushy stories like the plague. He celebrated his option being taken up by whipping over to Las Vegas for a splurge; he wore blue-jeans a plaid shirt, and high boots for the entire jaunt and dames

swooned right and left. He hopes to continue in films for many a year, and to buy a ranch where he can raise both cattle and sheep.

He expects a girl to be a good cook. He counts on intelligent conversation when he goes on a date. He doesn't think a girl has to smoke or drink to be popular. He has never been in love to the point of planning on marriage, but being a faithful follower of comic strips such as *Blondie* and *Bringing Up Father* he has a realistic view of future husbandhood.

Three little tales I tracked down sum up Rory and the feminine sex to date. He was eight when he had his first girlfriend. Her name was Lois. One evening he was confined to his room for some Tom Sawyerishness. Lois parked patiently below his window until he couldn't stand staying inside a second longer. He climbed out and she took him to the movies!

When Jane Withers went East on a personal appearance tour the only fellow she trusted to take care of her police dog was Rory. And when she returned her dog had grown so fond of him it refused to resume living at the Withers' house. Jane vowed Rory wasn't to blame and presented him with the dog for keeps.

During his dates with Lana Turner (preceding her romance with Ty Power) Rory and Lana often went horseback riding. One day her horse bolted and there was as spirited a run-away as any camera ever caught. He raced after her and just as she felt him grabbing her off the wild horse she fainted. When Lana revived ten minutes later she was resting on the ground and Rory was over checking on the frightened horse. Once Rory knew Lana was all right, it was the horse who was receiving the painstaking petting. So Lana laughed.

What he obviously counts on from women is co-operation, a degree of intelligent sophistication, and one thing they'll always begrudge him. That's the privilege of forever making up his own mind himself. Even when he gets around to falling madly in love there'll be this element of unchained masculinity in him, I predict.

"Are Men Worse Gossips Than Women?"

Continued from page 37

of the talk in fraternities. However, there's one big difference—men don't discuss each other as much as women do. They prefer sports for their bull sessions. You should hear my father when he gets started on golf, for instance!

GLENN: There's one sure thing—the approach to gossip is different between men and women. A woman will get very confidential and will exclaim, "Did you see Mrs. Jones' hat last night? You know, of course, it's the same one she had last year." In contrast, a man talks mainly about who won the fifth at Santa Anita—and without the too, too hushed dramatic overtures.

MAUREEN: When women go into gossip, they love to elaborate and give all the gory details. Men just start out by referring to a person as, "That jerk!" There's none of that excited whisper, "Did you hear what Mary Smith did last night?" so fondly indulged in by women.

IRENE: I still maintain that I know very few male gossips. Those I have run across are definitely more direct in their approach than women.

SHIRLEY: That's because men don't want to waste time on any pseudo-confidential nonsense. They get right to the point.

BOB: Yes, but I think a man is just as eager when it comes to gossip as a woman. There's one big difference—he doesn't show it quite so much. He's not so obviously furtive. He makes an effort to be nonchalant about it all.

HOLLAND: Do you think that men, when they gossip, tear down reputations of others as much as women are supposed to? Are they more vicious in their remarks? And, in particular, are they less chivalrous now than they used to be in their talk of women?

SHIRLEY: I think men do tear down reputations, but not quite as viciously as women do. The male dwells on petty things. He'll gab about Mr. John Jones who lost a bet in a game of golf and then refused to pay the full amount. One thing I do believe—men stick up for each other more than women do. And that goes for their remarks about women, too. They're a pretty chivalrous bunch.

GLENN: I don't agree, Shirley—not quite, anyway. Many a woman's reputa-

tion has suffered in a club room. That's because men like to boast of their conquests and delight in passing the so-called good news on to Charlie, Joe, Henry, George, Bill, Ed, and a few others. But here's the catch—woe to any man who talks about another man's woman in front of him! He's asking for trouble and he usually gets it. Chivalry? Yes sir, chivalry!

MAUREEN: Men, on the whole, are more considerate in their talk. Women gossip just to gossip, for the sensation of telling a story. They like to play center stage. But because they're would-be dramatists, you don't take their tales so seriously. On the other hand, when men gossip about you and damn you, you're damned. In that respect, they are vicious. As for men's talking about women, yes, they *do* say unkind things. Yet most men who hear such gossip about the fair sex instinctively resent it, especially if the girl's name is mentioned. As a result, I could count on the fingers of one hand the men who have ever referred to a woman directly by name.

BOB: I don't think men are less chivalrous. They don't tear down reputations as such. When a bunch of men get together, the topic is usually business—and if they do happen to mention a woman by name, it's a sideline thing between two or three men off in a corner. After all, women can take apart other women far more effectively at a bridge party. When men talk about the ladies, it's usually a harmless thing to make themselves appear more manly to the boys.

IRENE: In this connection, men may be as vicious in thought but they don't openly rip someone to pieces. Gossiping is a horrible trait of women. One of my dearest friends paid me a great compliment when she said, "You infuriate me by your lack of curiosity about trivial things." I'm simply not interested in petty details. I definitely believe that men are as chivalrous as ever, too. Of course, you'll always find a few cads, but all I can go by is my association with men I've known. Because of that association, I believe I have as many men friends as women—maybe more.

SHIRLEY: I think I prefer men friends too, Irene. So I guess we're not as loyal to our sex as we should be. I just feel you're unwise to share confidences—too many, at any rate—with a woman.

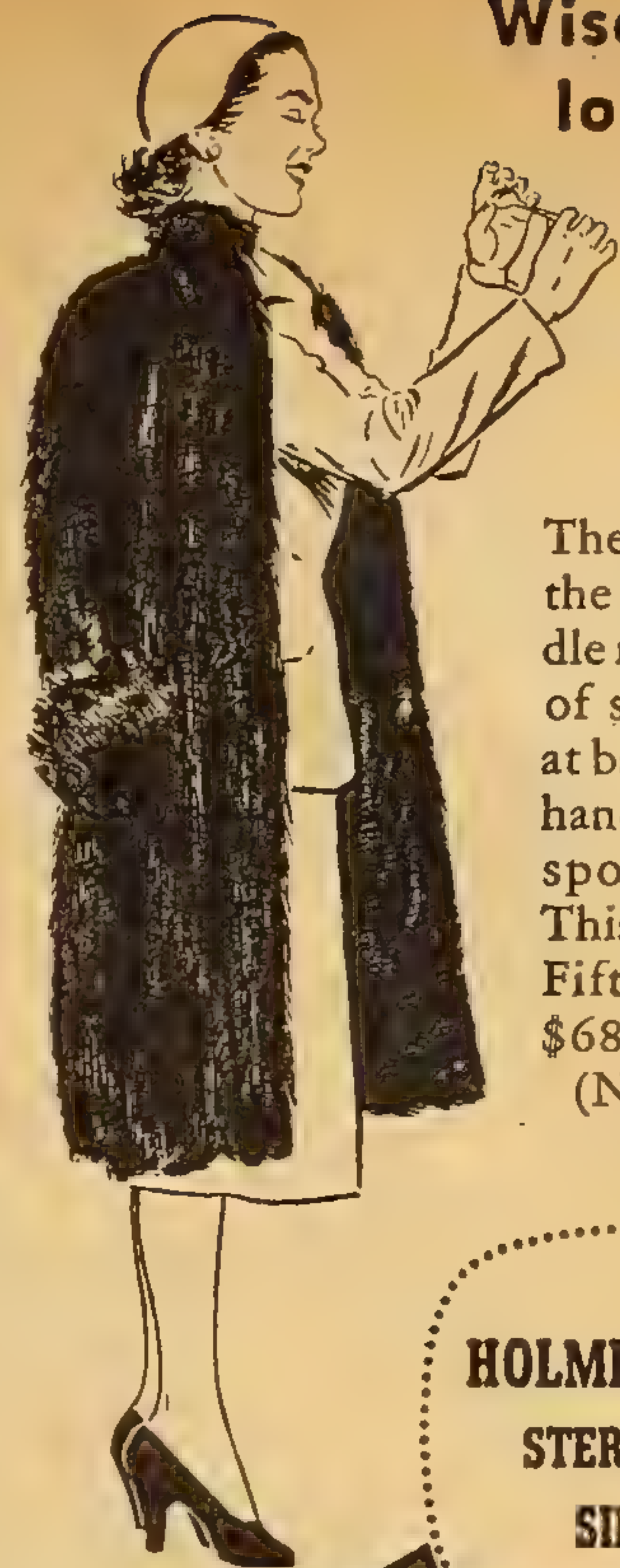
HOLLAND: Do you feel men gossip about men friends the way women do about women friends? And are men willing to listen to women's idle talk or does it annoy them? Let's have your views on that.

SHIRLEY: No, men don't turn on each other. They don't talk about their friends in an unkind way.

GLENN: Men don't gossip about men because they find more interesting things to gab about. Men just aren't interesting to men.

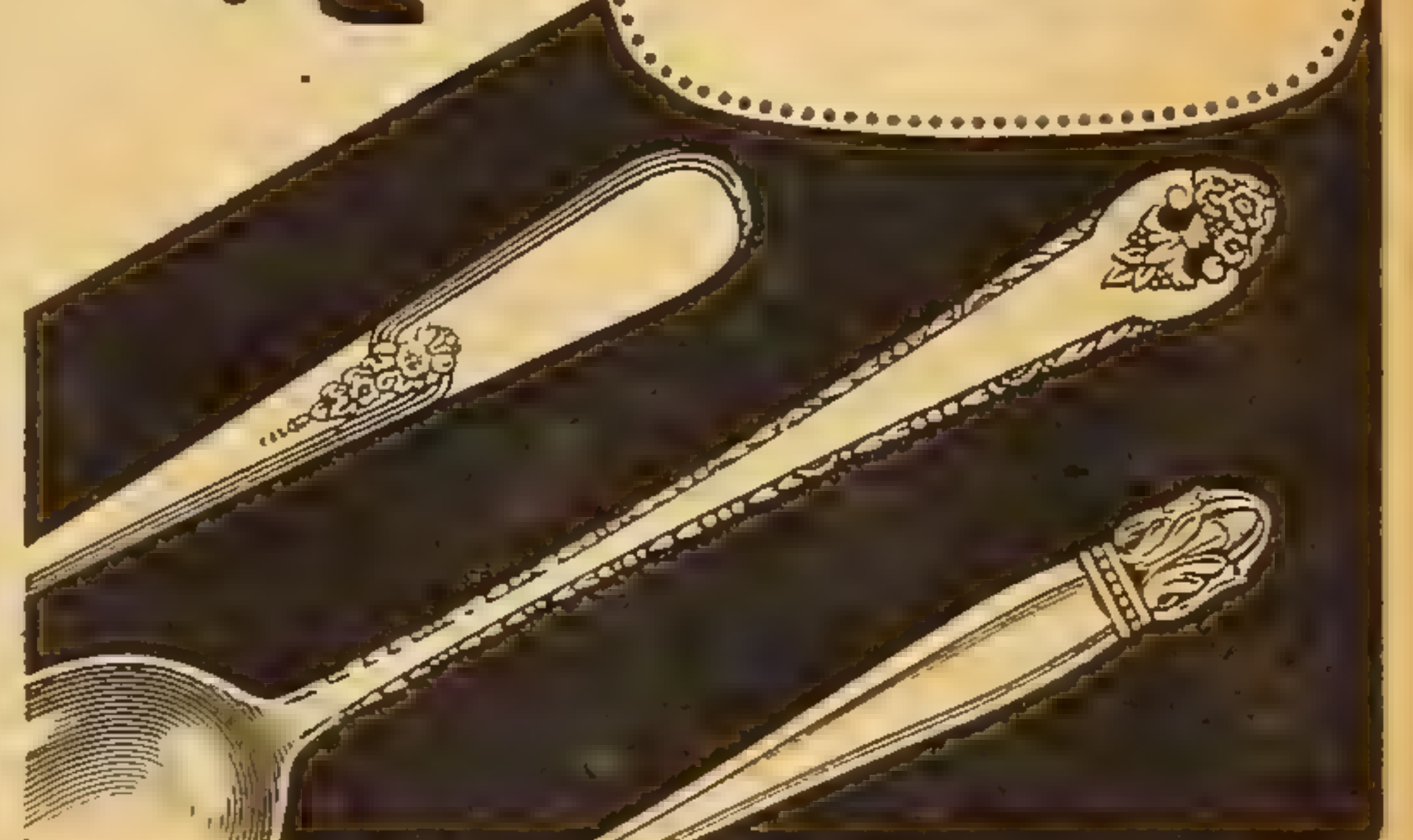
BOB: I disagree. I think men are more interesting to men. That's what

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ANSWERS TO SCREEN TESTS ON PAGE 59

FIRE! FIRE!

L add, M arch, G rant, P rice, L a-mour, B all, K eyes, H aver, G able, C rain, W right, S tone, T one, J ones, G arson.

THE BEGINNING OR THE END

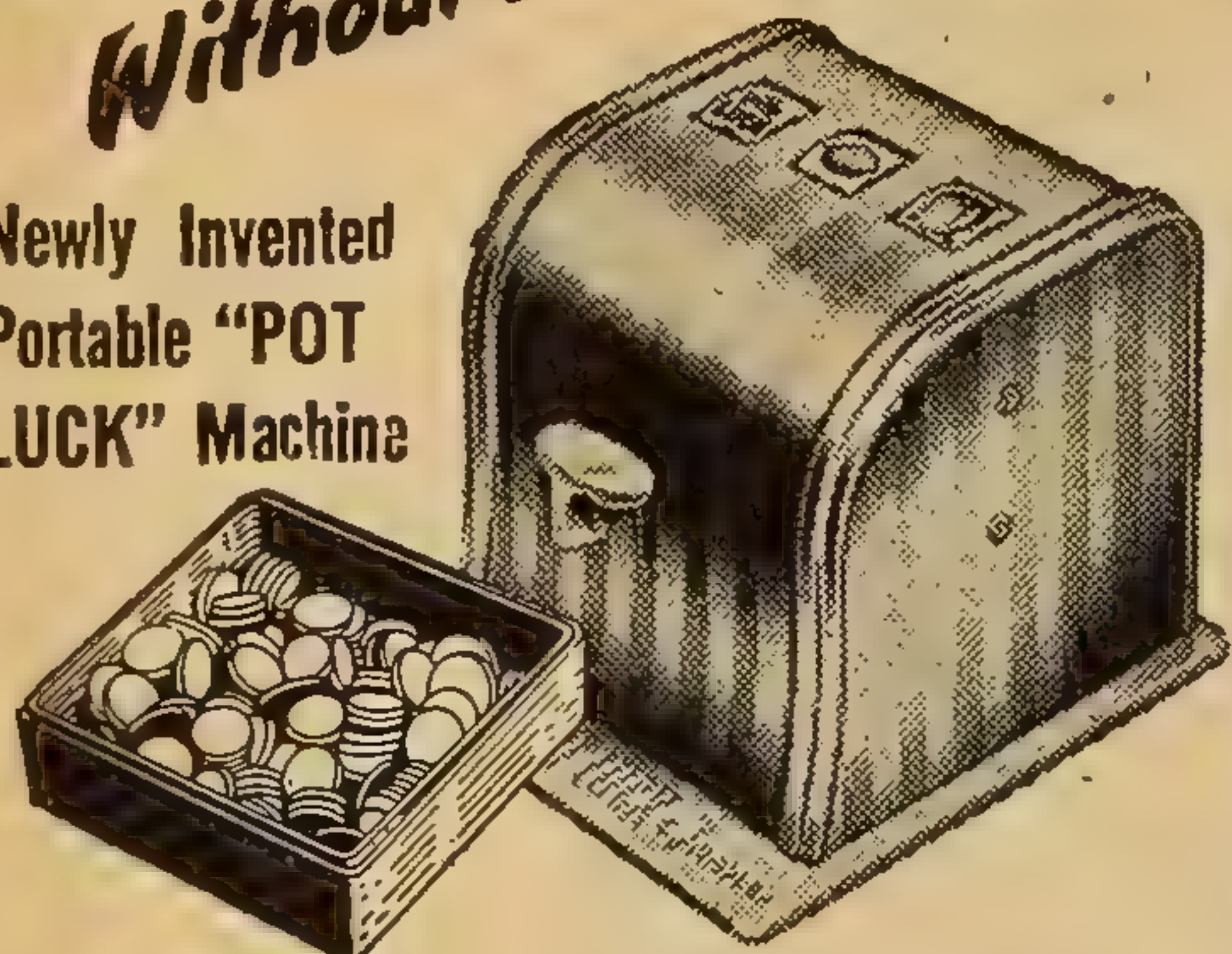
1. Scott, Cotten; 2. McCrea, Reagan; 3. Bacall, Allyson; 4. Taylor, Lorre; 5. Crain, Raines; 6. Stone, Neagle, Gleason; 7. Garland (or Milland), Andrews; 8. Hutton, Tone; 9. Nolan, Landis; 10. Fonda, Day, Ayres.

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1. Hope; 2. Day; 3. March; 4. Mills; 5. Power; 6. Young.

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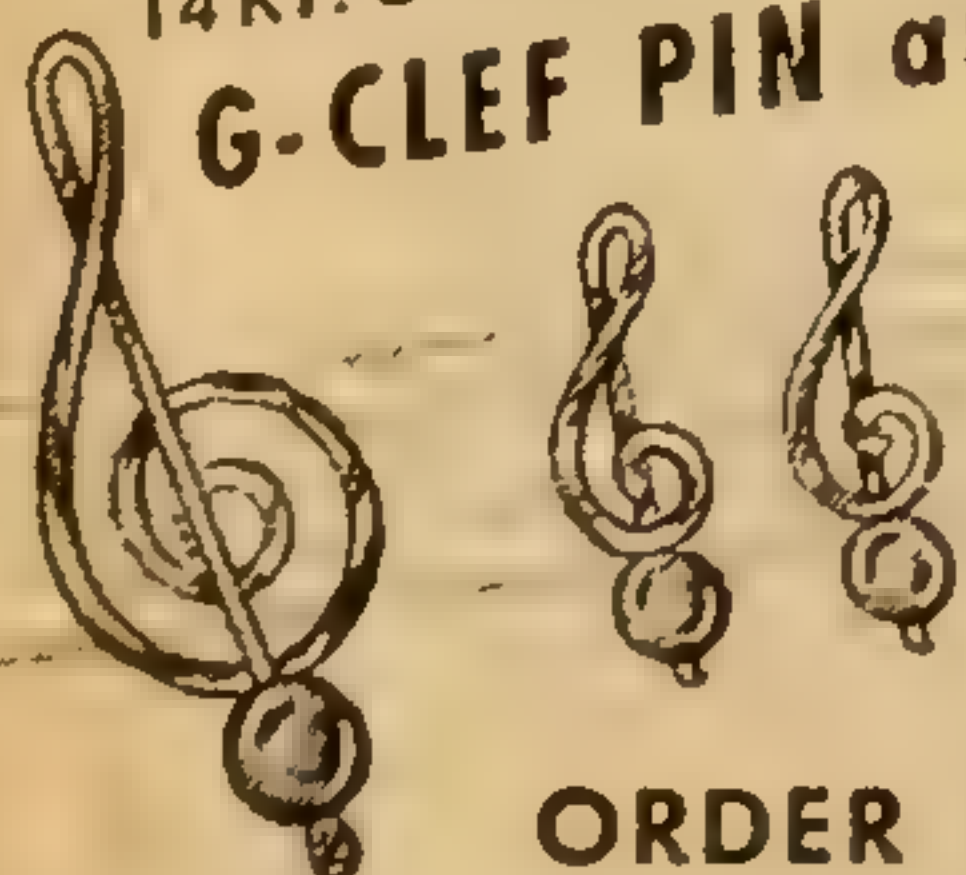
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makes them such competitive beasts. They're always finding things to discuss about rivals in business. In my case, I've heard men make remarks about my admitting I'm 38. They insist I was born in 1875 in a prairie schooner. And don't forget the jealous actors who didn't get into your pictures. What they can do to a guy is nobody's business!

IRENE: If men gossip at all, they gossip about men. But never do they get malicious. Instead, they dwell on their manners at a golf course or whether or not a certain man is opinionated. Nothing too weighty or profound.

MAUREEN: Men definitely gossip about men as much as women do about women—and it's ridiculous to try to deny that! After all, men are human beings too, don't forget, with all the faults and frailties of a human being. But I don't know any man who likes to listen to a woman gossip. I know Will gets extremely annoyed when he hears a couple of ladies tossing the "news" back and forth. Men not only dislike women's gossiping, but they dislike the women who do the talking.

SHIRLEY: On the contrary, I think men like to listen to a group of ladies and their tale-wagging. After all, women make a tidbit very interesting, so a man can't help listening. The male is a curious animal too, you know.

BOB: I must agree with Maureen. Women's gossip annoys men. It's all such a bunch of idle, vicious chatter. Mary never repeats anything she has heard to me. In fact, she never gossips herself because she's too busy to give it time. So it looks as though I married a rare type of woman

IRENE: I don't think men mind a certain amount of women's gossip. It rather amuses them. They won't admit it, but the lightness and frivolity of a little gossip is fun to them. A little, however, goes a long way. It's the instinctive nature of the man to feel that gossip is beneath him. For example, I saw a woman at the beach a couple of weeks ago. She sat in one spot talking to another woman for four whole hours. Her tongue was wagging all the time. Every person who passed by her came in for comments. When I left, I purposely made my departure obvious, just to see what she would do. Sure enough, when I took one last look, she was eying me and chattering like mad. The men around who saw the exhibition were thoroughly disgusted with her.

GLENN: As far as I'm concerned, men take gossip like bad weather—it's here to stay, so let's make the best of it. Some men, I grant you, do listen to what they know is gossip and make a mistake in doing it, but most gossiping is a bore. The quickest way to bore a man is to begin to gossip.

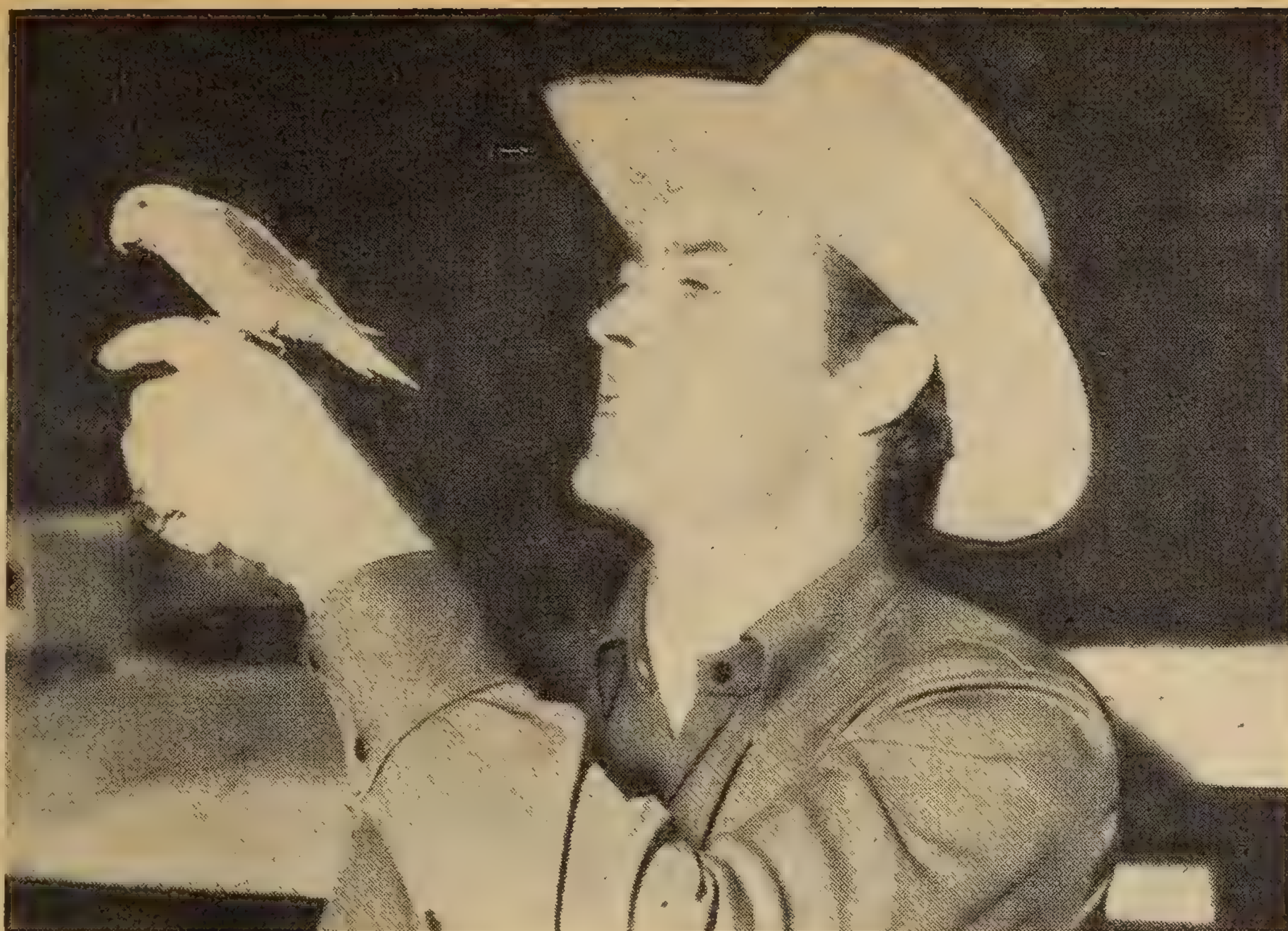
HOLLAND: We've been going on about this at great length, so let's get a bit psychological. Most gossipers are jealous and envious people, so do you feel men are as jealous and as envious as women?

MAUREEN: Yes, men are. It's a human failing. All of us are jealous or envious about something. But some have learned to control those faults.

GLENN: Let's face it—most men are sure they're hot stuff! If you were ever to say the word "envy" to them, they'd say you were crazy. They'll never admit



Jane Frazee gets a glimpse of the great outdoors in her next picture, "Springtime in the Sierras," and the fawn in her arms is one of the many scene-stealers.



Allen "Rocky" Lane introduces "Bill," star of Ken Murray's film, "Bill and Coo," made at Republic studios with a cast of several hundred brilliantly plumed birds.

they're envious of anyone. But many men are jealous—yet they won't even admit that, especially to another man. If gossip is due to envy, then men never gossip.

BOB: Men are more jealous and envious, but in a thoroughly masculine way. They have these traits primarily in matters of conquest and business because they're aggressive by nature. They have to be, since to succeed is their creed in life.

IRENE: Men aren't as jealous or as envious in any way. This is mainly true because women's envy and jealousy come from a desire for material possessions. They have, therefore, more to be jealous about.

SHIRLEY: On the whole, I agree with Irene. Men spend their time in trying to get ahead rather than in wasting time on thinking that so-and-so has more than they have.

HOLLAND: Now, I'm going to put you all on a spot! Do men react any differently when it comes to facing someone they've gossiped about? When they are confronted, do they say, "Why, I never said any such thing," or do they openly admit they did the talking about the person?

IRENE: I never heard of a man being so confronted by anyone, so I guess I must know awfully nice men! If such a situation ever occurred, I'm sure you'd never hear of it. He'd certainly handle the affair far more subtly than a woman, of that I'm sure.

GLENN: As I said before, men don't gossip. But speaking of supposition, there are few men who would not confront a person who did the gossiping about them. If they didn't meet the issue head-on, they'd not be real men.

SHIRLEY: Oh, come now, Glenn, don't let your manly pride sway you! You know men are just as evasive in such cases as women are. They pass the buck even more when it comes to facing the facts. And they can look just as innocent as a woman can.

GLENN: I guess you and I don't know the same men, Shirley.

MAUREEN: I think it all depends on the character of the person. Some men and some women will deny it, yet I've heard men say, "Yes, I said it—so what?" If a person is basically truthful, he'll admit to any gossip he might be guilty of.

BOB: Gossip is gossip, be it man or woman, and each person reacts the same way when he's caught. I'll give the male beast credit for one thing, though. When he does go on a chin-wagging binge, he tends less to exaggeration than women do, since he goes in more for basic fact.

GLENN: I may seem to be jumping over on the other side of the fence, but I do think men exaggerate when they're guilty of gossip. Take their tales of catching a fish. The thing grows from one inch to ten feet before he finishes his story.

BOB: That's just idle tale-telling, not gossip, Glenn.

GLENN: I grant you there's nothing vicious about adding a few inches to the size of a fish you wish you'd caught. So maybe that's the key to the whole thing. Men's exaggeration is never vicious and doesn't hurt anyone. Take his bragging about his prowess with women. It's all to build up his own ego, and never have I heard any man tell such a story so it would hurt the woman in question. Exaggerated? But not harmful. Now, I'm not one given to exaggeration, but this does remind me of a fish I caught two weeks ago—

IRENE: Yes, Glenn—I think we all know the rest of the story you were about to tell! You bear out my point exactly—men are better story tellers than women. Their exaggeration is only to add to their fondness for manly self-importance. Like the fish story you started to tell, Glenn.

GLENN: Okay, Irene, you've caught me in the act!

MAUREEN: To get away from fish for a minute, I think women embroider

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Margaret Whiting gives her vocal chords extra-curricular activity in an off-the-air session of harmony with the Modernaires: Fran Scott, Hal Dickinson, Virginia Maxey (at Margaret's left), Johnny Drake and Ralph Brewster.

a story more, Irene. It's the dramatic instinct of the creature, the old love for center stage. But at the same time, the factors that make her enlarge on a story also make her able to forgive the very shortcomings in the person about whom she's talking. She may go into great detail about a certain woman, but she can meet that person a few minutes later and have absolutely no ill feeling toward her at all. When a man says something, he means it. He doesn't forgive easily.

SHIRLEY: Men exaggerate less, in my opinion, because they won't take the time to go into a lot of details. They're also more willing to ask opinions of others. A woman seldom wants anyone's opinions but her own.

HOLLAND: Now comes the chance for the parting shots, but in this connection, I'd like to get your views on two things—do men gossip with women as much as women gossip with men? And how do you recommend stopping gossip?

SHIRLEY: I know some men who will gossip with women, but the majority don't. Men are so definite in their views, anyway. When they say something, it's "I know so-and-so said this." It's difficult to argue them out of their opinions, so women soon get tired trying to change their minds.

BOB: Men confine their gossip to their own sex because they're more objective than women.

MAUREEN: Gossip, on both sides if it's vicious, is confined to the respective sexes. The dialogue that goes on between men and women is harmless drawing-room conversation. Idle chit-chat.

IRENE: The men I know have never gossiped with women. They have, in addition, an adroit way of switching idle talk into something more important. They realize that a man who gossips is never quite a gentleman and never really gains respect from anyone, so they certainly wouldn't air their idle opinions in front of women.

GLENN: When a woman starts to gossip, the gent is dead! As far as getting in any verbal blows of his own, he hasn't a chance.

IRENE: All in all, it does seem as though gossip, be it man or woman who goes in for it, is a useless waste of good time and energy. It brings only hard feelings, and makes the guilty person instinctively lose his own self-respect.

SHIRLEY: I pay no attention to it. However, if you feel you just *must* trade some secret news, a man is a better and safer sounding board. The tale is more apt to stop with him.

MAUREEN: The only way I know to stop it, if you really want to, is to use the system my mother used when we kids came home with some juicy news about someone. She'd listen and say, "Did you *see* it?" We'd say we didn't, but we had heard it on good authority. She'd repeat, "Did you *see* it?"

BOB: The solution is simple—if you keep busy, you won't have time to gossip.

GLENN: The only way I know to resist it is—to resist it! And I think that right here is a good place for you and me, Bob, to step out of the room and leave the ladies to themselves.

HOLLAND: And unfortunately, right here is where we must stop. I do want to thank you all so much—and Linda Darnell who appeared with us for a while—for your cooperation. And now let's ask our readers to suggest another controversial subject for us to discuss next time. Come on, folks—write in and tell us what you'd like us to talk about next.

We "second" Jack Holland's invitation to write in your subjects for discussion next month. Send your letters to Screenland Star Advisers, SCREENLAND Magazine, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, New York.

Fred Robbins Right Off the Record

Continued from page 49

with a little groovy jump blues on her fresh pizza, "It Takes a Long Long Train with a Red Caboose to Carry My Blues Away," (and a whole mouthful of breath to say it, too). Only takes a wee bit of Peg to dispose of my blues, tho. I don't need any train. Turn Peg around and she gets *intime* as melted butter on "Just an Old Love of Mine," another tune by herself and chain Dave Barbour. M-m-m. (Capitol)

PERRY COMO: The ex-barber from Canonburg, Pa., doesn't cut the ears at all, even leaves the sideburns just right on a brace of beauties from "Allegro," Rodgers' and Hammerstein's new musical. How these guys can write 'em! All that great stuff from "Oklahoma!" and "Carousel," and still it comes! And with Perry's pipes around 'em, how can they miss! (Victor)

DORIS DAY: You'll be glimmin' this scented man-killer in "Romance in High C" ere long now and she's already started her second pix. They've been blowing their tops over Doris in Hollywood and her director, Mike Curtiz says she's the greatest thing to come along since kissing. They've got tremendous plans for her. You dig her every week with Nancy's Daddy on the "Hit Parade" and here's the deal on her new acetate, Kate. You can almost taste the ice cream on "A Chocolate Sundae on a Saturday Night," sweet nostalgia 'bout the corner apothecary, Mary. You can have my whipped cream any time, Doris. Flip-over is lump in the throat stuff, "Just an Old Love of Mine." What nice bronchial tubes! (Columbia)

DICK HAYMES: Richard *ouvres* that golden mouth and out gushes twenty inches about chime time. There's Mel Torme and Bob Wells' wonderful "Christmas Song," which you've heard thousands of times by now, and "Christmas Dreaming a Little Early This Year," which makes it timely about Sept. or Oct. or even any other month, 'cause who stops dreaming about Dec. 25 any time? Joanne Dru's hubby's baked a whole Xmas album, too, with the Song Spinners Choir. There's "Ave Maria," "Cradle Song of the Virgin," "It Came Upon a Midnight Clear," "Joy to the World," "O Little Town of Bethlehem," "The First Noël." All you need is the snow. (Decca album A 581)

LOUIS PRIMA: The guy who plays pretty for the people cooks his first waffle and a half for Victor, "Civilization," and "Forsaking All Others." First is *tres caccheteri*, morning glory, all about an African savage who's happy right where he is. "Bongo, bongo, bongo, I don't want to leave the Congo" is his theme. Maybe he's got the right idea, but then where would he dig all these nice cookies and find all these groovy presents? Louis puts his arm around Cathy Allen on the back. You don't find her in the Congo, either. Señor Prima is on the beama on another slab which he splits with Phil Harris, coupla tunes from Walt Disney's Xmas gift, "Fun and Fancy Free," "Say It With a Slap," and the title song. The

slap opus is about the grizzly rascals and how they show their affection. The whip-poorwills whipper but the fuzzy ones—they really lay some skin on you—whack! Alice's boy takes over on the other side, pulling all stops on that personality. (Victor)

TEX BENEKE WITH THE GLENN MILLER ORCHESTRA: Touchdown! Here's your prom date, gate! And it makes no never mind what colors you're lapeling to those football games these nippy Sat. P.M.s. The kid from Texas has wrapped up a load of campus cadenzas in one shiny album waving his tonsils with those of Garry Stevens and the Moonlight Serenaders to "The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi," "Washington and Lee Swing," "Alma Mater, Cornell," "The Eyes of Texas," "Rambling Wreck from Georgia Tech," "Anchors Aweigh," "On Wisconsin," and "Victory March of Notre Dame." Hold that line! (Victor P 183)

BING CROSBY: Hank Greenberg's boss right in the season's spirit with 4 hunks of mistletoe, "The Christmas Song," "O Fir Tree Dark," "Emperor Waltz" and "I Kiss Your Hand Madame." First time the lovely waltz has words, and they're welcome. So is Harry Lillis, even on the 4th of July. (Decca)

CLAUDE THORNHILL: "Early Autumn," "Oh You Beautiful Doll." The most beautiful sounding band today is the one of the Snowfall kid, and that airy canary, Fran Warren, gets better all the time. What infinite silkiness! What delicious decibels! "Early Autumn" is a scrumptious beguine loaded with Fran's appealing squealing, and the flip spots Gene Williams in the tune he does in the Columbia short with F. R., "Thrills of Music," which you'll be feasting your retina on one of these days. (Columbia)

HARRY JAMES: "My Future Just Passed," "Too Marvelous for Words." Jessie James' daddy horns in with a deuce of oldies that're positively wizard. Marion Morgan curls her adenoids around the first, a gorgeous thing by Margaret Whiting's late Dad, Dick, and Buddy Di Vito sings oh, so very-very on the flip, which is from "Dark Passage," and which covers Lauren like red covers a fire engine. You can also absorb the warbling of the Morgan babe on "Strange What a Song Can Do" and "My Friend Irma." (Columbia)

FRANK SINATRA: "The Stars Will Remember," "Christmas Dreaming." Nancy's Daddy splashes some *au gratin* epiglottis on your audio tab. Both are dreamy, creamy ballads, like Paris in the spring, or even New York at chime time. And that Axel Stordahl arranging! Yummy! (Columbia)

BILLY ECKSTINE: At last a fine waffle by the Vibrato, Otto, with both cheeks like money from home. There's the saga of "The Wildest Gal in Town" and "On the Boulevard of Memories." Billy's in full throat all the way home and the big cat on the MGM label at last has something to roar about. (MGM)



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THE FREEDOM TRAIN: This is Irving Berlin's latest American classic which you've been digging by Bing and the Andrews kids, Buddy Clark, and Ray Dorey among others. It refers to the choo choo which has been touring the country with Uncle Sam at the throttle and loaded with precious freight, namely the documents that form the very backbone of this country and on which democracy and civil rights are based. The material runs all the way from a manuscript copy of the Declaration of Independence attested by Benjamin Franklin, to the German and Japanese surrenders and the declaration of the United Nations. 'Tis a stirring thing and embodies all the hopes, glory and aspirations of—well, most of us, anyway. If only everyone would live up to it, what a great thing t'would be. If it shows only a few hatelers the right way, it will accomplish its noble purpose.

JOHNNY MERCER: "Sugar Blues," "Why Should I Cry Over You." Lacquer by the Cracker for your funnybone, Joan. J. M. takes the old corny Clyde McCoy deal and satirizes the liver and lights out of it, with the trumpets bebopping right in the middle of that stale old wah-wah chorus. Bottom deck finds Johnny surrounded by the Pied Pipers in a mellow workout of the old ballad. (Capitol)

NELLIE LUTCHER: Mop! Here's that "real gone gal," a barrelhouse chick, who's been knocking around for 12 years sans anything happening. Then bang! Out came Capitol with "Hurry on Down" and "The Lady's in Love with You," which set your thirsty ear from coast to coast on its—well, its lobe! Just what happened to Frankie Laine. Nellie's style is so infectious it'll getcha like the witches got Macbeth! And her freshest cookie, "He's a Real Gone Guy," and "Let Me Love You Tonight," comes on just as strong. She's fresh and fine like new May Wine! (Capitol)

HOT!!!

DUKE ELLINGTON PLAYS THE BLUES: Eight new cookies baked by the Duke! The line forms to the right, collectors and lovers of the righteous! And there's no sparing of the Ellington piano, either. These are Blues *a la* Duke. "Royal Garden Blues," "Memphis Blues," "Beale Street Blues" and "St. Louis Blues" take on something new, the royal touch of Edward Kennedy. There's a piano solo on "Frankie and Johnny" and a duet with Billy Strayhorn on "Drawing Room Blues." Then comes "Transblucency," which Duke describes as a blue fog you can almost see thru, perfect for the gorgeous voice of Kay Davis, which she uses as an instrument here. Marion Davis sings "St. Louis Blues," and Al Hibbler does "Pretty Woman," and you're ready for dessert. Or you'll probably start all over again! Duke's recording for Columbia again and you'll be grabbing his firsties by now. Be seein' him soon in a George Pal Technicolor Puppetoon, "A Date with Duke," which combines live action with puppets. (Victor P 182)

MUGGSY SPANIER: "Relaxin' at

the Touro." "I Wish I Could Shimmy Like My Sister Kate." You couldn't buy this classic for the past three years for love or nylons, but here they are, rebaked by Victor at last! This is Muggsy at his best with George Brunies on trombone; Joe Buskin, piano; Rod Cless, clarinet; Nick Caiazza tenor sax; Bob Casey, bass; and Don Carter, drums. Great, relaxed blues. On the flip the mad Mr. Brunies comes on like all six flavors in re Sister Kate who shakes just like jello on a plate. You'll be shakin' that thing, too, for this is great jazz, first waxed in 1939, and as stable as an opera! (Victor)

BILLIE HOLLIDAY: A potion of emotion by Lady Day on another Columbia baking of one you've never tasted before, "Long Gone Blues" and "Am I Blue?" Tab Smith is on soprano sax and Hot Lips Page on trumpet on the first, and Roy Eldridge and Eddie Heywood in the band on the back cheek. (Columbia)

GENE KRUPA: This'll answer lots of the mail, too, 'cause here are those cookies by Genie with the light brown drumsticks you've been stroppin' your insteps all over for. All reissued in a shiny new album in time for the Yule, Jewel. There's eight great Krupa classics, "Tuxedo Junction," "Drum Boogie," "Leave Us Leap," "Let Me Off Uptown" with Anita O'Day and Roy Eldridge, (well, blow-w-w, Roy!), "Drummin' Man," Neets again on "That's What You Think" and "Boogie Blues," Roy on "Knock Me a Kiss." All these grooves are just gushin' with percussion by Genie, too! Fine album! (Columbia C 138)

LOUIS ARMSTRONG AND HIS HOT FIVE: Now don't bust a blood vessel, collectors, there's oodles of these albums at your favorite jump dump. 'Course, don't go down on a pogo stick, 'cause lots of tongues and ears have been hanging out for these Louis cookies for ages; thousands of cellars and old scrap piles have been examined, but you couldn't find these. Well, use radar! Go grab 'em, eight more sides made with the Hot Five, which form volume two of Columbia's Louis' Hot Five series. And are the originals expensive! Whew! There's Kid Ory, trombone; Johnny Dodds, clarinet; Lil Armstrong, piano; Johnny St. Cyr, banjo; and Lonny Johnson, guitar, on two sides. Exciting, sincere performances on these collector's items! Voici, "Ory's Creole Trombone," "The Last Time," "Once in a While," "Struttin' with Some Barbecue," "Got No Blues," "I'm Not Rough," "Put 'Em Down Blues," "Savoy Blues." And plenty of Louis' great voice and horn! (Columbia C 139)

JOE BUSHKIN AND HIS SEXTET: Bushkin for your buskin. With Bill Harris on trombone; Ernie Figueroa, trumpet; Jack Sims, tenor sax; Sid Weiss, bass; and Specs Powell, drums. Joey's in the throes of organizing a big band and he comes on like Santa on this coupling of "Oh, Lady Be Good" and "Fade Out." And that Bill Harris' trombone pushes you right out of the room. And I'm not just shreddin' wheat! (Commodore)

SARAH VAUGHN: The gal who's

"gone," Sarah Vaughn. How droolsome! How great! Sarah does things with her voice that give you goose bumps. And "Body and Soul" and "Everything I Have Is Yours" are no exception. Backgrounds could be better but that Vaughn cahooting almost makes you forget it. First, incident, is from one of the greatest pictures in ten years, "B and S"—don't miss it!—and is due for a big revival. Aren't these enuf, Macduff? Well, tell the man to wrap up "Tenderly," a beautiful thing by Walter Gross, backed by "Don't Blame Me," and "I've Got a Crush on You," which this kid's been screaming about for ages now as a wonderful, neglected Gershwin song, and "Penthouse Serenade." They make your breath going out get mixed up with that coming in! (Musicraft)

IKE QUEBEC AND HIS SWING SEVEN: More sparkling tenor work by I. Q. on "Basically Blue" and "The Masquerade Is Over." First face by the "Face" spots Milt Hinton's bass all the way, and the mood is *tres* indigo. Ike sprinkles some cinnamon on the eggnog on the flip and that tenor sax really moves. J. C. Heard is very much so on drums behind Mr. Q. Rest of the gang is Shad Collins, trumpet; Keg Johnson, trombone; Ram Ramirez piano; and John Collins, guitar. (Blue Note)

FROM THE MAN IN GRAY:

Hey now, wassamatter? No linen and liquid blue around the house? Talk to me! Get under the shower with that new ball point and make me know what's on that cranium. Honest, I'll try and answer the best letters right here in SCREENLAND.

Dear Fred: I've been in this hospital for over a year now and am out of touch. Where can I get a picture of Art Lund? And tell me a bit about him.

Sincerely,

Stella Torres, James Parromore Hospital, Crown Point, Ind.



Johnny Johnston and his new missus, Kathryn Grayson, display their brightest smiles after their wedding in picturesque Carmel.

Dear Stella: Art used to sing with Benny Goodman under the name of Art London. Used to be a schoolteacher and quite an athlete. His latest MGM records are "What Are You Doing New Year's Eve?" and "Naughty Angeline." Write to MGM Records, Hollywood, for a pix.

Recordially, F. R.

Dear Fred: I hear Columbia is going to reissue some records Al Jolson made with Guy Lombardo in 1932. Is this true? And did he do any more sides for Decca with Bing? What is his latest release?

Sincerely,

Donna Murdock, Edmonton, Alberta.

Dear Donna: You're talking about Columbia's new archives series the first of which couples Al and Guy on "April Showers" and "Rock-a-bye, My Baby." There'll be others. I'm sure Bing and Asa did more than two sides and they'll probably be along shortly. Al's freshest cookie is "All My Love," his sequel to "The Anniversary Song" and "Keep Smiling at Trouble."

Recordially, F. R.

Dear Fred: Nancy's Daddy's my man and I wonder if you can tell if he speaks Italian, how old he is and if he and his wife, Nancy, are looking for another high chair.

Sincerely,

Carolyn Carlso, Northeaston, Mass.

Dear Carolyn: You bet he does, and sings in Italian, too, on "I Have But One Heart." He'll be 31 in November and about that high chair, I've heard rumors, too, but your guess is as gone as mine.

Recordially, F. R.

From way out in Hawaii—

Dear Fred: Hear you on the Columbia Record Shop every Wednesday and enjoy it so much. Can you tell me what Spade Cooley's latest record is, whose orchestra played for Dinah Shore on "For Sentimental Reasons" and does Hazel Scott make records of her boogie-woogie piano?

Sincerely,

W. Soon, Kaupo, Maui, Hawaii.

Dear W.: Spade's latest bit of cactus is "Spadella" and "You Never Miss the Water," with vocal by Tex Williams. Sonny Burke conducted for Dinah on that one; and there's oodles of Hazel's etchings around, both on Decca and Signature. Keep trying at the jump dumps on your beautiful island.

Recordially, F. R.

Dear Fred: What's with this guy, Gordon MacCrae? He's wonderful, why isn't he in pictures? What a set of vocal chords! I used to hear you two on the "Teentimers Club" every week. How 'bout some info on Gordie?

Sincerely,

Babs Salisbury, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Dear Babs: Gordie's recording for Capitol now and his first cookies should be out by now. He waxed "Body and Soul," "I Understand," "A Fellow Needs a Girl" and "So Far." And don't worry about pictures. Mac'll be in the movies before

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you know it. Better get your oxygen tent ready!

Recordially, F. R.

All the way from Scotland, gee—
Dear Fred: Love your article in SCREEN-
LAND every month and I'd appreciate it
if you'd tell me if there's a Mel Torme
Fan Club in America. We haven't one
over here as yet but hope to soon. Was
it Mel who appeared for a short time in
"Night and Day" as a drummer?

Sincerely,

Ellen Smith, Glasgow, Scotland.

Dear Ellen: I hear you yellin'. There are
lots of fan clubs for Mel in the Eagle's
Nest (U.S.). Maybe you'll be the first
to form one in Glasgow. And that cer-
tainly was the "Velvet Fog" you saw
with Cary Grant and Alexis Smith. He
used to drum with Chico Marx, you
know, and does a little drum number in
all his stage appearances. You'll see him
soon in "Good News" as a singer, and
how!

Recordially, F. R.

To Irene Smith in Winnipeg, Manitoba,
Canada, (no relation to Ellen on the
other side of the w rld, but who's also in
a dilemma about the blond boy): Mel
records for Musicraft, Irene, and there
was a pix of your "drool pigeon" and
this kid in the October issue. Hope you
saw it.

Recordially, F. R.

O-o-oh, we're getting short of space,
Grace, so here are some quickies—

Marvin Hayes of San Diego, Calif.:
The vocal group in "Music Out of The
Moon" is Les Baxter's group. He used to
be with the Mel-Tones. And that instru-
ment is the theramin, which you heard in
"Spellbound," "Lost Weekend" and "The
Red House."

Mrs. Alice Jones, Mapleville, R.I.:
Bing did record "I'll Be Seeing You" on
Decca and it's available in most N. Y.
stores.

Nellie Dorsey, Utica, N. Y.: Are you
kidding? That Charley Barnett band is
making some of the most knocked-out,
wonderful stuff ever. They're on Apollo
records and y'oughta nab their slabs of
"Bunny," "Caravan," "Darktown Strut-
ter's Ball," and "Atlantic Jump." S'one
of the best bands Charlie's ever had.

Joanne Scupham, Homewood, Ill.: Vic
Damone's newest waffles are "I Have
But One Heart," "Ivy," "Angela Mia,"
and "You Do." He's on the Mercury
label and you can catch him on the "Sat-
urday Night Serenade" on CBS. Nice
tonsils, huh?

Alice Reich, Omaha, Neb.: If you want
to hear the Columbia Record Shop call
your CBS station and ask 'em when it's
on. Appreciate your interest.

My paw's waiting for your billet-doux,
Sue. Address Fred Robbins, SCREEN-
LAND, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19,
N. Y. And don't spare the questions!

Be digging you on the Columbia Rec-
ord Shop, in those Columbia shorts on
your movie screen, "Thrills of Music,"
and right in these leaves next year—I
mean next month. Well, that's next year.
Happy new set of twelves!

The Richard Greenes and Father Christmas

Continued from page 35

him in "Forever Amber" can readily testify.

Pat is a beauty who looks like a siren and behaves like a lamb. She favors the simple life. Adores outdoor sports and tailored clothes. Is always on the lookout for a bit of fun, something to laugh about. The daughter of an English mother and a Spanish father, her vivid coloring and graceful bearing are far more suggestive of moonlit patios and lace mantillas than English gardens and tweeds.

She was surprised when Twentieth borrowed her from MGM to cast her as an English girl in "Moss Rose." "In England I was invariably given French or Italian rôles. I've just finished 'The Foxes of Harrow,' playing the part of Desirée. I loved it." (She got so much excitement into the part that producer Bill Bacher and director John Stahl immediately selected her for the feminine lead in "Walls of Jericho.")

Father Christmas was in there pitching 'way back in '37 when he wangled Dick his first important Hollywood offer. It came from Darryl Zanuck on Christmas Day, promising stardom if Hollywood screen tests clicked. Two weeks from the day he left London Dick was making screen love to Loretta Young in "Four Men and a Prayer," a long-term

contract in the pocket closest to his heart.

"One Christmas we were grateful for something we *didn't* get," recalls Dick with a shudder. "During the war Pat and I toured army camps with the play, 'Arms and the Man.' On our way to the theater one evening we stopped to deliver a Christmas message to a soldier's family. His mother persuaded us to stay for some home-made cake and wine, although we knew we'd be late as a result. When we finally reached the theater we found it had been demolished by buzz bombs minutes earlier and but for that Christmas message we would have gone along with it."

All of this Christmas talk brings to mind Christmas Days gone by. Strongly contrasting are Dick's and Pat's childhood memories. Dick's recollections of Christmas dinners are back-stage celebrations with road companies headed by his father and mother, while Pat attended stately family functions in London and Madrid. Dick's family boasts four generations in the theater. Pat's father is a barrister. Dick first learned to say "Merry Christmas" in the wings of a rural theater. Pat's "Buen Navidad" was the greeting she picked up from workers in her father's vineyards in Spain.

"Strangest Christmas dinner was last



While Dick is busy emoting with Linda Darnell in "Forever Amber," Pat does her acting chores in "The Foxes of Harrow," with Rex Harrison and Maureen O'Hara.



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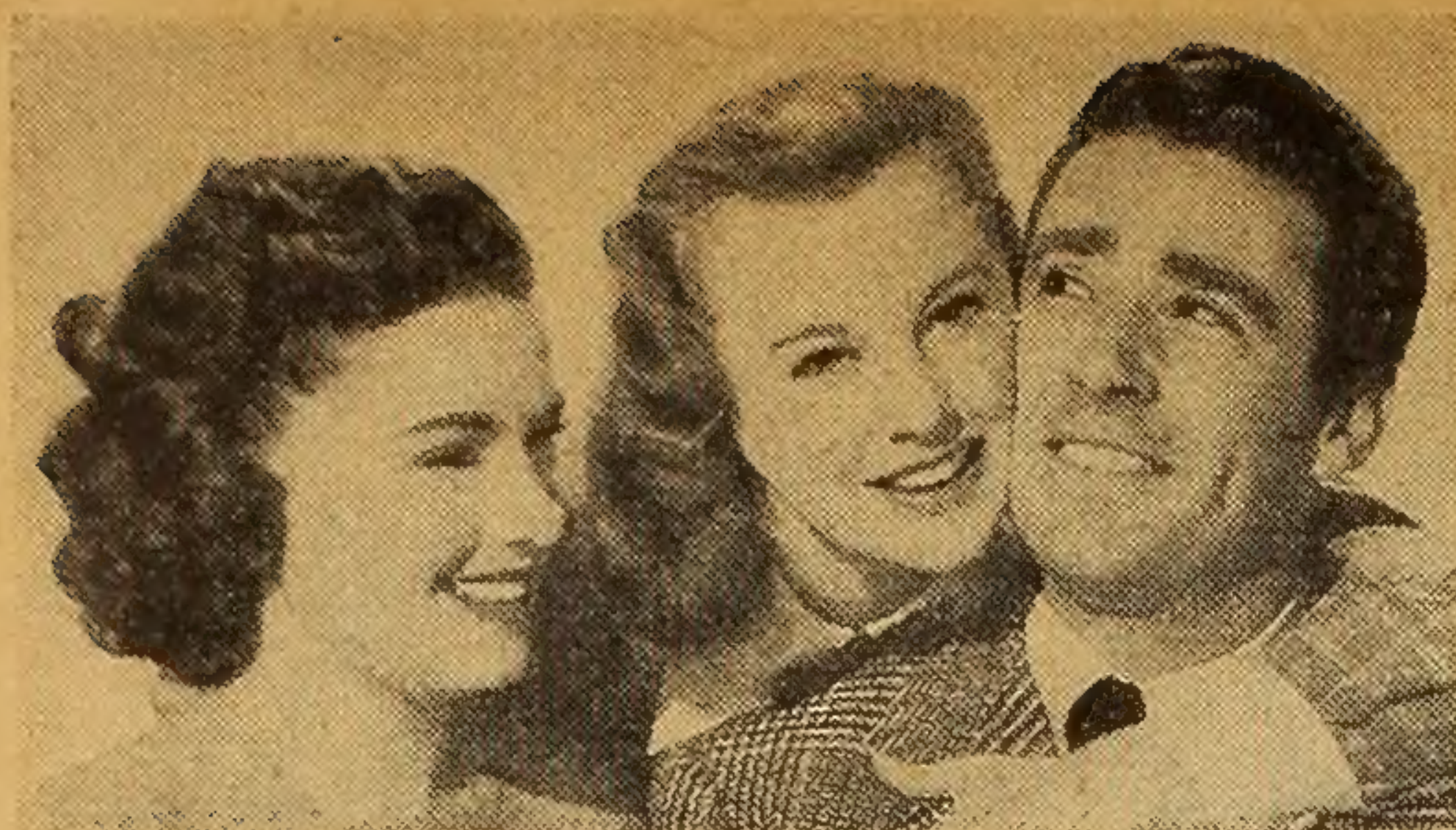
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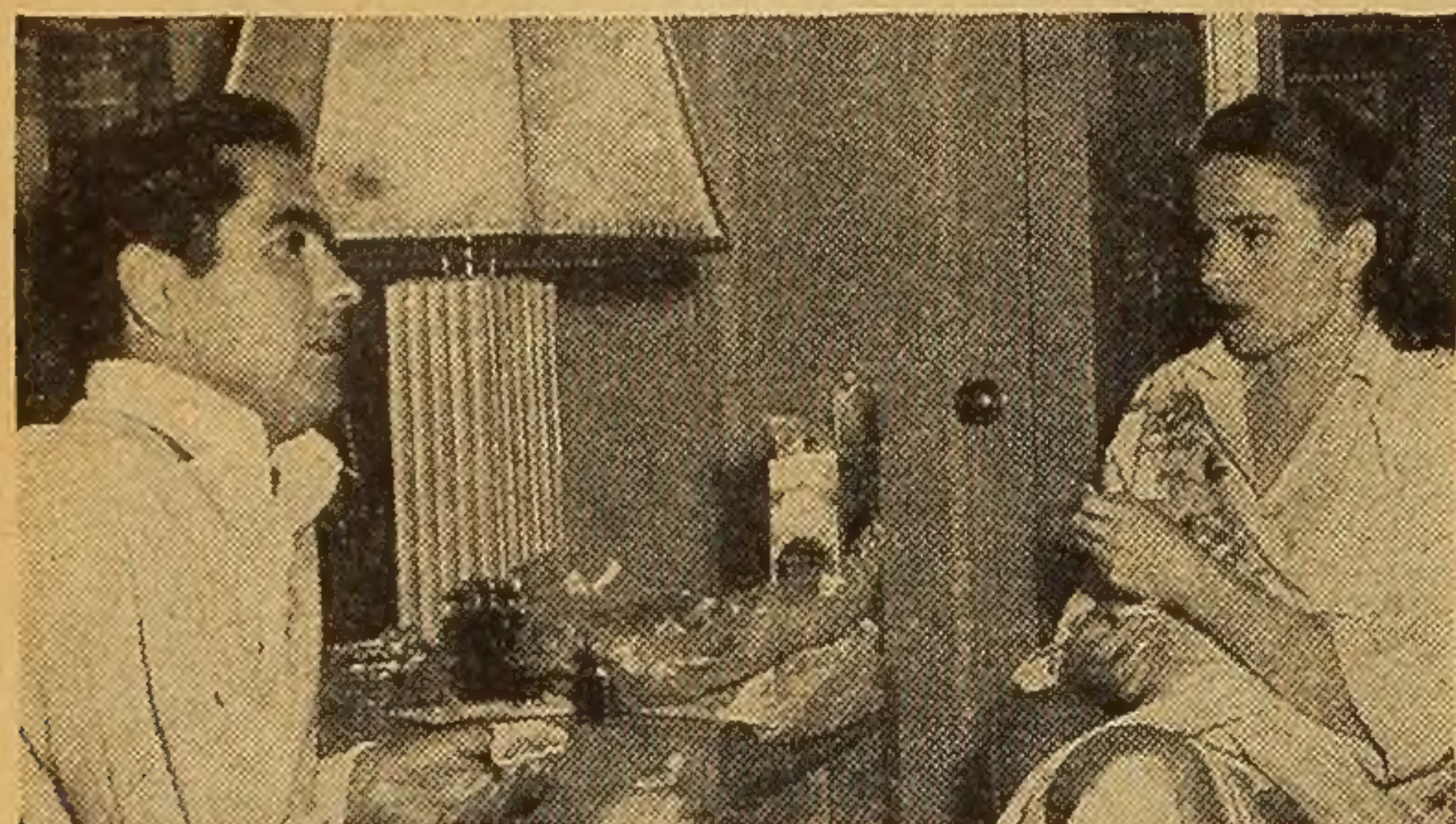
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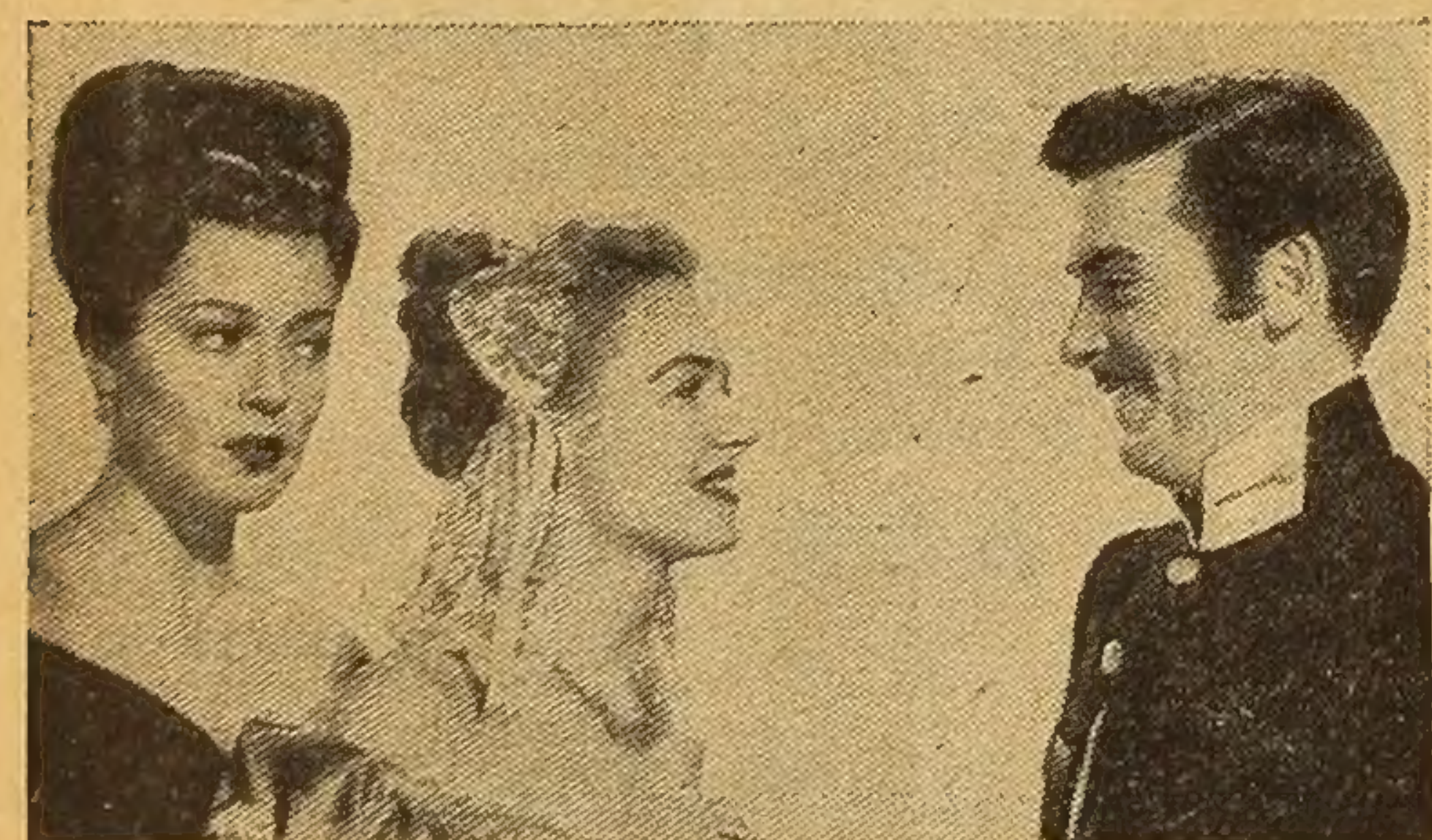
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year's," says Pat with a smile. "We were driving from New York to Hollywood and were caught at dinner time with no place to eat. After miles of driving we came to a small hot dog stand. I'd heard about hot dogs in England and had sworn never to taste the nasty-sounding things. But I was so hungry!"

Pat's smile widens in a grin. "That first hot dog was so wonderful I had four more in a row! And thought it the best Christmas dinner I'd ever eaten!"

"Since then Pat craves hot dogs at the oddest hours," complains Dick, who is strictly a hamburger man. "Used to wake me in the middle of the night to go out after some. Now I make sure there are always plenty in the family ice box."

The "family ice box" is installed at present in a small Malibu beach house where the Greenes are getting their fill of sun and sea. Pat, whose skin is naturally fair, has soaked up a gorgeous golden tan that enables her to face a Technicolor camera without benefit of greasepaint. She and Dick are so delighted with the proximity of the blue Pacific they are planning to sell their Hollywood home in the hills and settle permanently in a house by the sea.

"We have a game we play with Father Christmas," confides Dick. "All year Pat and I make up our wishing lists. On Christmas morning we check and see how Father Christmas made out. His score has been pretty high for the past few years."

This year's list includes a homesick little wish to spend the Christmas holidays in England. "We love this country, have enjoyed every minute of our stay here, but our families are in England. Also Father Christmas seems a little closer there. He'll have to come through with a good part in an English picture to make this wish come true," adds Dick.

Pat's private wishing list is topped by a burning ambition to qualify for a driver's license by Christmas. "I've learned to start and stop just beautifully," says Pat. "It's the in-between driving that has me worried. I can't seem to keep a straight course. Have a special talent for knocking over traffic signs that say NO PARKING or NO LEFT TURN."

Dick's hoping for a new type of diet, one that will allow him to eat everything he craves without gaining an ounce. (There's a worthy thought!) Not that Dick is at all overweight. He just can't resist testing his will power on every diet that happens along. Latest one, started by Otto Preminger and sweeping the Twentieth Century commissary like mad, consists of two apples, two oranges and a jar of yami yoghurt for lunch. Dick hated it but persisted in ordering the weird assortment of foods for three days running.

If there are other items on the Greene list which they haven't divulged it's a fair bet that Father Christmas will make certain that all wishes, known or unknown to us, receive top priority. And if this looks like partiality it may be that even a saint gets tired of the same old troubled citizens. Occasionally he may choose to indulge the dreams and whims of a couple of light-hearted young people called Dick and Pat.

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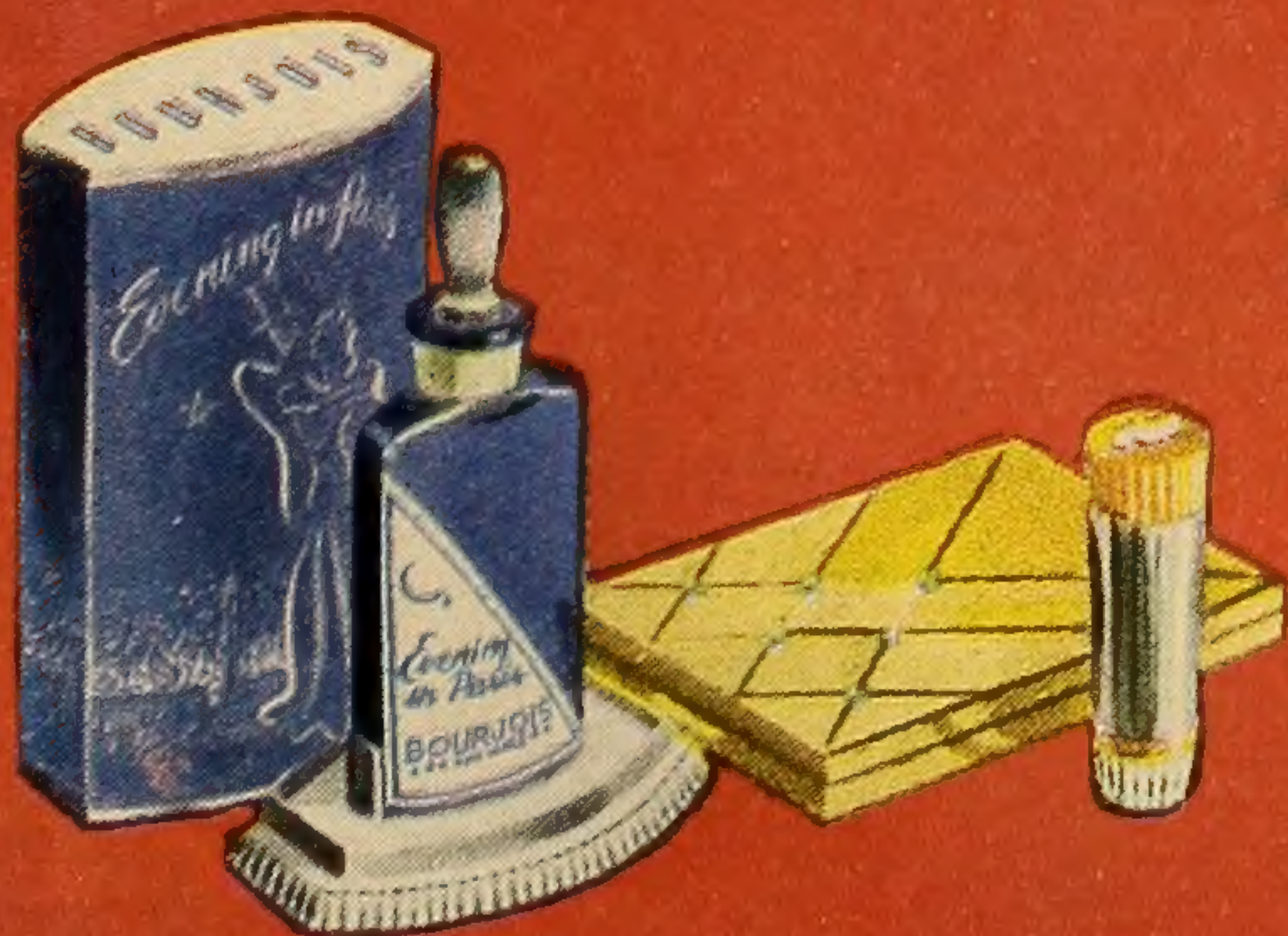
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